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Henry Crabb.

三斗子
1808



THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH
PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY
ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.



VOL. XX.

L O N D O N:

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1808.

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T. DAVISON, *Printer*,
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RAMBLER.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.

HOR.

Nº 54—106.



*Gift of the
Gods Family
4-6-32*

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THE
RAMBLER.

Nº 54. SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1750.

*Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire lunæ;
Tu secunda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulchri
Immemor struis domos.*

MOR.

Day presses on the heels of day,
And moons increase to their decay;
But you with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When, lo! thy tomb forgotten lies.

FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

HAVE lately been called, from a mingled life
business and amusement, to attend the last hours
an old friend : an office which has filled me, if not
with melancholy, at least with serious reflections, and
directed my thoughts towards the contemplation of
those subjects, which, though of the utmost im-
portance, and of indubitable certainty, are generally
neglected from our regard, by the jollity of health, the
busyness of employment, and even by the calmer diver-
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B

sions of study and speculation ; or if they become accidental topicks of conversation and argument, yet rarely sink deep into the heart, but give occasion only to some subtilties of reasoning, or elegancies of declamation, which are heard, applauded, and forgotten.

It is, indeed, not hard to conceive how a man accustomed to extend his views through a long concatenation of causes and effects, to trace things from their origin to their period, and compare means with ends, may discover the weakness of human schemes ; detect the fallacies by which mortals are deluded ; shew the insufficiency of wealth, honours, and power. to real happiness ; and please himself, and his auditors, with learned lectures on the vanity of life.

But though the speculatist may see and shew the folly of terrestrial hopes, fears, and desires, every hour will give proofs that he never felt it. Trace him through the day or year, and you will find him acting upon principles which he has in common with the illiterate and unenlightened, angry and pleased like the lowest of the vulgar, pursuing with the same ardour, the same designs, grasping, with all the eagerness of transport, those riches which he knows he cannot keep, and swelling with the applause which he has gained by proving that applause is of no value.

The only conviction that rushes upon the soul, and takes away from our appetites and passions the power of resistance, is to be found, where I have received it, at the bed of a dying friend. To enter this school of wisdom is not the peculiar privilege of geometers ; the most sublime and important precepts require no uncommon opportunities, nor laborious preparations ; they are enforced without the aid of eloquence, and understood without skill in analytick

science. Every tongue can utter them, and every understanding can conceive them. He that wishes in earnest to obtain just sentiments concerning his condition, and would be intimately acquainted with the world, may find instructions on every side. He that desires to enter behind the scene, which every art has been employed to decorate, and every passion labours to illuminate, and wishes to see life stripped of those ornaments which make it glitter on the stage, and exposed in its natural meanness, impotence, and nakedness, may find all the delusion laid open in the chamber of disease: he will there find vanity divested of her robes, power deprived of her sceptre, and hypocrisy without her mask.

The friend whom I have lost was a man eminent for genius, and, like others of the same class, sufficiently pleased with acceptance and applause. Being caressed by those who have preferments and riches in their disposal, he considered himself as in the direct road of advancement, and had caught the flame of ambition by approaches to its object. But in the midst of his hopes, his projects, and his gaieties, he was seized by a lingering disease, which, from its first stage, he knew to be incurable. Here was an end of all his visions of greatness and happiness; from the first hour that his health declined, all his former pleasures grew tasteless. His friends expected to please him by those accounts of the growth of his reputation, which were formerly certain of being well received; but they soon found how little he was now affected by compliments, and how vainly they attempted, by flattery, to exhilarate the languor of weakness, and relieve the solicitude of approaching death. Whoever would know how much piety and virtue surpass all external goods might here have seen them weighed against each other, where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent, all that sparkles

in the eye of hope, and pants in the bosom of suspicion, at once became dust in the balance, without weight and without regard. Riches, authority, and praise, lose all their influence when they are considered as riches which to-morrow shall be bestowed upon another, authority which shall this night expire for ever, and praise which, however merited, or however sincere, shall, after a few moments, be heard no more.

In those hours of seriousness and wisdom, nothing appeared to raise his spirits, or gladden his heart, but the recollection of acts of goodness; nor to excite his attention, but some opportunity for the exercise of the duties of religion. Every thing that terminated on this side of the grave was received with coldness and indifference, and regarded rather in consequence of the habit of valuing it, than from any opinion that it deserved value; it had little more prevalence over his mind than a bubble that was now broken, a dream from which he was awake. His whole powers were engrossed by the consideration of another state; and all conversation was tedious that had not some tendency to disengage him from human affairs, and open his prospects into futurity.

It is now past, we have closed his eyes, and heard him breathe the groan of expiration. At the sight of this last conflict, I felt a sensation never known to me before; a confusion of passions, an awful stillness of sorrow, a gloomy terror without a name. The thoughts that entered my soul were too strong to be diverted, and too piercing to be endured; but such violence cannot be lasting, the storm subsided in a short time, I wept, retired, and grew calm.

I have from that time frequently revolved in my mind the effects which the observation of death produces in those who are not wholly without the power and use of reflection; for, by far the greater part, it is wholly unregarded. Their friends and their enemies

sink into the grave without raising any uncommon emotion, or reminding them that they are the selves on the edge of the precipice, and that they must soon plunge into the gulph of eternity.

It seems to me remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad. Those virtues which once we envied, as Horace observes, because they eclipsed our own, can now no longer obstruct our reputation, and we have, therefore, no interest to suppress their praise. That wickedness which we feared for its malignity, is now become impotent; and the man whose name filled us with alarm, and rage, and indignation, can at last be considered only with pity, or contempt.

When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favours unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish for his return, not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood.

There is not, perhaps, to a mind well instructed, a more painful occurrence, than the death of one whom we have injured without reparation. Our crime seems now irretrievable, it is indelibly recorded, and the stamp of fate is fixed upon it. We consider, with the most afflictive anguish, the pain which we have given, and now cannot alleviate, and the losses which we have caused, and now cannot repair.

Of the same kind are the emotions which the death of an emulator or competitor produces. Whoever had qualities to alarm our jealousy, had excellence to deserve our fondness; and to whatever ardour of opposition interest may inflame us, no man ever outlived an enemy, whom he did not then wish to have made a

friend. Those who are versed in literary history know that the elder Scaliger was the redoubted antagonist of Cardan and Erasmus; yet at the death of each of his great rivals he relented, and complained that they were snatched away from him before their reconciliation was completed.

*Tu ne etiam moreris? Ab! quid me linquis, Erasme,
Ante meum quam sit conciliatus amor?*

Art thou too fall'n? ere anger could subside
And love return, has great *Erasmus* died?

Such are the sentiments with which we finally review the effects of passion, but which we sometimes delay till we can no longer rectify our errors. Let us therefore make haste to do what we shall certainly at last wish to have done; let us return the caresses of our friends, and endeavour by mutual endearment to heighten that tenderness which is the balm of life. Let us be quick to repent of injuries while repentance may not be a barren anguish, and let us open our eyes to every rival excellence, and pay early and willingly those honours which justice will compel us to pay at last.

ATHANATUS.

Nº 55. TUESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1750.

*Maturo propior desine funeri
Inter ludere virgines,
Et stellis maculam spargere candidis :
Non siquid Pholoeen satis
Et te, Cblori, decet.*——

HOR.

Now near to death that comes but slow,
Now thou art stepping down below ;
Sport not amongst the blooming maids,
But think on ghosts and empty shades :
What suits with *Pholoe* in her bloom,
Gray *Cbloris*, will not thee become ;
A bed is different from a tomb.

}

CREECH.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I HAVE been but a little time conversant in the world, yet I have already had frequent opportunities of observing the little efficacy of remonstrance and complaint, which, however extorted by oppression, or supported by reason, are detested by one part of the world as rebellion, censured by another as peevishness, by some heard with an appearance of compassion, only to betray any of those sallies of vehemence and resentment which are apt to break out upon encouragement, and by others passed over with indifference and neglect, as matters in which they have no concern, and which if they should endeavour to examine or regulate, they might draw mischief upon themselves.

Yet since it is no less natural for those who think themselves injured to complain, than for others to neglect their complaints, I shall venture to lay my case

before you, in hopes that you will enforce my opinion if you think it just, or endeavour to rectify my sentiments, if I am mistaken. I expect at least, that you will divest yourself of partiality, and that, whatever your age or solemnity may be, you will not, with the dotard's insolence, pronounce me ignorant and fool, perverse and refractory, only because you perceive that I am young.

My father dying when I was but ten years old, left me, and a brother two years younger than myself, to the care of my mother, a woman of birth and education, whose prudence or virtue he had no reason to distrust. She felt, for some time, all the sorrow which nature calls forth upon the final separation of persons dear to one another; and as her grief was exhausted by its own violence, it subsided into tenderness for me and my brother, and the year of mourning was spent in caresses, consolations, and instruction, in celebration of my father's virtues, in professions of perpetual regard to his memory, and hourly instances of such fondness as gratitude will not easily suffer me to forget.

But when the term of this mournful felicity was expired, and my mother appeared again without the ensigns of sorrow, the ladies of her acquaintance began to tell her, upon whatever motives, that it was time to live like the rest of the world; a powerful argument, which is seldom used to a woman without effect. Lady Giddy was incessantly relating the occurrences of the town, and Mrs. Gravely told her privately, with great tenderness, that it began to be publicly observed how much she overacted her part, and that most of her acquaintance suspected her hope of procuring another husband to be the true ground of all that appearance of tenderness and piety.

All the officiousness of kindness and folly was but to change her conduct. She was at one time alarm

with censure, and at another fired with praise. She was told of balls, where others shone only because she was absent; of new comedies, to which all the town was crowding; and of many ingenious ironies, by which domestick diligence was made contemptible.

It is difficult for virtue to stand alone against fear on one side, and pleasure on the other; especially when no actual crime is proposed, and prudence itself can suggest many reasons for relaxation and indulgence. My mamma was at last persuaded to accompany Miss Giddy to a play. She was received with a boundless profusion of compliments, and attended home by a very fine gentleman. Next day she was with less difficulty prevailed on to play at Mrs. Graveley's, and came home gay and lively; for the distinctions that had been paid her awakened her vanity, and good luck had kept her principles of frugality from giving her disturbance. She now made her second entrance into the world, and her friends were sufficiently industrious to prevent any return to her former life; every morning brought messages of invitation, and every evening was passed in places of diversion, from which she for some time complained that she had rather be absent. In a short time she began to feel the happiness of acting without controul, of being unaccountable for her hours, her expences, and her company; and learned, by degrees, to drop an expression of contempt, or pity, at the mention of ladies whose husbands were suspected of restraining their pleasures or their play, and confessed that she loved to go and come as she pleased.

I was still favoured with some incidental precepts and transient endearments, and was now and then fondly kissed for smiling like my papa: but most part of her morning was spent in comparing the opinion of her maid and milliner, contriving some variation in her dress, visiting shops, and sending compliments; and

the rest of the day was too short for visits, car plays, and concerts.

She now began to discover that it was impossible to educate children properly at home. Parents could not have them always in their sight; the society of servants was contagious; company produced boldness and spirit; emulation excited industry; and a school was naturally the first step into the open world. A thousand other reasons she alleged, some of little force in themselves, but so well seconded by pleasure, vanity, and idleness, that they soon overcame all the remaining principles of kindness and piety, and both she and my brother were dispatched to boarding-school.

How my mamma spent her time when she was thus disburthened I am not able to inform you, but I have reason to believe that trifles and amusements took a faster hold of her heart. At first, she visited school, and afterwards wrote to me; but in a short time both her visits and her letters were at an end, and no other notice was taken of me than to render money for my support.

When I came home, at the vacation, I found myself coldly received, with an observation, that "the girl will presently be a woman." I was, after the usual stay, sent to school again, and overheard my mother say, as I was a-going, "Well, now I shall be covered."

In six months more I came again, and with the usual childish alacrity, was running to my mother's embrace, when she stopped me with exclamations at the suddenness and enormity of my growth, having, she said, never seen any body shoot up so much at my age. She was sure no other girls spread at that rate, and she hated to have children look like women before their time. I was disconcerted, and retired without hearing any thing more than, "Nay, if you are angry, madam Steeple, you may walk off."

on once the forms of civility are violated, there is little hope of return to kindness or decency. My mamma made this appearance of resentment a reason for continuing her malignity ; and poor Miss Fanny, for that was my appellation, was never addressed or spoken to but with some expression of her dislike.

I had yet the pleasure of dressing me like a child, now not when I should have been thought fit to my habit, had I not been rescued by a maiden of my father, who could not bear to see women in long-sleeves, and therefore presented me with a gown, for which I should have thought under great obligations had she not accompanied her favour with some hints that my mamma should consider her age, and give me her ear-rings, she had shewn long enough in publick places. I left the school and came to live with my father, who considered me as an usurper that had the rights of a woman before they were due, and pushing her down the precipice of age, that I might reign without a superior. While I am thus with jealousy and suspicion, you will readily see that it is difficult to please. Every word and action an offence. I never speak, but I pretend to great abilities and excellencies, which it is criminal to neglect ; if I am gay, she thinks it early enough to reprove me ; if I am grave, she hates a prude in bibs ; if I go into company, I am in haste for a husband ; if I go to my chamber, such matron-like ladies are of contemplation. I am on one pretence or another generally excluded from her assemblies, nor am I suffered to visit at the same place with my father. Every one wonders why she does not bring me more into the world, and when she comes hunting for a husband, I am certain that she has heard either of my duty or my wit, and expect nothing for

suing week but taunts and menaces, contradicti
and reproaches.

Thus I live in a state of continual persecution, c
because I was born ten years too soon, and can
stop the course of nature or of time, but am unl
pily a woman before my mother can willingly c
to be a girl. I believe you would contribute to
happiness of many families, if, by any argument
persuasions, you could make mothers ashamed o
valling their children; if you could shew them, t
though they may refuse to grow wise, they must
evitably grow old; and that the proper solaces of
are not musick and compliments, but wisdom and
votion; that those who are so unwilling to quit
world will soon be driven from it; and that it is the
fore their interest to retire while there yet rema
few hours for nobler employments. *I am, &c.*

PARTHEN

N^o 56. SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1750.

— *Valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.*

MOR.

Farewel the stage; for humbly I disclaim
Such fond pursuits of pleasure, or of fame,
If I must sink in shame, or swell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted or denied.

FRAI

NOTHING is more displeasing than to find that offi
has been received when none was intended, and
pain has been given to those who were not guilt

provocation. As the great end of society is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneasy when he finds himself acting in opposition to the purposes of life ; because, though his conscience may easily acquit him of *malice prepense*, of settled hatred or contrivances of mischief, yet he seldom can be certain that he has not failed by negligence, or indolence ; that he has not been hindered from consulting the common interest by too much regard to his own ease, or too much indifference to the happiness of others.

Nor is it necessary, that, to feel this uneasiness, the mind should be extended to any great diffusion of generosity, or melted by uncommon warmth of benevolence ; for that prudence which the world teaches, and a quick sensibility of private interest, will direct us to shun needless enmities ; since there is no man whose kindness we may not some time want, or by whose malice we may not some time suffer.

I have, therefore, frequently looked with wonder, and now and then with pity, at the thoughtlessness with which some alienate from themselves the affections of all whom chance, business, or inclination, brings in their way. When we see a man pursuing some darling interest, without much regard to the opinion of the world, we justly consider him as corrupt and dangerous, but are not long in discovering his motives ; we see him actuated by passions which are hard to be resisted, and deluded by appearances which have dazzled stronger eyes. But the greater part of those who set mankind at defiance by hourly irritation, and who live but to infuse malignity and multiply enemies, have no hopes to foster, no designs to promote, nor any expectations of attaining power by insolence, or of climbing to greatness by trampling on others. They give up all the sweets of kindness for the sake of peevishness, petulance, or gloom ; and alienate the

world by neglect of the common forms of civility, and breach of the established laws of conversation.

Every one must, in the walks of life, have met with men of whom all speak with censure, though they are not chargeable with any crime, and whom none can be persuaded to love, though a reason can scarcely be assigned why they should be hated; and who, if their good qualities and actions sometimes force a commendation, have their panegyrick always concluded with confessions of disgust; "He is a good man, but I cannot like him." Surely such persons have the esteem of the world at too low a price, since they have lost one of the rewards of virtue, without gaining the profits of wickedness.

This ill economy of fame is sometimes the effect of stupidity. Men whose perceptions are languid and sluggish, who lament nothing but loss of money, and feel nothing but a blow, are often at a difficulty to guess why they are encompassed with enemies, though they neglect all those arts by which men are endeared to one another. They comfort themselves that they have lived irreproachably; that none can charge them with having endangered his life, or diminished his possessions; and, therefore, conclude, that they suffer by some invincible fatality, or impute the malice of their neighbours to ignorance or envy. They wrap themselves up in their innocence, and enjoy the congratulations of their own hearts, without knowing or suspecting that they are every day deservedly incurring resentments, by withholding from those with whom they converse, that regard, or appearance of regard, to which every one is entitled by the customs of the world.

There are many injuries which almost every man feels, though he does not complain, and which, upon those whom virtue, elegance, or vanity, have made ac-

those may be made our friends, who have never
d from us any real benefit. Such arts, when
clude neither guilt nor meanness, it is surely
le to learn, for who would want that love
is so easily to be gained? And such injuries
be avoided; for who would be hated without

ie, indeed, there are, for whom the excuse of
nce or negligence cannot be alleged, because it
ent that they are not only careless of pleasing,
icious to offend; that they contrive to make all
ches to them difficult and vexatious, and ima-
hat they agrandize themselves by wasting the
f others in useless attendance, by mortifying
with slights, and teasing them with affronts.
of this kind are generally to be found among
that have not mingled **much** in general conver-
but spent their lives amidst the obsequiousness
endants, and the flattery of parasites; and by
onsulting only their own inclination, have for-
that others have a claim to the same deference.
anny thus avowed, is indeed an exuberance of
by which all mankind is so much enraged, that
ver quietly endured, except in those who can
l the patience which they exact; and insolence
rally surrounded only by such whose baseness

the turbulent, and the overbearing ; of those who they do not believe wiser or better than themselves to recede from the best designs where opposition may be encountered, and to fall off from virtue for fear censure.

Some firmness and resolution is necessary to the discharge of duty ; but it is a very unhappy state of life in which the necessity of such struggles frequently occurs ; for no man is defeated without some resentment, which will be continued with obstinacy while he believes himself in the right, and exerted with bitterness, if even to his own conviction he is detected in the wrong.

Even though no regard be had to the external consequences of contrariety and dispute, it must be painful to a worthy mind to put others in pain, and there will be danger lest the kindest nature may be vitiated by too long a custom of debate and contest.

I am afraid that I may be taxed with insensibility by many of my correspondents, who believe their contributions unjustly neglected. And, indeed, when I sit before a pile of papers, of which each is the production of laborious study, and the offspring of a fond parent, I, who know the passions of an author, cannot remember how long they have lain in my boxes unregarded, without imagining to myself the various changes of sorrow, impatience, and resentment, which the writers must have felt in this tedious interval.

These reflections are still more awakened, when, upon perusal, I find some of them calling for a place in the next paper, a place which they have never yet obtained ; others writing in a style of superiority and haughtiness, as secure of deference, and above fear of criticism ; others humbly offering their weak assistance with softness and submission, which they believe impossible to be resisted ; some introducing their compositions with a menace of the contempt which he that

refuses them will incur ; others applying privately to the booksellers for their interest and solicitation ; every one by different ways endeavouring to secure the bliss of publication. I cannot but consider myself as placed in a very incommodious situation, where I am forced to repress confidence, which it is pleasing to indulge, to repay civilities with appearances of neglect, and so frequently to offend those by whom I never was offended.

I know well how rarely an author, fired with the beauties of his new composition, contains his raptures in his own bosom, and how naturally he imparts to his friends his expectations of renown ; and as I can easily conceive the eagerness with which a new paper is snatched up, by one who expects to find it filled with his own production, and perhaps has called his companions to share the pleasure of a second perusal, I grieve for the disappointment which he is to feel at the fatal inspection. His hopes however, do not yet forsake him ; he is certain of giving lustre the next day. The next day comes, and again he pants with expectation, and having dreamed of laurels and Parnassus, casts his eyes upon the barren page with which he is doomed never more to be delighted.

For such cruelty what atonement can be made ? For such calamities what alleviation can be found ? I am afraid that the mischief already done must be without reparation, and all that deserves my care is prevention for the future. Let therefore, the next friendly contributor, whoever he be, observe the cautions of *Swift*, and write secretly in his own chamber, without communicating his design to his nearest friend, for the nearest friend will be pleased with an opportunity of laughing. Let him carry it to the post himself, and wait in silence for the event. If it is published and praised, he may then declare himself the author : if it be suppressed, he may wonder in private without much

vexation; and if it be censured, he may join in cry, and lament the dulness of the writing generati

N^o 57. TUESDAY, OCT. 2, 1750.

Non intelligunt homines quam magnum vectigal sit parsimonia.

TI

The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM always pleased when I see literature m
useful, and scholars descending from that elevati
which, as it raises them above common life, must li
wise hinder them from beholding the ways of r
otherwise than in a cloud of bustle and confusi
Having lived a life of business, and remarked l
seldom any occurrences emerge for which great q
lities are required, I have learned the necessity of
garding little things; and though I do not pretenc
give laws to the legislators of mankind, or to limit
range of those powerful minds that carry light
heat through all the regions of knowledge, yet I h
long thought, that the greatest part of those who
themselves in studies, by which I have not found t
they grow much wiser, might, with more advant
both to the publick and themselves, apply their und
standing to domestick arts, and store their minds v
axioms of humble prudence and private economy

Your late paper on frugality was very elegant

pleasing, but, in my opinion, not sufficiently adapted to common readers, who pay little regard to the music of periods, the artifice of connection, or the arrangement of the flowers of rhetorick ; but require a few plain and cogent instructions, which may sink into the mind by their own weight.

Frugality is so necessary to the happiness of the world, so beneficial in its various forms to every rank of men, from the highest of human potentates, to the lowest labourer or artificer ; and the miseries which the neglect of it produces are so numerous and so grievous, that it ought to be recommended with every variation of address, and adapted to every class of understanding.

Whether those who treat morals as a science will allow frugality to be numbered among the virtues, I have not thought it necessary to inquire. For I, who draw my opinions from a careful observation of the world, am satisfied with knowing what is abundantly sufficient for practice, that if it be not a virtue, it is, at least, a quality which can seldom exist without some virtues, and without which few virtues can exist. Frugality may be termed the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption ; it will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others ; and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.

If there are any who do not dread poverty as dangerous to virtue, yet mankind seem unanimous enough in abhorring it as destructive to happiness ; and all to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expence ; for

without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor.

To most other acts of virtue, or exertions of virtue, a concurrence of many circumstances is necessary; some previous knowledge must be attained, some uncommon gifts of nature possessed, or some opportunity produced by an extraordinary combination of things; but the mere power of saving what is already in our hands, must be easy of acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Bacon may shew, though the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances will every day prove, that the meanest may practise it with success.

Riches cannot be within the reach of great numbers, because to be rich is to possess more than is commonly placed in a single hand; and if many could obtain the sum which now makes a man wealthy, the name of wealth must then be transferred to still greater accumulations. But I am not certain that it is equally impossible to exempt the lower classes of mankind from poverty; because, though whatever be the wealth of the community, some will always have least, and he that has less than any other is comparatively poor; yet I do not see any coactive necessity that many should be without the indispensable conveniences of life; but am sometimes inclined to imagine, that, casual calamities excepted, there might, by universal prudence, be procured an universal exemption from want; and that he who should happen to have least, might, notwithstanding, have enough.

But without entering too far into speculation, which I do not remember that any political calculator has attempted, and in which the most perspicacious reasoner may be easily bewildered, it is evident that they to whom Providence has allotted no other care but of their own fortune and their own virtue, which make far the greater part of mankind, have sufficient

incitements to personal frugality ; since, whatever might be its general effect upon provinces or nations, by which it is never likely to be tried, we know with certainty that there is scarcely any individual entering the world, who, by prudent parsimony, may not reasonably promise himself a cheerful competence in the decline of life.

The prospect of penury in age is so gloomy and terrifying, that every man who looks before him must resolve to avoid it ; and it must be avoided generally by the science of sparing. For, though in every age there are some who, by bold adventures, or by favourable accidents, rise suddenly to riches, yet it is dangerous to indulge hopes of such rare events ; and the bulk of mankind must owe their affluence to small and gradual profits, below which their expence must be resolutely reduced.

You must not, therefore, think me sinking below the dignity of a practical philosopher, when I recommend to the consideration of your readers, from the statesman to the apprentice, a position replete with mercantile wisdom, *A penny saved is two-pence got* : which may, I think, be accommodated to all conditions, by observing, not only that they who pursue any lucrative employment will save time when they forbear expence, and that the time may be employed to the increase of profit ; but that they who are above such minute considerations, will find, by every victory over appetite or passion, new strength added to the mind, will gain the power of refusing those solicitations by which the young and vivacious are hourly assaulted, and in time set themselves above the reach of extravagance and folly.

It may, perhaps, be inquired by those who are willing rather to cavil than to learn, what is the just measure of frugality ? and when expence, not absolutely necessary, degenerates into profusion ? To such ques-

tions no general answer can be returned; since the liberty of spending, or necessity of parsimony, may varied without end by different circumstances. may, however, be laid down as a rule never to be broken, that *a man's voluntary expence should not exceed his revenue*: a maxim so obvious and incontrovertible, that the civil law ranks the prodigal with madman, and debars them equally from the conduct of their own affairs. Another precept arising from the former, and, indeed, included in it, is yet necessary to be distinctly impressed upon the warm, the faithful, and the brave; *Let no man anticipate uncertain profits*. Let no man presume to spend upon hopes to trust his own abilities for means of deliverance from penury, to give a loose to his present desires and leave the reckoning to fortune or to virtue.

To these cautions, which, I suppose, are, at least among the graver part of mankind, undisputed, I will add another, *Let no man squander against his inclination*. With this precept it may be, perhaps, imagined easy to comply; yet if those whom profusion has landed in prisons, or driven into banishment, were examined, it would be found that very few were ruined by their own choice, or purchased pleasure with the loss of their estates; but that they suffered themselves to be borne away by the violence of those with whom they conversed, and yielded reluctantly to a thousand prodigalities, either from a trivial emulation of wealth and spirit, or a mean fear of contempt and ridicule; an emulation for the prize of folly, or dread of the laugh of fools.

I am, SIR,

your humble servant,

SOPHRO

N° 58. SATURDAY, OCT 6, 1750.

——— *Improbæ*
Crescunt divitiæ, tamen
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

HOR.

But, while in heaps his wicked wealth ascends,
 He is not of his wish possess'd;
 There's something wanting still to make him bless'd.

FRANCIS.

As the love of money has been, in all ages, one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topic more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with these authors need not be told how riches excite pity, contempt, or reproach, whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated; and how all the powers of reason and justice have been exhausted in endeavours to moderate a desire, which seems to have intrenched itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out, and which, perhaps, had not lost its power, even over those who declaimed against it, but would have broken in the poet or the sage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of a proper object.

Their arguments have been, indeed, so unsuccessful, that I know not whether it can be shewn, that by the wit and reason which this favourite cause has called forth, a single convert was ever made; that

even one man has refused to be rich, when to be was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happiness of a narrow fortune; or disburthened himself of wealth, when he had tried its inquietude merely to enjoy the peace, and leisure, and security of a mean and unenvied state.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honours and wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune; but, however their moderation may be boasted of themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be, perhaps, seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labour or danger more than others; they are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain in the race of competition or to stand the shock of contest; but though they therefore, decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless wish themselves aloft, and would willingly do what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity. But, even these will not afford many occasions of triumph to the philosopher; for they have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themselves unable to hold, and prevented disgrace by resignation; or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconstancy, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every state, and with every scene of life to change as soon as it is begun. Such men find high and low stations equally unable to satisfy the wishes of a distempered mind, and unable to shelter themselves in the closest retirement from disappointment, solicitude, and misery.

Yet though these admonitions have been neglected by those, who either enjoyed riches, or were unable to procure them, it is not rashly to be deter-

that they are altogether without use; for since far the greatest part of mankind must be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in situations, from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences before them, those writers cannot be thought ill employed that have administered remedies to discontent almost universal, by showing, that what we cannot reach may very well be forborn, that the inequality of distribution, at which we murmur, is for the most part less than it seems, and that the greatness, which we admire at a distance, has much fewer advantages, and much less splendour, when we are suffered to approach it.

It is the business of moralists to detect the frauds of fortune, and to shew that she imposes upon the careless eye, by a quick succession of shadows, which will shrink to nothing in the gripe; that she disguises life in extrinsick ornaments, which serve only for show, and are laid aside in the hours of solitude and of pleasure; and that when greatness aspires either to felicity or to wisdom, it shakes off those distinctions which dazzle the gazer and awe the supplicant.

It may be remarked, that they whose condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious instruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes, and digest them by their own understandings, seem to consider those who are placed in ranks of remote superiority, as almost another and higher species of beings. As themselves have known little other misery than the consequences of want, they are with difficulty persuaded, that where there is wealth there can be sorrow, or that those who glitter in dignity, and glide along in affluence, can be acquainted with pains and cares like those which lie heavy upon the rest of mankind.

This prejudice is, indeed, confined to the lowest meanness and the darkest ignorance; but it is so con-

finer only because others have been shewn its folly and its falsehood, because it has been opposed in its progress by history and philosophy, and hindered from spreading its infection by powerful preservatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguish avarice or ambition, or suppress that reluctance with which a man passes his days in a state of inferiority, must, at least, have made the lower conditions less grating and wearisome, and has consequently contributed to the general security of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention, which must have been produced by an unbounded eagerness of wealth, arising from an unshaken conviction, that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himself incited, by some violent impulse of passion, to pursue riches as the chief end of being, must surely be so much alarmed by the successive admonitions of those, whose experience and sagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to stop and consider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine, before he rushes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will seldom fail to repress his ardour and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itself, it is not useful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchase, which, if we suppose it put to its best use by those that possess it, seems not much to deserve the desire or envy of a wise man. It is certain, that, with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure, nor block up the passages of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury, or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed, that

wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence asleep, confirm error and harden stupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatness, for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings, whose existence has scarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When, therefore, the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced, that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude, or desired with eagerness.

Nº 59. TUESDAY, OCT. 9, 1750.

*Est aliquid fatale malum per verba levare,
 Hoc querulam Halcyonenque Progen facit :
 Hoc erat in gelido quare Pæantias antro
 Vox fatigaret Lemnia saxa sua.
 Strangulat inclusus dolor, atque exæstuat intus,
 Cogitur et vires multiplicare suas.*

OVID.

Complaining oft, gives respite to our grief ;
 From hence the wretched *Progne* sought relief,
 Hence the *Pæantian* chief his fate deplores,
 And vents his sorrow to the *Lemnian* shores :
 In vain by secrecy we wou'd assuage
 Our cares; conceal'd they gather tenfold rage.

F. LEWIS

It is common to distinguish men by the names of animals which they are supposed to resemble. The hero is frequently termed a lion, and a statesman a fox, an extortioner gains the appellation of vulture, and a fop the title of monkey. There is also among the various anomalies of character, which a survey of the world exhibits, a species of beings in human form, which may be properly marked out as the screech-owls of mankind.

These screech-owls seem to be settled in an opinion, that the great business of life is to complain, and that they were born for no other purpose than to disturb the happiness of others, to lessen the little comforts and shorten the short pleasures of our condition, by painful remembrances of the past, or melancholy prognosticks of the future ; their only care to crush the rising hope, to damp the kindling train

port, and allay the golden hours of gaiety with the hateful dross of grief and suspicion.

To those, whose weakness of spirits, or timidity of temper, subjects them to impressions from others, and who are apt to suffer by fascination, and catch the contagion of misery, it is extremely unhappy to live within the compass of a screech-owl's voice; for it will often fill their ears in the hour of dejection, terrify them with apprehensions, which their own thoughts would never have produced, and sadden, by intruded sorrows, the day which might have been passed in amusements or in business; it will burthen the heart with unnecessary discontents, and weaken for a time that love of life which is necessary to the vigorous prosecution of any undertaking.

Though I have, like the rest of mankind, many failings and weaknesses, I have not yet, by either friends or enemies, been charged with superstition; I never count the company which I enter, and I look at the new moon indifferently over either shoulder. I have, like most other philosophers, often heard the cuckoo without money in my pocket, and have been sometimes reproached as fool-hardy for not turning down my eyes when a raven flew over my head. I never go home abruptly, because a snake crosses my way, nor have any particular dread of a climacterical year; yet I confess, that with all my scorn of old women, and their tales, I consider it as an unhappy day when I happen to be greeted in the morning by *Suspirius* the screech-owl.

I have now known *Suspirius* fifty-eight years and four months, and have never yet passed an hour with him in which he has not made some attack upon my quiet. When we were first acquainted, his great topick was the misery of youth without riches, and whenever we walked out together he solaced me with a long enumeration of pleasures, which, as they were

beyond the reach of my fortune, were without verge of my desires, and which I should never have considered as the objects of a wish, had not his unseasonable representations placed them in my sight.

Another of his topics is, the neglect of merit, which he never fails to amuse every man whom he sees not eminently fortunate. If he meets with a young officer, he always informs him of gentlemen whose personal courage is unquestioned, and whose military skill qualifies them to command armies, to have, notwithstanding all their merit, grown old with subaltern commissions. For a genius in the church he is always provided with a curacy for life. To the lawyer he informs of many men of great parts and deep study, who have never had an opportunity to speak in the courts: and meeting Serenus the physician, "Ah doctor," says, he, "what a-foot still when so many blockheads are rattling in their chambers? I told you seven years ago that you would never meet with encouragement, and I hope you will now take more notice, when I tell you, that your *Greek*, and your diligence, and your honesty will never enable you to live like yonder apothecary, who prescribes to his own shop, and laughs at the physician."

Suspirius has, in his time, intercepted fifteen authors in their way to the stage; persuaded nine-and-thirty merchants to retire from a prosperous trade for fear of bankruptcy, broke off an hundred and thirteen matches by prognostications of unhappiness, and enabled the small-pox to kill nineteen ladies, by perpetual alarms of the loss of beauty.

Whenever my evil stars bring us together, he never fails to represent to me the folly of my pursuits, and informs me that we are much older than when we began our acquaintance, that the infirmities of decrepitude are coming fast upon me, that whatever I now

get I shall enjoy but a little time, that fame is to a man tottering on the edge of the grave of very little importance, and that the time is at hand when I ought to look for no other pleasures than a good dinner and an easy chair.

Thus he goes on in his unharmonious strain, displaying present miseries, and foreboding more *νυκτι-ροπαῖ ἀπὲ θανάτῳ*, every syllable is loaded with misfortune, and death is always brought nearer to the view. Yet, what always raises my resentment and indignation, I do not perceive that his mournful meditations have much effect upon himself. He talks, and has long talked of calamities, without discovering, otherwise than by the tone of his voice, that he feels any of the evils which he bewails or threatens, but has the same habit of uttering lamentations, as others of telling stories, and falls into expressions of condolence for past, or apprehension of future mischiefs, as all men studious of their ease have recourse to those subjects upon which they can most fluently or copiously discourse.

It is reported of the Sybarites, that they destroyed all their cocks, that they might dream out their morning dreams without disturbance. Though I would not so far promote effeminacy as to propose the Sybarites for an example, yet since there is no man so corrupt or foolish, but something useful may be learned from him, I could wish that, in imitation of a people not often to be copied, some regulations might be made to exclude screech-owls from all company, as the enemies of mankind. and confine them to some proper receptacle, where they may mingle sighs at leisure, and thicken the gloom of one another.

Thou prophet of evil, says Homer's Agamemnon, *thou never foretellest me good, but the joy of thy heart is to predict misfortunes.* Whoever is of the same temper might there find the means of indulging his

thoughts, and improving his vein of denunciation the flock of screech-owls might hoot together out injury to the rest of the world.

Yet, though I have so little kindness for this generation, I am very far from intending to debilitate a soft and tender mind from the privilege of complaining, when the sigh rises from the desire not of getting rid of pain, but of gaining ease. To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendship; and though it must be allowed that he suffers most like a hero that hides his grief in silence,

Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem,

His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.

DR

yet, it cannot be denied that he who complains like a man, like a social being, who looks for sympathy from his fellow-creatures. Pity is to many of the unhappy a source of comfort in hopeless distress: it contributes to recommend them to themselves, by proving that they have not lost the regard of others; and Heaven seems to indicate the duty even of benevolence and compassion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.

N^o 60. SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1750.

*Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plinius ac melius Cbrysippo et Crantore dicit.*

MOR.

Whose works the beautiful and base contain,
Of vice and virtue more instructive rules,
Than all the sober sages of the schools.

FRANCIS.

ALL joy or sorrow for the happiness or calamities of others is produced by an act of the imagination, that realises the event however fictitious, or approximates it however remote, by placing us, for a time in the condition of him whose fortune we contemplate; so that we feel, while the deception lasts, whatever motions would be excited by the same good or evil happening to ourselves.

Our passions are therefore more strongly moved, in proportion as we can more readily adopt the pains or pleasure proposed to our minds, by recognising them as once our own, or considering them as naturally incident to our state of life. It is not easy for the most artful writer to give us an interest in happiness or misery, which we think ourselves never likely to feel, and with which we have never yet been made acquainted. Histories of the downfall of kingdoms, and revolutions of empires, are read with great tranquillity; the imperial tragedy pleases common auditors only by its pomp of ornament and grandeur of ideas; and the man whose faculties have been engrossed by business, and whose heart never fluttered but at the rise or fall of the stocks, wonders how the attention can be seized, or the affection agitated, by a tale of love.

There are many invisible circumstances w
whether we read as inquirers after natural or
knowledge, whether we intend to enlarge our sci
or increase our virtue, are more important than
lick occurrences. Thus Sallust, the great mas
nature, has not forgot, in his account of Catilin
remark that *his walk was now quick, and again*
as an indication of a mind revolving something
violent commotion. Thus the story of Melan
affords a striking lecture on the value of tim
informing us, that when he made an appointm
he expected not only the hour, but the minute
fixed, that the day might not run out in the idl
of suspense; and all the plans and enterpris
De Wit are now of less importance to the v
than that part of his personal character which r
sents him as *careful of his health, and negligi*
his life.

But biography has often been allotted to w
who seem very little acquainted with the nat
their task, or very negligent about the perform
They rarely afford any other account than mig
collected from publick papers, but imagine them
writing a life when they exhibit a chronological
of actions or preferments; and so little regar
manners or behaviour of their heroes, that
knowledge may be gained of a man's real char
by a short conversation with one of his servants
from a formal and studied narrative, begun wit
pedigree, and ended with his funeral.

If now and then they condescend to inform
world of particular facts, they are not always so l
as to select the most important. I know not
what advantage posterity can receive from the
circumstance by which Tickell has distingui
Addison from the rest of mankind, the *irregu*
of his pulse: nor can I think myself overpaid fo

time spent in reading the life of Malherb, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherb had two predominant opinions; one, that the looseness of a single woman might destroy all her boast of ancient descent; the other, that the French rascals made use very improperly and barbarously of the phrase *noble Gentleman*, because either word included the sense of both.

There are, indeed, some natural reasons why these narratives are often written by such as were not likely to give much instruction or delight, and why most accounts of particular persons are barren and useless. If a life be delayed till interest and youth are at an end, we may hope for impartiality, but must expect little intelligence; for the incidents which give excellence to biography are of a volatile and evanescent kind, such as soon escape the memory, and are rarely transmitted by tradition. We now how few can pourtray a living acquaintance, except by his most prominent and observable particularities, and the grosser features of his mind; and it may be easily imagined how much of this little knowledge may be lost in imparting it, and how soon a succession of copies will lose all resemblance of the original.

If the biographer writes from personal knowledge, he makes haste to gratify the publick curiosity, there is danger lest his interest, his fear, his gratitude, or his tenderness, overpower his fidelity, and tempt him to conceal, if not to invent. There are many who think it an act of piety to hide the faults or failings of their friends, even when they can no longer suffer by their detection; we therefore see whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform panegyrick, and not to be known from one another, but by extrinsick and casual circumstances. "Let me remember," says Hale, when I find myself inclined to pity a criminal,

“ that there is likewise a pity due to the count
If we owe regard to the memory of the dead, the
yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to vir
and to truth.

N^o 61. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1750.

*Falsus bonor juvat, et mendax infamia terret.
Quem, nisi mendosum et mendacem?*

HOR.

False praise can charm, unreal shame controul—
Whom but a vicious or a sickly soul?

FRANCI

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

It is extremely vexatious to a man of eager
thirsty curiosity to be placed at a great distance f
the fountain of intelligence, and not only neve
receive the current of report till it has satiated
greatest part of the nation, but at last to fin
muddled in its course, and corrupted with te
or mixtures from every channel through whic
flowed.

One of the chief pleasures of my life is to hear v
passes in the world, to know what are the sche
of the politick, the aims of the busy, and the hope
the ambitious: what changes of publick measur
approaching; who is likely to be crushed in the
lision of parties; who is climbing to the top
power, and who is tottering on the precipice of
grace. But as it is very common for us to de

But what we are least qualified to obtain, I have suffered this appetite of news to outgrow all the gratifications which my present situation can afford it; for being placed in a remote country, I am condemned always to confound the future with the past, to form prognostications of events no longer doubtful, and to consider the expediency of schemes already executed or defeated. I am perplexed with a perpetual deception in my prospects, like a man pointing his telescope at a remote star, which before the light reaches his eye has forsaken the place from which it was emitted.

The mortification of being thus always behind the active world in my reflections and discoveries, is exceedingly aggravated by the petulance of those whose health, or business, or pleasure, brings them hither from London. For, without considering the insuperable disadvantages of my condition, and the unavoidable ignorance which absence must produce, they often treat me with the utmost superciliousness of contempt, for not knowing what no human sagacity can discover; and sometimes seem to consider me as a wretch scarcely worthy of human converse, when I happen to talk of the fortune of a bankrupt, or propose the healths of the dead, when I warn them of mischiefs already incurred, or wish for measures that have been lately taken. They seem to attribute to the superiority of their intellects what they only owe to the accident of their condition, and think themselves indisputably entitled to airs of insolence and authority, when they find another ignorant of facts, which, because they echoed in the streets of London, they suppose equally publick in all other places, and known where they could neither be seen, related, nor conjectured.

To this haughtiness they are indeed too much encouraged by the respect which they receive amongst

us, for no other reason than that they come fi London. For no sooner is the arrival of one of t disseminators of knowledge known in the count than we crowd about him from every quarter, and innumerable inquiries flatter him into an opinion his own importance. He sees himself surrounded multitudes, who propose their doubts, and refer t controversies, to him, as to a being descended fi some nobler region, and he grows on a sudden c culous and infallible, solves all difficulties, and all objections at defiance.

There is, in my opinion, great reason for suspect ing, that they sometimes take advantage of this re verential modesty, and impose upon rustick under standings with a false show of universal intelligence; for I do not find that they are willing to own them selves ignorant of any thing, or that they dismiss any inquirer with a positive and decisive answer. The court, the city, the park, and exchange, are those men of unbounded observation equally famili and they are alike ready to tell the hour at which stocks will rise, or the ministry be changed.

A short residence at London entitles a man knowledge, to wit, to politeness, and to a despotic and dictatorial power of prescribing to the rude mul titude, whom he condescends to honour with a bien nial visit; yet, I know not well upon what moti I have lately found myself inclined to cavil at ti prescription, and to doubt whether it be not, on occasions, proper to withhold our veneration, tim we are more authentically convinced of the merits of th claimant.

It is well remembered here, that, about seven year ago, one Frolick, a tall boy, with lank hair, remark able for stealing eggs, and sucking them, was taken from the school in this parish, and sent up to London to study the law. As he had given amongst us no

of a genius designed by nature for extraordinary
 ornaunces, he was, from the time of his departure,
 ly forgotten, nor was there any talk of his vices
 rtues, his good or his ill fortune, till last summer
 port burst upon us, that Mr. Frolick was come
 in the first post-chaise which this village had
 , having travelled with such rapidity that one of
 ostilions had broken his leg, and another narrow-
 capped suffocation in a quicksand: but that Mr.
 ck seemed totally unconcerned, for such things
 never heeded at London.

r. Frolick next day appeared among the gentle-
 at their weekly meeting on the bowling-green,
 w were seen the effects of a London education.
 ress, his language, his ideas, were all new, and
 d not much endeavour to conceal his contempt of
 thing that differed from the opinions, or prac-
 of the modish world. He shewed us the de-
 ity of our skirts and sleeves, informed us where
 of the proper size were to be sold, and recom-
 led to us the reformation of a thousand absurdi-
 n our clothes, our cookery, and our conversation.
 n any of his phrases were unintelligible, he could
 uppress the joy of confessed superiority, but fré-
 tly delayed the explanation, that he might enjoy
 iumph over our barbarity.

hen he is pleased to entertain us with a story, he
 care to crowd into it names of streets, squares,
 uildings, with which he knows we are unac-
 ted. The favourite topicks of his discourse are
 runks of drunkards, and the tricks put upon
 try gentlemen by porters and link-boys. When
 with ladies he tells them of the innumerable
 es to which he can introduce them; but never
 o hint, how much they will be deficient, at their
 arrival, in the knowledge of the town. What

it is *to know the town* he has not indeed hitherto formed us, though there is no phrase so frequent his mouth, nor any science which he appears to thi of so great value, or so difficult attainment.

But my curiosity has been most engaged by the recital of his own adventures and atchievements. I have heard of the union of various characters in single persons, but never met with such a constellation of great qualities as this man's narrative affords. Whatever has distinguished the hero; whatever has elevated the wit; whatever has endeared the lover, are all centered in Mr. Frolick, whose life has, for seven years, been a regular interchange of intrigues, dangers, and waggeries, and who has distinguished himself in every character that can be feared, envied, or admired.

I question whether all the officers in the royal navy can bring together, from all their journals, a collection of so many wonderful escapes as this man has known upon the Thames, on which he has been a thousand and a thousand times on the point of perishing, sometimes by the terrors of foolish women, in the same boat, sometimes by his own acknowledged imprudence in passing the river in the dark, and sometimes by shooting the bridge, under which he has encountered mountainous waves and dreadful cataracts.

Nor less has been his temerity by land, nor fewer his hazards. He has reeled with giddiness on the top of the monument; he has crossed the street amidst the rush of coaches; he has been surrounded by robbers without number; he has headed parties at the playhouse; he has scaled the windows of every toast of whatever condition; he has been hunted for whole winters by his rivals; he has slept upon bulks, he has cut chairs, he has bilked coachmen; he has rescued his friends from bailiffs, has knocked

n the constable, has bullied the justice, and performed many other exploits, that have filled the town with wonder and with merriment.

But yet greater is the fame of his understanding his bravery; for he informs us, that he is, at London, the established arbitrator of all points of honour, and the decisive judge of all performances of genius; that no musical performer is in reputation till the opinion of Frolick has ratified his performances; that the theatres suspend their sentence till he begins the clap or hiss, in which all are proud to concur; that no publick entertainment has failed or succeeded, but because he opposed or favoured it; that all controversies at the gaming-table are referred to his determination; that he adjusts the ceremonial of every assembly, and prescribes every fashion of easure or of dress.

With every man whose name occurs in the papers of the day, he is intimately acquainted; and there are very few posts, either in the state or army, of which he has not more or less influenced the disposal. He has been very frequently consulted both upon war and peace; but the time is not yet come when the nation shall know how much it is indebted to the genius of Frolick.

Yet, notwithstanding all these declarations, I cannot hitherto persuade myself to see that Mr. Frolick is more wit, or knowledge, or courage, than the rest of mankind, or that any uncommon enlargement of his faculties has happened in the time of his absence. For when he talks on subjects known to the rest of the company, he has no advantage over us, but by catches of interruption, briskness of interrogation, and pertness of contempt; and before if he has stunned the world with his name, and gained a place in the first ranks of humanity, cannot but conclude, that either a little under-

standing confers eminence at London, or that Frolick thinks us unworthy of the exertion of powers, or that his faculties are benumbed by stupidity, as the magnetick needle loses its animation in the polar climes.

I would not, however, like many hasty philosophers, search after the cause till I am certain of the effect; and, therefore, I desire to be informed, whether you have yet heard the great name of Mr. Frolick. If he is celebrated by other tongues than his own, I shall willingly propagate his praise; but if he has swelled among us with empty boasts, and honours conferred only by himself, I shall treat him with rustick sincerity, and drive him as an impostor from this part of the kingdom to some region of more credulity.

I am, &c.

RURICOLA.

Nº 62. SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1750.

*Nunc ego Triptolemi cuperem conscendere currus,
Misit in ignotam qui rude semen humum :
unc ego Medea vellem franare dracones,
Quos habuit fugiens arva, Corinthæ, tua ;
Nunc ego jactandas optarem sumere pennas,
Sive tuas, Perseu ; Dadale, sive tuas.*

OVID.

Now would I mount his car, whose bounteous hand
First sowed with teeming seed the furrow'd land :
Now to *Medea's* dragons fix my reins,
That swiftly bore her from *Corinthian* plains ;
Now on *Dadalian* waxen pinions stray,
Or those which waited *Perseus* on his way.

P. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM a young woman of a very large fortune, which, if my parents would have been persuaded to comply with the rules and customs of the polite part of mankind, might long since have raised me to the highest honours of the female world ; but so strangely have they hitherto contrived to waste my life, that I am now on the borders of twenty, without having ever been admitted but at our monthly assembly, or been toasted among a few gentlemen of the neighbourhood, or seen any company in which it was worth a wish to be distinguished.

My father having impaired his patrimony in soliciting a place at court, at last grew wise enough to cease his pursuit, and, to repair the consequences of expensive attendance and negligence of his af-

fairs, married a lady much older than himself, who had lived in the fashionable world till she was considered as an encumbrance upon parties of pleasure, and as I can collect from incidental information, she retired from gay assemblies just time enough to escape the mortification of universal neglect.

She was, however, still rich, and not yet wrinkled; my father was too distressfully embarrassed to think much on any thing but the means of exultation, and though it is not likely that he was the delicacy which polite conversation will always produce in understandings not remarkably defective, yet he was contented with a match, by which he might be set free from inconveniences, which would have destroyed all the pleasures of imagination, and taken from softness and beauty the power of lighting.

As they were both somewhat disgusted with their treatment in the world, and married, though without any dislike of each other, yet principally for the sake of setting themselves free from dependence on caprice or fashion, they soon retired into country, and devoted their lives to rural business and diversions.

They had not much reason to regret the change of their situation; for their vanity, which had long been tormented by neglect and disappointment, was here gratified with every honour that could be paid them. Their long familiarity with publick made them the oracles of all those who aspired to intelligence or politeness. My father dictated precepts, my mother prescribed the mode, and it was sufficient to entitle any family to some consideration, that they were known to visit at Mrs. Courtly's.

In this state they were, to speak in the style of novelists, made happy by the birth of your correspondent. My parents had no other child, I was therefore the

aten by a saucy brother, or lost in a mul-
f coheiresses, whose fortunes being equal,
robably have conferred equal merit, and pro-
qual regard; and as my mother was now old,
erstanding and my person had fair play, my
s were not checked, my advances towards im-
e were not repressed, and I was soon suffered
y own opinions, and early accustomed to hear
praises.

ese accidental advantages I was much exalted
he young ladies with whom I conversed, and
ated by them with great deference. I saw
o did not seem to confess my superiority, and
ld in awe by the splendour of my appearance;
fondness of my father made himself pleased
as dressed, and my mother had no vanity nor
s to hinder her from concurring with his in-
is.

, Mr. Rambler, I lived without much desire
y thing beyond the circle of our visits; and
ould have quietly continued to portion out
e among my books, and my needle, and
pany, had not my curiosity been every
t excited by the conversation of my parents,
henever they sit down to familiar prattle, and
our the entertainment of each other, imme-
transport themselves to London, and relate
dventure in a hackney coach, some frolick at
erade, some conversation in the Park, or some
at an assembly, display the magnificence of a
ight, relate the conquests of maids of honour,
a history of diversions, shows, and entertain-
which I had never known but from their ac-

so well versed in the history of the gay world,
an relate, with great punctuality, the lives of
ast race of wits and beauties; can enumerate,

with exact chronology, the whole succession of celebrated singers, musicians, tragedians, comedians, and harlequins; can tell to the last twenty years all the changes of fashions; and am, indeed, a complete antiquary with respect to head-dress and operas.

You will easily imagine, Mr. Rambler, that I do not hear these narratives, for sixteen years together without suffering some impression, and wishing myself nearer to those places where every hour brings some new pleasure, and life is diversified with unexhausted succession of felicity.

I indeed often asked my mother why she left that place which she recollected with so much delight, and why she did not visit London once a year, like some other ladies, and initiate me in the world, shewing me its amusements, its grandeur, and its variety. But she always told me that the days which she had seen were such as will never come again; that all diversion is now degenerated, that the conversation of the present age is insipid, that their fashions are unbecoming, their customs absurd, and their manners corrupt; that there is no ray left of the genius which enlightened the times that she remembered; that no one who had seen, or heard, the ancient reformers, would be able to bear the bunglers of this despicable age; and that there is now neither politeness, nor pleasure, nor virtue, in the world. She therefore assures me that she consults my happiness by keeping me at home, for I should now find nothing but vexation and disgust, and she should be ashamed to see me pleased with such fopperies and trifles, as take up the thoughts of the present set of young people.

With this answer I was kept quiet for several years, and thought it no great inconvenience to be confined to the country, till last summer a young

and his sister came down to pass a few one of our neighbours. They had great regard for the country ladies, but led me by a particular complaisance, and as mate, gave me such a detail of the splendour, the mirth, the happiness of what I am resolved to be no longer buried in obscurity, but to share with others of being admired, and divide with others the empire of the world.

I find, Mr. Rambler, upon a deliberate trial, comparison, that I am excelled by beauty, in wit, in judgment, in knowledge, any thing, but a kind of gay, lively familiarity which she mingles with strangers as with acquaintances, and which enables her to converse without any obstruction, hesitation, or reserve. Yet she can relate a thousand civilities in publick, can produce, from a hundred persons filled with praises, protestations, expressions of despair; has been handed by dukes to kings, has been the occasion of innumerable visits, has paid twenty visits in an afternoon; been at balls in an evening, and been forced to retire from the country from the importunity of the fatigue of pleasure.

But, Mr. Rambler, I will stay here no longer. I have at last prevailed upon my mother to send me home, and shall set out in three weeks on the journey. I intend to live in publick, and to pursue to the winter every pleasure which money can procure, and every honour which beauty can

During this tedious interval how shall I endure? I will alleviate the misery of delay by some description of the entertainments of the country. I can read, I can talk, I can think of no-

thing else; and if you will not sooth my i
heighten my ideas, and animate my hopes, y
write for those who have more le e, l
expect any longer the honour of i i by
eyes which are now intent only on con i
struction.

RHODOCL

N^o 63. TUESDAY, OCT. 23, 1750.

*Habebat saepe ducentos,
Saepe decem servos; modo reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens, modo, sit mibi mensa tripes, et
Concha salis puri, et toga, quae defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat.*

HOR.

Now with two hundred slaves he crowds his train;
Now walks with ten. In high and haughty strain
At morn, of kings and governors he prates;
At night,—" A frugal table, O ye fates,
" A little shell the sacred salt to hold,
" And clothes, tho' coarse, to keep me from the cold."

FRANCI

It has been remarked, perhaps, by every writ
who has left behind him observations upon life, t
no man is pleased with his present state, which pro
equally unsatisfactory, says Horace, whether fal
upon by chance, or chosen with deliberation;
are always disgusted with some circumstance or ot
of our situation, and imagine the condition of oth
more abundant in blessings, or less exposed to c
mities.

This universal discontent has been generally men-
with great severity of censure, as unreason-
itself, since of two, equally envious of each
both cannot have the larger share of happi-
is, ling to darken life with unnecessary
in, by withdrawing our minds from the con-
templation and enjoyment of that happiness which
our state affords us, and fixing our attention upon
foreign objects, which we only behold to depress
ourselves, and increase our misery by injurious com-
parisons.

When this opinion of the felicity of others predo-
minates in the heart, so as to excite resolutions of
obtaining, at whatever price, the condition to which
such transcendent privileges are supposed to be an-
nexed; when it bursts into action, and produces
fraud, violence, and injustice, it is to be pursued
with all the rigour of legal punishments. But while
operating only upon the thoughts, it disturbs none
but him who has happened to admit it, and, how-
ever it may interrupt content, makes no attack on
piety or virtue, I cannot think it so far criminal or
ridiculous, but that it may deserve some pity, and
admit some excuse.

That all are equally happy, or miserable, I sup-
pose none is sufficiently enthusiastical to maintain;
because though we cannot judge of the condition of
others, yet every man has found frequent vicissi-
tudes in his own state, and must therefore be con-
vinced that life is susceptible of more or less felicity.
What then shall forbid us to endeavour the alteration
of that which is capable of being improved, and to
grasp at augmentations of good, when we know it
possible to be increased, and believe that any particu-
lar change of situation will increase it?

If he that finds himself uneasy may reasonably
make efforts to rid himself from vexation, all man-

kind have a sufficient plea for some degree of rashness, and the fault seems to be little more than much temerity of conclusion in favour of some not yet experienced, and too much readiness to believe, that the misery which our own passions and appetites produce, is brought upon us by accidental causes and external efficient.

It is, indeed, frequently discovered by us, that we complained too hastily of peculiar evils, in which we imagined ourselves distinguished by emotions, in which other classes of men are equally entangled. We often change a lighter for a greater evil, and afterwards are restored again to the state from which we thought it desirable to be delivered. But this knowledge, though it is easily gained by the trial, is always attainable any other way; and that error is not justly to be reproached, which reason could obviate, nor prudence avoid.

To take a view at once distinct and comprehensive of human life, with all its intricacies of combination and varieties of connection, is beyond the power of mortal intelligences. Of the state with which nature has not acquainted us, we snatch a glimpse, discern a point, and regulate the rest by passion or by fancy. In this inquiry every favourite prejudice, every innate desire, is busy to deceive us. We are unhappy, at least less happy than our nature seems to admit; we necessarily desire the melioration of our condition; what we desire we very reasonably seek, and when we seek we are naturally eager to believe that we have found. Our confidence is often disappointed, but reason is not convinced, and there is no man who does not hope for something which he has not, though perhaps his wishes lie unactive, because he foresees the difficulty of attainment. As among the numerous students of Hermetick philosophy, not one appears to have desisted from the task of transmutation,

iction of its impossibility, but from weariness of or impatience of delay, a broken body, or exalted fortune.

Irresolution and mutability are often the faults of us, whose views are wide, and whose imagination is vigorous and excursive, because they cannot confine their thoughts within their own boundaries of action, continually ranging over all the scenes of existence, and consequently are often apt to conceive that they fall upon new regions of pleasure, start new possibilities of happiness. Thus they are busied with a perpetual succession of schemes, and their lives in alternate elation and sorrow, far removed of that calm and immoveable acquiescence in their condition, by which men of slower understandings are fixed for ever to a certain point, or led on in the plain beaten track, which their fathers and grandfathers have trod before them.

Of two conditions of life equally inviting to the prospect, that will always have the disadvantage which we have already tried; because the evils which we have felt we cannot extenuate; and though we are, perhaps from nature, the power as well of alleviating the calamity which we fear, as of heightening the blessing we expect, yet in those meditations in which we indulge by choice, and which are not forced upon the mind by necessity, we have always the art of fixing our regard upon the more pleasing images, and suffer hope to dispose the lights by which we look upon futurity.

The good and ill of different modes of life are sometimes so equally opposed, that perhaps no man ever yet made his choice between them upon a full conviction and adequate knowledge; and therefore fluctuation of will is not more wonderful, when they are proposed to the election, than oscillations of a beam charged with equal weights. The mind no sooner

imagines itself determined by some prevalent rage, than some convenience of equal weight covered on the other side, and the resolutions are suggested by the nicest examination, are repented as soon as they are taken.

Eumenes, a young man of great abilities, inherited a large estate from a father, long eminent in conspicuous employments. His father, harassed by competitions, and perplexed with multiplied business, recommended the quiet of a private life with so much force, that Eumenes for some time resisted every motion of ambitious wishes; but once provoked by the sight of oppression, which he could not redress, he began to think it the duty of an honest man to enable himself to protect the oppressed, and gradually felt a desire of greatness, excited by a thousand projects of advantage to his country. His fortune placed him in the senate, his knowledge and eloquence advanced him at court, and he possessed that authority and influence which he had resolved to exert for the happiness of mankind.

He now became acquainted with greatness, and was in a short time convinced, that in proportion to the power of doing well is enlarged, the temptation to do ill are multiplied and enforced. He felt every moment in danger of being either seduced or driven from his honest purposes. Sometimes he was to be gratified, and sometimes a rival was to be crushed, by means which his conscience could not approve. Sometimes he was forced to combat the prejudices of the publick, and sometimes to support the schemes of the ministry. He was by degrees involved in perpetual struggles to unite policy and honesty, and went back to retirement as the shelter of his conscience, persuaded that he could only hope to benefit mankind by a blameless example of private life. Here he spent some years in tranquillity and

ce; but finding that corruption increased, and the opinions in government prevailed, he thought of again summoned to posts of publick trust, in which new evidence of his own weakness again determined him to retire.

Thus men may be made inconstant by virtue and by vice, by too much or too little thought; yet inquiry, however dignified by its motives, is always to be avoided, because life allows us but a small time for inquiry and experiment, and he that steadily endeavours at excellence, in whatever employment, will more benefit mankind than he that hesitates in choosing his part till he is called to the performance. The traveller that resolutely follows a rough and winding path, will sooner reach the end of his journey, than he that is always changing his direction, and wastes the hours of daylight in looking for a smoother ground and shorter passages.

N^o 64. SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1750.

Idem velle, et idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia est,

SALLUST.

To live in friendship is to have the same desires and the same aversions.

WHEN Socrates was building himself a house at Athens, being asked by one that observed the littleness of the design, why a man so eminent would not have an abode more suitable to his dignity? he replied, that he should think himself sufficiently accommodated, if he could see that narrow habitation filled

with real friends. Such was the opinion of this master of human life, concerning the infrequency of such an union of minds as might deserve the name of friendship, that among the multitudes whom he attracted by his civility or veneration, crowded him, he did not expect, that very spacious mansions would be necessary to contain all that regard him with sincere kindness, or adhere to him with steady fidelity.

So many qualities are indeed requisite to the possibility of friendship, and so many accidents concur to its rise and its continuance, that the greatest part of mankind content themselves with it, and supply its place as they can, with interdependence.

Multitudes are unqualified for a constant and reciprocal benevolence, as they are not excited for any other elevated excellence, by a continual attention to their interest, and an irresistible attraction to their passions. Long habits may induce inability to deny any desire, or represent superior motives, the importunities of any ingratitude, and an inveterate selfishness will imagine all advantages diminished in proportion as they are communicated.

But not only this hateful and confirmed corruption, but many varieties of disposition, not inconsistent with common degrees of virtue, may exclude friendship from the heart. Some are so ardent in their benevolence, and defective neither in officiousness nor liberality, are mutable and uncertain, so attracted by new objects, disgusted without offence, and alienated without enmity. Others are so flexible, easily influenced by reports or whims, ready to catch alarms from every dubious circumstance, and to listen to every suspicion which flattery shall suggest, to follow the opinion

y confident adviser, and move by the impulse of
 last breath. Some are impatient of contradiction,
 willing to go wrong by their own judgment,
 to be indebted for a better or a safer way to the
 ty of another, inclined to consider counsel as
 , and inquiry as want of confidence, and to con-
 sider regard on no other terms than unreserved
 ssion and implicit compliance. Some are dark
 involved, equally careful to conceal good and bad
 poses ; and pleased with producing effects by in-
 : means, and shewing their design only in its
 cution. Others are universally communicative,
 re open to every eye, and equally profuse of their
 own secrets and those of others, without the neces-
 vigilance of caution, or the honest arts of prudent
 grity. ready to accuse without malice, and to be-
 tray without treachery. Any of these may be useful
 to the community, and pass through the world with
 reputation of good purposes and uncorrupted mo-
 , but they are unfit for close and tender intima-

He cannot properly be chosen for a friend,
 kindness is exhaled by its own warmth, or
 1 by the first blast of slander ; he cannot be a
 ru counsellor, who will hear no opinion but his
 own ; he will not much invite confidence whose
 principal maxim is to suspect ; nor can the candour
 and frankness of that man be much esteemed, who
 spreads his arms to humankind, and makes every man,
 without distinction, a denizen of his bosom.

That friendship may be at once fond and lasting,
 there must not only be equal virtue on each part, but
 virtue of the same kind ; not only the same end must
 be proposed, but the same means must be approved
 by both. We are often, by superficial accomplish-
 ments and accidental endearments, induced to love
 those whom we cannot esteem ; we are sometimes,
 by great abilities, and incontestible evidences of

virtue, compelled to esteem those whom we love. But friendship, compounded of esteem and love, derives from one its tenderness, and its manence from the other; and therefore require only that its candidates should gain the judgment but that they should attract the affections; that should not only be firm in the day of distress, but in the hour of jollity; not only useful in exertion but pleasing in familiar life; their presence should give cheerfulness as well as courage, and dispel the gloom of fear and of melancholy.

To this mutual complacency, is generally required a uniformity of opinions, at least of those active and conspicuous principles which discriminate parties in government and sects in religion, and which daily operate more or less on the common business of life. For though great tenderness has, perhaps, sometimes been known to continue between men even in contrary factions; yet such friends are shewn rather as prodigies than examples, and it is more proper to regulate our conduct by such maxims, than to leap a precipice, because some have fallen from it and escaped with life.

It cannot but be extremely difficult to preserve private kindness in the midst of public opposition, which will necessarily be involved a thousand considerations, extending their influence to conversation and privacy. Men engaged, by moral or religious maxims in contrary parties, will generally look with different eyes upon every man, and decide almost every question upon different principles. When such occasions of dispute happen, to comply is to betray our friendship, and to maintain friendship by ceasing to desert, is to lose the happiness and dignity of independence, to live in perpetual constraint, and to desert, if not to betray: and who shall determine of two friends shall yield, where neither be

self mistaken, and both confess the importance of question? What then remains but contradiction debate? and from those what can be expected, but nony and vehemence, the insolence of triumph, relaxation of defeat, and, in time, a weariness of rest, and an extinction of benevolence? Exchange of endearments and intercourse of civility may continue, indeed, as boughs may for a while be verdant, though the root is wounded; but the poison of discord is infused, and though the countenance may preserve its smile, the heart is hardening and contracting.

That man will not be long agreeable whom we see only in times of seriousness and severity; and, therefore, to maintain the softness and serenity of benevolence, it is necessary that friends partake each other's pleasures as well as cares, and be led to the same diversions by similitude of taste. This is, however, not to be considered as equally indispensable with conformity of principles, because any man may honestly, according to the precepts of Horace, resign the gratifications of taste to the humour of another, and friendship may well deserve the sacrifice of pleasure, though not of conscience.

It was once confessed to me, by a painter, that no professor of his art ever loved another. This declaration is so far justified by the knowledge of life, as to damp the hopes of warm and constant friendship, between men whom their studies have made competitors, and whom every favourer and every censurer are hourly inciting against each other. The utmost expectation that experience can warrant, is, that they should forbear open hostilities and secret machinations, and when the whole fraternity is attacked, be able to unite against a common foe. Some, however, though few, may, perhaps, be found, in whom emulation has not been able to overpower generosity, who are distinguished from lower beings by nobler motives

than the love of fame, and can preserve the same flame of friendship from the gusts of pride and rubbish of interest.

Friendship is seldom lasting but between equals where the superiority on one side is reduced by an equivalent advantage on the other. Benefits cannot be repaid, and obligations which cannot be discharged, are not commonly found to increase; they excite gratitude indeed, and reverence, but commonly take away that easy freedom and familiarity of intercourse, without which though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendship. Thus imperfect all earthly blessings; the great effect of friendship is beneficence, yet by the first act of uncommon kindness it is endangered, like plants that bear their fruit and die. Yet this consideration ought not to restrain bounty or repress compassion; for duty is to be preferred before convenience, and he that loses part of the pleasures of friendship by his generosity, gains its place the gratulation of his conscience.

N^o 65. TUESDAY, OCT. 30, 1750.

—*Garrit aniles*
Ex re fabellas.—

ROR.

The cheerful sage, when solemn dictates fail,
 Conceals the moral counsel in a tale.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravan early in the morning, and pursued his journey thro

lains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous
 at rest ; he was animated with hope ; he was in-
 flamed by desire ; he walked swiftly forward over the
 plains, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the
 melodious song of the bird of paradise. he was fanned
 by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprin-
 gled with dew by groves of spices ; he sometimes con-
 sidered the towering height of the oak, monarch
 of the hills ; and sometimes caught the gentle fra-
 grance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring :
 his senses were gratified, and all care was banished
 from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meri-
 dian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength ;
 he then looked round about him for some more com-
 fortable path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove
 which seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation ;
 he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure ir-
 resistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whil-
 ever he was travelling, but found a narrow way bor-
 dered with flowers, which appeared to have the same
 direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by
 this happy experiment, he had found means to unite
 pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of di-
 ligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore,
 still continued to walk for a time, without the least
 remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes
 tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the
 heat had assembled in the shade ; and sometimes
 amused himself with plucking the flowers that cover-
 ed the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung
 upon the branches. At last the green path began to
 decline from its first tendency, and to wind among
 hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and mur-
 muring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a
 time, and began to consider whether it were longer

safe to forsake the known and common track ; remembering that the heat was now in its great lence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven solved to pursue the new path, which he su only to make a few meanders, in compliance v varieties of the ground, and to end at last in th mon road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he rene pace, though he suspected that he was not ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined lay hold on every new object, and give way t sensation that might sooth or divert him. He l to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fre spect, he turned aside to every cascade, and himself with tracing the course of a gentle riv rolled among the trees, and watered a large with innumerable circumvolutions. In these ments the hours passed away uncounted, his tions had perplexed his memory, and he kn towards what point to travel. He stood pens confused, afraid to go forward lest he shc wrong, yet conscious that the time of loiteri now past. While he was thus tortured with tainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, t vanished from before him, and a sudden temy thered round his head. He was now roused danger to a quick and painful remembrance folly ; he now saw how happiness is lost when consulted ; he lamented the unmanly impatien prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, : spised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the a blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his medi

He now resolved to do what remained ye power, to tread back the ground which he hied, and try to find some issue where th might open into the plain. He prostrated his

ground, and commended his life to the Lord of
 re. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and
 ssed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts
 desert were in motion, and on every hand were
 and the mingled howls of rage and fear, and savage
 l expiration ; all the horrors of darkness and soli-
 ; surrounded him ; the winds roared in the woods,
 the torrents tumbled from the hills,

Χειμαῖοι ποταμοὶ κατ' ὄρεσφι ῥοοῖσις
 Ἐξ ἠοσγαγκίαν Συμβαλλέσιν ὄβριμον ὕδωρ,
 Τῶνδ' ἑ τε τηλοὺς ἀπὸν ἐν ἕρσιν ἐκλυε πειρμένη.

Work'd into sudden rage by wintry show'rs,
 Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours:
 The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through
 the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or
 whether he was every moment drawing nearer to
 safety or to destruction. At length not fear but labour
 began to overcome him ; his breath grew short, and
 his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying
 down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through
 the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced
 towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from
 the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door,
 and obtained admission. The old man set before him
 such provisions as he had collected for himself, on
 which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, " Tell me," said the
 hermit, " by what chance thou hast been brought hi-
 ther ; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant
 of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man be-
 fore." Obidah then related the occurrences of his
 journey, without any concealment or palliation.

" Son," said the hermit, " let the errors and fol-
 lies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep
 into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human

" life is the journey of a day. We rise in the
 " ing of youth, full of vigour and full of expect
 " we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety
 " with diligence, and travel on a while in the str
 " road of piety towards the mansions of rest.
 " short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour
 " find some mitigation of our duty, and some m
 " easy means of obtaining the same end. We
 " relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be te
 " fied with crimes at a distance, but rely upon c
 " constancy, and venture to approach what we
 " never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of
 " and repose in the shades of security. Here
 " heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are
 " willing to inquire whether another advance can
 " be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn
 " eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We appro
 " them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them
 " but enter timorous and trembling, and always h
 " to pass through them without losing the road of vir
 " tue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, an
 " to which we propose to return. But temptation
 " ceeds temptation, and one compliance prepares
 " for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of
 " nocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual g
 " fications. By degrees we let fall the remembra
 " of our original intention, and quit the only adeq
 " object of rational desire. We entangle ourselv
 " business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and row
 " through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the d
 " ness of old age begins to invade us, and disease
 " anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upo
 " our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repent
 " ance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that w
 " had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy ar
 " they, my son, who shall learn from thy example n
 " to despair, but shall remember, that though the

is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unsuccessful, that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

Nº 66. SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1750,

— *Pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula.*

JUV.

— How few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue?
How void of reason are our hopes and fears?

DRYDEN.

THE folly of human wishes and pursuits has always been a standing subject of mirth and declamation, and has been ridiculed and lamented from age to age; till, perhaps, the fruitless repetition of complaints and censures may be justly numbered among the subjects of censure and complaint.

Some of these instructors of mankind have not contented themselves with checking the overflows of passion, and lopping the exuberance of desire, but have attempted to destroy the root as well as the branches;

and not only to confine the mind within bounds to smooth it for ever by a dead calm. They have employed their reason and eloquence to persuade us nothing is worth the wish of a wise man, have sated all earthly good and evil as indifferent, counted among vulgar errors the dread of pain, the love of life.

It is almost always the unhappiness of a victor disputant, to destroy his own authority by claiming many consequences, or diffusing his proposition to an indefensible extent. When we have heated ourselves in a cause, and elated our confidence with success, are naturally inclined to pursue the same train of reasoning, to establish some collateral truth, to remove some adjacent difficulty, and to take in the whole comprehension of our system. As a prince, in the ardour of acquisition, is willing to secure his first conquest by the addition of another, adds a fortress to a fortress, and city to city, till despair and opportunity turn his enemies upon him, and he loses in a moment the glory of a reign.

The philosophers having found an easy victory over those desires which we produce in ourselves, which terminate in some imaginary state of happiness unknown and unattainable, proceeded to make further inroads upon the heart, and attacked at once our senses and our instincts. They continued to fight upon nature with arms, by which only folly could be conquered; they, therefore, lost the trophies of former combats, and were considered no longer worthy of reverence or regard.

Yet it cannot be with justice denied, that these have been very useful monitors, and have left us proofs of strong reason, deep penetration, and a rate attention to the affairs of life, which it is our business to separate from the foam of a bold imagination, and to apply judiciously to our own

have shewn that most of the conditions of life, to raise the envy of the timorous, and rouse the ambition of the daring, are empty shows of felicity, which, when they become familiar, lose their power of delighting; and that the most prosperous and exalted have very few advantages over a meaner and more obscure fortune, when their dangers and solitudes are balanced against their equipage, their banquets, and their palaces.

It is natural for every man uninstructed to murmur at his condition, because, in the general infelicity of life, he feels his own miseries without knowing that they are common to all the rest of the species; and, therefore, though he will not be less sensible of pain by being told that others are equally tormented, he will at least be freed from the temptation of seeking, by perpetual changes, that ease which is no where to be found, and though his diseases still continue, he escapes the hazard of exasperating it by remedies.

The gratifications which affluence of wealth, extent of power, and eminence of reputation confer, must be always, by their own nature, confined to a very small number; and the life of the greater part of mankind must be lost in empty wishes and painful comparisons, were not the balm of philosophy shed upon us, and our discontent at the appearances of an unequal distribution soothed and appeased.

It seemed, perhaps, below the dignity of the great masters of moral learning, to descend to familiar life, and caution mankind against that petty ambition which is known among us by the name of vanity; which yet had been an undertaking not unworthy of the longest beard and most solemn austerity. For though the passions of little minds, acting in low stations, do not fill the world with bloodshed and devastations, or mark, by great events, the periods of time, yet they torture the breast on which they seize.

infest those that are placed within the reach of their fluence, destroy private quiet and private virtue, undermine insensibly the happiness of the world.

The desire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently ill directed. We fall, by chance, into a class of mankind, and, without consulting nature wisdom, resolve to gain their regard by those qualities which they happen to esteem. I once knew a remarkably dim-sighted, who, by conversing much with country gentlemen, found himself irresistibly terminated to sylvan honours. His great ambition was to shoot flying, and he therefore spent whole days in the woods pursuing game; which, before he was near enough to see them, his approach frightened away.

When it happens that the desire tends to objects which produce no competition, it may be overlooked with some indulgence, because, however fruitless and absurd, it cannot have ill effects upon the morals. But most of our enjoyments owe their value to the peculiarity of possession, and when they are rated at too high a value, give occasion to stratagems of malignity and incite opposition, hatred, and defamation. The contest of two rural beauties for preference and distinction, is often sufficiently keen and rancorous to fill their breasts with all those passions which are generally thought the curse only of senates, of armies and of courts; and the rival dancers of an obscure assembly have their partisans and abettors, often not less exasperated against each other, than those who are promoting the interests of rival monarchs.

It is common to consider those whom we find infected with an unreasonable regard for trifling accomplishments, as chargeable with all the consequences of their folly, and as the authors of their own unhappiness: but, perhaps, those whom we thus scorn or detest have more claim to tenderness than has been yet allowed them. Before we permit our severity to break

upon any fault or error, we ought surely to consider how much we have countenanced or promoted. We see multitudes busy in the pursuit of riches, at expence of wisdom and of virtue; but we see most of mankind approving their conduct, and in their eagerness, by paying that regard and deference to wealth which wisdom and virtue only can deserve. We see women universally jealous of the estimation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they study their complexions, endeavour to preserve or to supply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament, twist their hair into curls, and shade their faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their nobler part, and tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodness or knowledge was able to attract that officiousness, or inspire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to persuade the ladies, that the time spent at the toilet is lost in vanity, when they have every moment some new conviction, that their interest is more effectually promoted by a ribband well disposed, than by the brightest act of heroick virtue?

In every instance of vanity it will be found, that the blame ought to be shared among more than it generally reaches; all who exalt trifles by immoderate praise, or instigate needless emulation by invidious incitements, are to be considered as perverters of reason and corrupters of the world: and since every man is obliged to promote happiness and virtue, he should be careful not to mislead unwary minds, by appearing to set too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

N^o 67. TUESDAY, NOV. 6, 1750.

Αἱ δ' ἰλτιδες βροχῆσι φυγαδεις, ὡς λογος,
Καλως βλεπσιν ὁμμασι, μελλῆσι δε.

EURIP.

Exiles, the proverb says, subsist on hope.
Delusive hope still points to distant good,
To good that mocks approach.

THERE is no temper so generally indulged as hope; other passions operate by starts on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage of a period, always urging us forward to new acquisition, and holding out some distant blessing to our view, promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing; or that life when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was musing on this strange inclination which every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when, falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves. When I had recovered from the first raptures, with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that, at a small distance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all the power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with blossoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the sight of ripe fruits, which seemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked hastily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the birds flew still singing before me, and though I pressed onward with great celerity, I was still in sight of pleasures of which I could not yet gain the possession, and which seemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with so many alternations of joy and grief, I yet persisted to go forward, in hopes that these fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I saw an innumerable multitude of every age and sex, who seemed all to partake of some general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with eagerness: yet each appeared to have some particular and

secret pleasure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themselves. Most of them seemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too busy to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, and, therefore, I was content while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troublesome inquiries. At last I observed a man worn with time, and unable to struggle in the crowd; and, therefore, supposing him more at leisure, I began to accost him: but he turned from me with anger, and told me he must not be disturbed, as the great hour of projection was now come, and Mercury should lose his wings, and slavery should no longer dig the mine for gold.

I left him, and attempted another, whose softness of mien, and easy movement, gave me reason to expect a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow, that nothing would make him more than an opportunity of serving me, which he could not now want, for a place which he had been two years soliciting would soon be vacant. From him I had recourse to the next, who was departing in order to take possession of the estate of an uncle, who, in the course of nature, could not live long. He who followed was preparing to dive for treasure in an un-invented bell; and another was on the point of covering the longitude.

Being thus rejected wheresoever I applied myself for information, I began to imagine it best to desist from inquiry, and try what my own observation would discover: but seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved upon one more experiment, and informed that I was in the garden of HOPE, the daughter of DESIRE, and that all those whom I thus tumultuously bustling round me, were incited by the promises of HOPE, and hastening to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

ed my sight upwards, and saw a goddess in the
 of youth sitting on a throne: around her lay
 ists of fortune, and all the blessings of life
 read abroad to view; she had a perpetual
 f aspect, and every one imagined that her
 which was impartial and general, was directed
 f, and triumphed in his own superiority to
 who had conceived the same confidence from
 e mistake.

mounted an eminence, from which I had a
 stensive view of the whole place, and could
 perplexity consider the different conduct of
 vas that filled it. From this station I observed,
 entrance into the garden of HOPE was by two
 ne of which was kept by REASON, and the
 y FANCY. REASON was surly and scrupu-
 d seldom turned the key without many inter-
 es and long hesitation; but FANCY was a kind
 tle portress, she held her gate wide open, and
 ed all equally to the district under her superin-
 y; so that the passage was crowded by all those
 her feared the examination of REASON, or had
 jected by her.

at the gate of REASON there was a way to the
 of HOPE, by a craggy, slippery, and winding
 ed the *Streight of Difficulty*, which those who
 with the permission of the guard endeavoured
 b. But though they surveyed the way very
 ily before they began to rise, and marked out
 eral stages of their progress, they commonly
 unexpected obstacles, and were obliged fre-
 7 to stop on the sudden, where they imagined
 y plain and even. A thousand intricacies em-
 ed them, a thousand slips threw them back,
 thousand pitfalls impeded their advance. So
 able were the dangers, and so frequent the mis-
 that many returned from the first attempt,

and many fainted in the midst of the way, and a very small number were led up to the summit of HOPE, by the hand of FORTITUDE. Of these the greater part, when they had obtained the which HOPE had promised them, regretted the lab which it cost, and felt in their success the regret of disappointment; the rest retired with their prize, were led by WISDOM to the bowers of CONTENT.

Turning then towards the seat of FANCY, I could find no way to the seat of HOPE; but though she was full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that side, inaccessiblely steep, but channelled and shaded, that none perceived the possibility of ascending it, but each imagined him to have discovered a way to which the rest were strangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by the industrious tribe, of whom some were making themselves wings, which others were contriving to act by the perpetual motion. But with all their lab and all their artifices, they never rose above ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of HOPE, but continued still to gaze at a distance, and laughed at the slow progress of those whom they saw toiling in the *Streight of Difficulty*.

Part of the favourites of FANCY, when they entered the garden, without making, like the rest, attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of IDLENESS, a calm and undisturbed retirement, from whence they could always have HOPE in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves in believing that she intended speedily to descend. They were indeed scorned by all the rest; but they were very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproach, but were resolved to expect at ease the favour of the goddess.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and so

them ready to answer all my questions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but turning round I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale, one of them I knew to be AGE, and the other WANT. Sport and swelling were now at an end, and an universal shriek of affright and distress burst out and awaked me.

N^o 68. SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1753.

*Vivendum rectè, cum propter plurima, tum his
Præcipue causis, ut linguas mancipiorum
Contemnas; nam lingua mali pars pessima servi.*

JUV.

Let us live well: were it alone for this,
The baneful tongues of servants to despise:
Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds.

HERVEY.

THE younger Pliny has very justly observed, that of actions that deserve our attention, the most splendid are not always the greatest. Fame, and wonder, and applause, are not excited but by external and adventitious circumstances, often distinct and separate from virtue and heroism. Eminence of station, greatness of effect, and all the favours of fortune, must concur to place excellence in publick view; but fortitude, diligence, and patience, divested of their show, glide unobserved through the crowd of life, and suffer and act, though with the same vigour and constancy, yet without pity and without praise.

This remark may be extended to all parts of life

Nothing is to be estimated by its effect upon men's eyes and common ears. A thousand small things make silent and invisible inroads on mankind; a thousand heart feels innumerable throbs, which never find their way into complaint. Perhaps, likewise, our pleasures for the most part equally secret, and most are supported by some private satisfaction, some interest, some consciousness, some latent hope, some peculiar propensity, which they never communicate, but reserve for solitary hours and clandestine meditation.

The main of life is, indeed, composed of small accidents and petty occurrences: of wishes for objects not remote, and grief for disappointments of no consequence; of insect vexations which sting us and fly away, impertinencies which buzz a while about us, and are heard no more; of meteorous pleasures which dance before us and are dissipated; of comments which glide off the soul like other musings, and are forgotten by him that gave, and him that received, them.

Such is the general heap out of which every man culls his own condition: for, as the chemists tell us, that all bodies are resolvable into the same elements, and that the boundless variety of things arises from the different proportions of very few ingredients; so a few pains and a few pleasures are all the materials of human life, and of these the proportions are partly allotted by Providence, and partly left to the arrangement of reason and of choice.

As these are well or ill disposed, man is for the most part happy or miserable. For very few are involved in great events, or have their thread of life twisted with the chain of causes on which armies and nations are suspended; and even those who are wholly busied in publick affairs, and elevated above low cares or trivial pleasures, pass the chief part of their time in familiar and domestick scenes; in

they come into publick life, to these they are every hour recalled by passions not to be suppressed ; as they have the reward of their toils, and to at last they retire.

The great end of prudence is, to give cheerfulness to the hours, which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate ; those soft intervals of unforced amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments of disguise, which he feels in privacy to be useless ornaments, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate end of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise labour tends, and of which every desire prompts prosecution.

It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity ; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

Every man must have found some whose lives, in every house but their own, was a continual series of hypocrisy, and who concealed under fair appearances bad qualities, which, whenever they thought themselves out of the reach of censure, broke out from their restraint, like winds imprisoned in their caverns, and whom every one had reason to love, but they whose love a wise man is chiefly solicitous to procure. And there are others who, without any show of general goodness, and without the attractions by which popularity is conciliated, are received among their own families as bestowers of happiness, and revered as instructors, guardians, and benefactors.

The most authentick witnesses of any man's character are those who know him in his own family, and see him without any restraint or rule of conduct, but such as he voluntarily prescribes to himself. If a man

carries virtue with him into his private apart and takes no advantage of unlimited power or impenetrable secrecy; if we trace him through the round of time, and find that his character, with those allurances which mortal frailty must always want, is firm and regular, we have all the evidence of his sincerity, that one man can have with regard to another, and, indeed, as hypocrisy cannot be its own reward, we may, without hesitation, determine that his is pure.

The highest panegyrick, therefore, that private virtue can receive, is the praise of servants. For, however vanity or insolence may look down with contempt on the suffrage of men undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very seldom happens that they commend or blame without justice. Vice and virtue are easily distinguished. Oppression, according to Harrington's aphorism, will be felt by those that cannot see it; and, perhaps, it falls out often that, in moral questions, the philosophers in the gown, and in the livery, differ not so much in their sentiments, as in their language, and have equal power of discerning right, though they cannot put it out to others with equal address.

There are very few faults to be committed in solitude, or without some agents, partners, confederates, or witnesses; and, therefore, the servant commonly knows the secrets of a master, who has secrets to intrust; and failings, merely personal, are frequently exposed by that security which is so folly generally produce, and so inquisitively watched by that desire of reducing the inequalities of condition, which the lower orders of the world will always feel, that the testimony of a menial domestick cannot be considered as defective for want of knowledge. And though its impartiality may be sometimes suspected, it is at least as credible as that of equals, who

instigates censure, or friendship dictates palli-

danger of betraying our weakness to our ser-
 and the impossibility of concealing it from
 may be justly considered as one motive to a re-
 and irreproachable life. For no condition is
 hateful or despicable than his who has put him-
 the power of his servant; in the power of him
 , perhaps, he has first corrupted by making him
 vident to his vices, and whose fidelity he, there-
 cannot enforce by any precepts of honesty or rea-
 It is seldom known that authority, thus acquir-
 possessed without insolence, or that the master
 forced to confess, by his tameness or forbear-
 that he has enslaved himself by some foolish
 ence. And his crime is equally punished,
 ver part he takes of the choice to which he is
 ed; and he is from that fatal hour, in which he
 his dignity to his passions, in perpetual
 or insolence or defamation; of a controller at
 or an accuser abroad. He is condemned to
 , by continual bribes, that secrecy which
 ver secured, and which, after a long course
 assion, promises, and anxieties, he will find
 in a fit of rage, or in a frolick of drunken-

dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the
 prerogative of innocence; an exemption grant-
 y to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its
 and solitudes; and to make it yet more
 l and detestable, it is doomed often to stand
 of those to whom nothing could give influ-
 or weight, but their power of betraying.

Nº 69. TUESDAY, NOV. 13, 1750.

*Flet quoque, ut in speculo rugas adspexit aniles,
Tyndaris; et secum, cur sit bis rapta, requirit.
Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidiosa vetustas
Omnia destruitis: vitiatæque dentibus ævi
Paulatim lentâ consumitis omnia morte.*

OVID.

The dreaded wrinkles when poor *Helen* spy'd,
Ah! why this second rape?—with tears she cry'd.
Time, thou devourer, and thou envious age,
Who all destroy with keen corroding rage,
Beneath your jaws, whate'er have pleas'd or please,
Must sink, consum'd by swift or slow degrees.

ELPHINSTON

AN old Greek epigrammatist, intending to shew miseries that attend the last stage of man, imputes upon those who are so foolish as to wish for life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century. He thought that no adventitious foreign pain was requisite, that decrepitude itself an epitome of whatever is dreadful, and nothing could be added to the curse of age, but that it should extended beyond its natural limits.

The most indifferent or negligent spectator cannot, indeed, scarcely retire without heaviness of heart, from view of the last scenes of the tragedy of life, in which he finds those who in the former parts of the drama were distinguished by opposition of conduct, contrariety of designs, and dissimilitude of personal qualities, all involved in one common distress, and all struggling with affliction which they cannot hope to overcome.

The other miseries which waylay our passage through the world, wisdom may escape, and fortitude

we may conquer : by caution and circumspection we may creep along with very little to obstruct or incommode us ; by spirit and vigour we may force a way, and reward the vexation of contest by the pleasures of victory. But a time must come when our policy and bravery shall be equally useless ; when we shall all sink into helplessness and sadness, without any power of receiving solace from the pleasures that have formerly delighted us, or any prospect of emerging into a second possession of the blessings that we have lost.

The industry of man has, indeed, not been wanting in endeavours to procure comforts for these hours of rejection and melancholy, and to gild the dreadful gloom with artificial light. The most usual support of old age is wealth. He whose possessions are large, and whose chests are full, imagines himself always fortified against invasions on his authority. If he has all other means of government, if his strength and reason fail him, he can at last alter his will ; and, before, all that have hopes must likewise have done, and he may still continue to give laws to such who have not ceased to regard their own interest.

This is, indeed, too frequently the citadel of the old, the last fortress to which age retires, and in which he makes the stand against the upstart race who seizes his domains, disputes his commands, and violates his prescriptions. But here, though there may be some security, there is no pleasure ; and what remains is but a proof that more was once possessed.

Nothing seems to have been more universally dreaded by the ancients than orbity, or want of children ; and, indeed, to a man who has survived all the companions of his youth, all who have participated his pleasures and his cares, have been engaged in the same events, and filled their minds with the same conceptions, this full-peopled world is a dismal solitude. He stands forlorn and silent, neglected or insulted, in the

midst of multitudes, animated with hopes which cannot share, and employed in business which he longer able to forward or retard; nor can he find to whom his life or his death are of importance, unless he has secured some domestick gratifications, tender employments, and endeared himself to those whose interest and gratitude may unite them to him.

So different are the colours of life, as we look forward to the future, or backward to the past; and so different the opinions and sentiments which this variety of appearance naturally produces, that the conversation of the old and young ends generally in contempt or pity on either side. To a young man entering the world, with fulness of hope, and ardour of pursuit, nothing is so unpleasing as the coldness, the faint expectations, the scrupulous diffidence which experience and disappointments certainly infuse; and the old man wonders in his turn that the world never can grow wiser, that neither precept nor testimonies can cure boys of their credulity and deficiency; and that not one can be convinced that maxims are laid for him, till he finds himself entangled.

Thus one generation is always the scorn and wonder of the other, and the notions of the old and young like liquors of different gravity and texture which never can unite. The spirits of youth sublimed by health, and volatilised by passion, soon leave behind them the phlegmatick sediment of weariness and deliberation, and burst out in temerity and enterprise. The tenderness, therefore, which nature infuses, and which long habits of beneficence confirm, is necessary to reconcile such opposition; and an old man must be a father, to bear with patience those follies and absurdities which he will perpetually imagine himself to find in the schemes and expectations, the pleasures and the sorrows, of those who have not yet been hardened by time, and chilled by frustration.

et it may be doubted, whether the pleasure of seeing children ripening into strength, be not overbalanced by the pain of seeing some fall in the blossom, others blasted in their growth ; some shaken down by storms, some tainted with cankers, and some shrivelled in the shade ; and whether he that extends his view beyond himself, does not multiply his anxieties more than his pleasures, and weary himself to no purpose by superintending what he cannot regulate.

But though age be to every order of human beings equally terrible, it is particularly to be dreaded by ladies, who have had no other end or ambition than to fill up the day and the night with dress, diversions, flattery, and who, having made no acquaintance with knowledge or with business, have constantly caught all their ideas from the current prattle of the world. I have been indebted for all their happiness to compliments and treats. With these ladies, age begins early, and very often lasts long ; it begins when their pleasures fade, when their mirth loses its sprightliness, and their motion its ease. From that time all which gave them joy vanishes from about them ; they hear the praises bestowed on others, which used to swell their bosoms with exultation. They visit the seats of power and city, and endeavour to continue the habit of being courted. But pleasure is only received when we believe that we give it in return. Neglect and petulance inform them that their power and their value are past ; and what then remains but a tedious and comfortless uniformity of time, without any motion of the heart or exercise of the reason ?

Yet, however age may discourage us by its appearance from considering it in prospect, we shall all by degrees certainly be old ; and therefore we ought to enquire what provision can be made against that time of distress ? what happiness can be stored up against

the winter of life ? and how we may pass our years with serenity and cheerfulness ?

If it has been found by the experience of man that not even the best seasons of life are able to supply sufficient gratifications, without anticipating certain felicities, it cannot surely be supposed, that age, worn with labours, harassed with anxieties, tortured with diseases, should have any gladness of its own, or feel any satisfaction from the contentment of the present. All the comfort that can now be expected must be recalled from the past, or borrowed from the future ; the past is very soon exhausted of the events or actions of which the memory can derive pleasure are quickly recollected ; and the future beyond the grave, where it can be reached by virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief for an ailing man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels his pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, as a gulph of bottomless misery, in which his affliction must plunge him deeper, and where no new gradations of anguish and precipices

70. SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1750.

*-Argentea proles,
terior, fulvo pretiosior ære.*

OVID.

Nothing times a silver age behold,
g brass, but more excell'd by gold.

DRYDEN.

1, in his celebrated distribution of mankind, them into three orders of intellect. "The place," says he, "belongs to him that can by own powers discern what is right and fit, and rate to the remoter motives of action. The d is claimed by him that is willing to hear in- ion, and can perceive right and wrong when are shewn him by another; but he that has ar acuteness nor docility, who can neither find y by himself, nor will be led by others, is a n without use or value."

survey the moral world, it will be found, that e division may be made of men, with regard to tue. There are some whose principles are so xed, whose conviction is so constantly present minds, and who have raised in themselves such vishes for the approbation of God, and the hap- rith which he has promised to reward obedi- l perseverance, that they rise above all other nd considerations, and uniformly examine tion and desire, by comparing it with the di- nmmands. There are others in a kind of equi- tween good and ill; who are moved on the one riches or pleasure, by the gratifications of per- l the delights of sense; and, on the other, by xx.

laws of which they own the obligation, and re-
of which they believe the reality, and whom
small addition of weight turns either way. The
class consists of beings immersed in pleasure
abandoned to passion, without any desire of
good, or any effort to extend their thoughts to
immediate and gross satisfactions.

The second class is so much the most numerous
that it may be considered as comprising the
body of mankind. Those of the last are not
many, and those of the first are very few; nei-
ther the one nor the other fall much under the
derivation of the moralist, whose precepts are in
chiefly for those who are endeavouring to go far
up the steeps of virtue, not for those who have
reached the summit, or those who are resolved
for ever in their present situation.

To a man not versed in the living world, but
accustomed to judge only by speculative reason, it is
highly credible that any one should be in this state of
difference, or stand undetermined and unequal-
ready to follow the first call to either side. It is
certain, that either a man must believe that virtue
make him happy, and resolve therefore to be
virtuous, or think that he may be happy without
virtue and therefore cast off all care but for his pres-
ent interest. It seems impossible that conviction should
be on one side, and practice on the other; and
who has seen the right way should voluntarily
quit his eyes, that he may quit it with more tran-
quillity. Yet all these absurdities are every hour to be
seen. The wisest and best men deviate from known
duties, by inadvertency or surprise. The most
are good no longer than while temptation
is away, than while their passions are without
restraints, and their opinions are free from the
influence of any other motive.

g the sentiments which almost every man as he advances into years, is the expectation of immortality of character. He that, without access with the power of desire, the cogency of the complications of affairs, or the force of influence, has filled his mind with the excellence of virtue, and having never tried his resolution against encounters with hope or fear, believes it able to overcome whatever shall oppose it, will be always ready against the smallest failure, ready to exact the most punctualities of right, and to consider every fault as a failure in any part of his duty, as without command and without merit; unworthy of trust or love, of respect or regard; as an enemy whom all should join against, out of society, as a pest which all should avoid, and a weed which all should trample.

Not but by experience, that we are taught the difficulty of retaining some virtues, and rejecting others, or of being good or bad to a particular degree. It is very easy to the solitary reasoner to prove that the same arguments by which the mind is fortified against one crime are of equal force against all, and the consequence very naturally follows, that he whom it is difficult to move on any occasion, has either never yielded to temptation, or has by some fallacy taught himself to evade their validity; and that, therefore, when he is known to be guilty of one crime, no further proof is needful of his depravity and corruption. Such is the state of all mortal virtue, that it is uncertain and variable, sometimes extending to the whole compass of duty, and sometimes shrinking to a narrow space, and fortifying only a few parts of the heart, while all the rest is left open to the influence of appetite, or given up to the dominion of sensuality. Nothing therefore is more unjust to judge of man by too short an acquaintance, or a slight inspection; for it often happens, that

in the loose, and thoughtless, and dissipated, the a secret radical worth, which may shoot out by p cultivation; that the spark of Heaven, though dū and obstructed, is yet not extinguished, but n the breath of counsel and exhortation be kindled flame.

To imagine that every one who is not com good is irrecoverably abandoned, is to suppose u are capable of the same degrees of excellence; indeed to exact, from all, that perfection wh i ever can attain. And since the purest virtue sistent with some vice, and the virtue of the gr number with almost an equal proportion of cor qualities, let none too hastily conclude, that all; ness is lost, though it may for a time be clouded overwhelmed; for most minds are the slaves of e: nal circumstances, and conform to any hand that ertakes to mould them, roll down any torrent of tom in which they happen to be caught, or ben any importunity that bears hard against them.

It may be particularly observed of women, that are for the most part good or bad, as they fall an those who practise vice or virtue; and that ne education nor reason gives them much security ag the influence of example. Whether it be that have less courage to stand against opposition, or their desire of admiration makes them sacrifice principles to the poor pleasure of worthless prais is certain, whatever be the cause, that female g ness seldom keeps its ground against laughter, tery, or fashion.

For this reason, every one should consider his as intrusted not only with his own conduct, but that of others; and as accountable, not only fo duties which he neglects, or the crimes that he omits, but for that negligence and irregularity w he may encourage or inculcate. Every man, in w

station, has, or endeavours to have, his followers, ers, and imitators, and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care ; he ought to not only crimes, but the appearance of crimes, not only to practise virtue, but to applaud, countenance, and support it. For it is possible that, for want of attention, we may teach others faults from which ourselves are free, or by a cowardly desertion of a cause which we ourselves approve, may pervert those who fix their eyes upon us, and, having no rule of their own to guide their course, are easily misled by the aberrations of that example which they choose for their direction.

Nº 71, TUESDAY, NOV. 20, 1750.

*Vivere quod propero pauper, nec inutilis annis
Da veniam, properat vivere nemo satis.*

MART.

True, sir, to live I haste, your pardon give,
For tell me, who makes haste enough to live ?

F. LEWIS.

ANY words and sentences are so frequently heard in the mouths of men, that a superficial observer is inclined to believe, that they must contain some primary principle, some great rule of action, which it is proper to have present to the attention, and by which the conduct of every hour is to be adjusted. Yet, if we examine the conduct of those sententious philosophers, it will often be found, that they repeat these aphorisms,

merely because they have somewhere heard them, cause they have nothing else to say, or because they think veneration gained by such appearances of wisdom, but that no ideas are annexed to the words, that, according to the old blunder of the followers of *Aristotle*, their souls are mere pipes or organs, which transmit sounds, but do not understand them.

Of this kind is the well-known and well-remembered position, that *life is short*, which may be heard from mankind by an attentive auditor, many times a day, but which never yet within my reach of observation left any impression upon the mind; and, perhaps, my readers will turn their thoughts back upon the old friends, they will find it difficult to call a single man to remembrance, who appeared to know that *life* was short till he was about to lose it.

It is observable that *Horace*, in his account of characters of men, as they are diversified by the various influence of time, remarks, that the old man is a *dilator*; *spe longus*, given to procrastination, and inclined to extend his hopes to a great distance. So are we generally from thinking what we often say of the shortness of life, that at the time when it is necessarily shortest, we form projects which we delay to execute, indulge such expectations as nothing but a long train of events can gratify, and suffer those expectations to gain upon us, which are only excusable in the prime of life.

These reflections were lately excited in my mind by an evening's conversation with my friend *Proserpine*, who, at the age of fifty-five, has bought an estate, is now contriving to dispose and cultivate it with common elegance. His great pleasure is to walk among stately trees, and lie musing in the heat of the sun under their shade; he is therefore maturely considering how he shall dispose his walks and his grounds, and has at last determined to send for the best p

Italy, and forbear planting till the next

1.
Thus is life trifled away in preparations to do what
can be done, if it be left unattempted till all the
sites which imagination can suggest are gathered
together. Where our design terminates only in our
own satisfaction, the mistake is of no great import-
ance; for the pleasure of expecting enjoyment, is
no greater than that of obtaining it, and the com-
munion of almost every wish is found a disappoint-
ment; but when many others are interested in an
undertaking, when any design is formed, in which the
welfare or security of mankind is involved, no-
thing is more unworthy either of wisdom or benevo-
lence, than to delay it from time to time, or to forget
how much every day that passes over us takes away
from our power, and how soon an idle purpose to do
in action, sinks into a mournful wish that it had once
been done.

We are frequently importuned, by the bacchanalian
writers, to lay hold on the present hour, to catch the
pleasures within our reach, and remember that futu-
rity is not at our command.

Τὸ ῥόδον ἀκμαζει βραχὺν χρόνον. ἤν δὲ παρελθῇς,
Ζητῶν ἐυχρησεῖς ἢ ῥόδον, ἄλλα βραχὺν.

Soon fades the rose; once past the fragrant hour,
The loiterer finds a bramble for a flow'r.

But surely these exhortations may, with equal pro-
priety, be applied to better purposes; it may be at
least inculcated, that pleasures are more safely post-
poned than virtues, and that greater loss is suffered
by missing an opportunity of doing good, than an
hour of giddy frolick and noisy merriment.

When *Baxter* had lost a thousand pounds, which
he had laid up for the erection of a school, he used

frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while GOD gives the power or stowing, and considered himself as culpable in a degree for having left a good action in the hands of chance, and suffered his benevolence to be defeated for want of quickness and diligence.

It is lamented by *Hearne*, the learned antiquary of *Oxford*, that this general forgetfulness of the fragility of life, has remarkably infected the students of numismatics and records; as their employment consists first in collecting, and afterwards in arranging and abstracting what libraries afford them, they ought to amass no more than they can digest; but when they have undertaken a work, they go on searching and transcribing, call for new supplies, when they are already overburthened, and at last leave their work unfinished. *It is*, says he, *the business of a good antiquary, as of a good man, to have mortality always before him.*

Thus not only in the slumber of sloth, but in the dissipation of ill-directed industry, is the shortness of life generally forgotten. As some men lose their hours in laziness, because they suppose, that there is time enough for the reparation of neglect; others busy themselves in providing that no length of life may want employment; and it often happens, that sluggishness and activity are equally surprised by the last summons, and perish not more differently from each other, than the fowl that received the shot in her flight, from her that is killed upon the bush.

Among the many improvements made by the last centuries in human knowledge, may be numbered the exact calculations of the value of life; but whatever may be their use in traffick, they seem very little to have advanced morality. They have hitherto been rather applied to the acquisition of money, than of wisdom; the computer refers none of his calcu-

to his own tenure, but persists, in contempt of
 ity, to foretel old age to himself, and believes
 is marked out to reach the utmost verge of
 existence, and see thousands and ten thou-
 ll into the grave.

ely is this fallacy rooted in the heart, and so
 guarded by hope and fear against the ap-
 of reason, that neither science nor expe-
 an shake it, and we act as if life were without
 ough we see and confess its uncertainty and

es have, with great strength and ardour,
 he absurdity of delaying reformation and re-
 e ; a degree of folly indeed, which sets eter-
 hazard. It is the same weakness, in proportion
 mportance of the neglect, to transfer any care,
 now claims our attention, to a future time ;
 ject ourselves to needless dangers from acci-
 which early diligence would have obviated, or
 our minds by vain precautions, and make
 on for the execution of designs, of which the
 ity once missed never will return.

ie that lives longest lives but a little while,
 an may be certain that he has no time to waste.
 ities of life are commensurate to its duration,
 ery day brings its task, which if neglected is
 d on the morrow. But he that has already
 away those months and years, in which he
 have laboured, must remember that he has now
 part of that of which the whole is little ; and
 ace the few moments remaining are to be con-
 l as the last trust of Heaven, not one is to be

N^o 72. SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1750.

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res,
Tentantem majora, fere presentibus æquum.*

HOR.

Yet *Aristippus* ev'ry dress became;
In every various change of life the same;
And though he aim'd at things of higher kind,
Yet to the present held an equal mind.

FRANCI

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOSE who exalt themselves into the chair of instruction, without inquiring whether any will submit to their authority, have not sufficiently considered how much of human life passes in little incidents, casual conversation, slight business, and casual amusements; and therefore they have endeavoured only to inculcate the more awful virtues, without condescending to regard those petty qualities, which grow important only by their frequency, and which, though they produce no single acts of heroism, nor astonish us by great events, yet are every moment exerting their influence upon us, and make the draught of life sweet or bitter by imperceptible instillations. They operate unseen and unregarded, as change of weather makes us sick or healthy, though we breathe it without attention, and only know the particles that impregnate it by their salutary or malignant effects.

You have shewn yourself not ignorant of the value of those subaltern endowments, yet have hitherto neglected to recommend good-humour to the world.

ugh a little reflection will shew you that it is the *essence of being*, the quality to which all that adorns or rates mankind must owe its power of pleasing. Without good-humour, learning and bravery can only offer that superiority which swells the heart of the lion in the desert, where he roars without reply, and ravages without resistance. Without good-humour virtue may awe by its dignity, and amaze by its brightness; but must always be viewed at a distance, and will scarcely gain a friend or attract an admirer.

Good-humour may be defined a habit of being pleased; a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition; like that which every man perceives in himself, when the transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses. Good-humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another. It is imagined by many, that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to shew their gladness of their souls by flights of pleasantry and bursts of laughter. But though these men may for a time be heard with applause and admiration, their dominion delight us long. We enjoy them a while, and then retire to easiness and good-humour, and our eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and waters.

Gaiety is to good-humour as animal perfumes to table fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety alone fails to give some pain; the hearers either neglect their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good-humour respects no faculties which every one does not believe

in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

It is well known that the most certain way to give any man pleasure, is to persuade him that you can give him pleasure from him, to encourage him to freedom of confidence, and to avoid any such appearance of superiority as may overbear and depress him. We see many that by this art only, spend their days in the midst of caresses, invitations, and civilities, without any extraordinary qualities or attainments; and are the universal favourites of both sexes, and can find a friend in every place. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found such as are free from neither jealousy nor fear, and are not considered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation; they content themselves with common accomplishments, and endeavour rather to solicit kindness than to merit esteem; therefore in assemblies and places of resort, seldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of some particular person every face brightens with gladness, and every hand is extended in salutation, yet if you pursue him beyond the first exchange of civilities, you will find him of very small importance, and only welcome to the company, as one by whose presence all conceive themselves admired, and with whose company one is at liberty to amuse himself when he can find no other auditor or companion, as one with whom one can converse at ease, who will hear a jest without criticism, a narrative without contradiction, who laughs at every wit, and yields to every disputer.

There are many whose vanity always inclines them to associate with those from whom they have reason to fear mortification; and there are times when the wise and the knowing are willing to be praised without the labour of deserving it, in which the most elevated mind is willing to descend, and the most active to be at rest. All therefore are at

or another fond of companions whom they can
tain upon easy terms, and who will relieve them
solitude, without condemning them to vigilance
tion. We are most inclined to love, when we
e nothing to fear, and he that encourages us to
use ourselves, will not be long without preference
our affection to those whose learning holds us at
distance of pupils, or whose wit calls all attention
us, and leaves us without importance and with-
regard.

t is remarked by prince *Henry*, when he sees
staff lying on the ground, that *he could have*
er spared a better man. He was well acquainted
h the vices and follies of him whom he lamented,
: while his conviction compelled him to do justice
perior qualities, his tenderness still broke out at
remembrance of *Falstaff*, of the cheerful compa-
n, the loud buffoon, with whom he had passed his
in all the luxury of idleness, who had gladdened
with unenvied merriment, and whom he could
e enjoy and despise.

you may perhaps think this account of those
are distinguished for their good-humour, not
consistent with the praises which I have be-
upon it. But surely nothing can more evi-
ly shew the value of this quality, than that it
ommends those who are destitute of all other ex-
cellencies, and procures regard to the trifling, friend-
to the worthless, and affection to the dull.

Good-humour is indeed generally degraded by the
cters in which it is found; for being considered
a cheap and vulgar quality, we find it often ne-
cted by those that having excellencies of higher re-
tation and brighter splendour, perhaps imagine that
ey have some right to gratify themselves at the
pence of others, and are to demand compliance,
ther than to practise it. It is by some unfortunate

mistake that almost all those who have any esteem or love, press their pretensions with too much consideration of others. This mistake my own interest, as well as my zeal for general happiness, makes me desirous to rectify; for I have a friend who, because he knows his own fidelity and honesty, is never willing to sink into a companion who has a wife whose beauty first subdued me, and whose wit confirmed her conquest, but whose beauty serves no other purpose than to entitle her to vanity, and whose wit is only used to justify perjury.

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of our power, or shew more cruelty than to choose any other of influence before that of kindness. He that neglects the welfare of others, should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; he that considers the wants which every man will feel, of external assistance, must rather be surrounded by those that love him, than by those that admire his excellencies, or solicit his favour. For admiration ceases with novelty, and interest ends and retires. A man whose great qualities are the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.

I am, &c.

PHILOMIDI

N^o 73. TUESDAY, NOV. 27, 1750.

*Ute quid o frustra votis puerilibus optas
non ulla tulit, fertque, feretque dies.*

OVID.

Why thinks the fool with childish hope to see
That neither is, nor was, nor e'er shall be?

ELPHINSTON.

To the RAMBLER.

R,

ou feel any of that compassion which you recommend to others, you will not disregard a case which I reason from observation to believe very common, and which I know by experience to be very rare. And though the querulous are seldom rewarded with great ardour of kindness, I hope to find the mortification of finding that my lamentations spread the contagion of impatience, and produce rather than tenderness. I write not merely to relieve the swelling of my heart, but to inquire by what means I may recover my tranquillity; and shall endeavour at brevity in my narrative, having long known that complaint quickly tires, however elegant and however just.

I was born in a remote county, of a family that boasts its alliances with the greatest names in *English* history, and extends its claims of affinity to the *Tudors* and *Plantagenets*. My ancestors, by little and little,

lost their patrimony, till my father had not enough for the support of a family, without descending to the cultivation of his own grounds, being compelled to pay three sisters the fortunes allotted them

by my grandfather, who is suspected to have his will when he was incapable of adjusting properly the claims of his children, and who, perhaps with design, enriched his daughters by beggaring his. My aunts being, at the death of their father, young nor beautiful, nor very eminent for soft behaviour, were suffered to live unsolicited, accumulating the interest of their portion every day richer and prouder. My father pleased himself with foreseeing that the possessions of ladies must revert at last to the hereditary estate, that his family might lose none of its dignity, resolved to keep me untainted with a lucrative employment; whenever therefore I discovered any inclination to improvement of my condition, my mother never failed to put me in mind of my birth, and constrained me to do nothing with which I might be reproached when I should come to my aunts' estate.

In all the perplexities or vexations which want of money brought upon us, it was our constant practice to have recourse to futurity. If any of our neighbours surpassed us in appearance, we went home and contrived an equipage, with which the death of my father was to supply us. If any purseproud upstart was superior in respect, vengeance was referred to the time in which our estate was to be repaired. We regulated every act of civility and rudeness, inquired the number of dishes at every feast, and minuted the furniture of every house, that we might, when the hour of affluence should come, be able to eclipse all the splendour, and surpass all their magnificence.

Upon plans of elegance and schemes of pleasure the day rose and set, and the year went round unregarded, while we were busied in laying out plantations on ground not yet our own, and deliberating whether the manor-house should be rebuilt or repaired. This was the amusement of our leisure and the solace

exigencies ; we met together only to contrive how approaching fortune should be enjoyed ; for in our conversation always ended, on whatever subject it began. We had none of the collateral interests which diversify the life of others with joys and hopes, we had turned our whole attention on one event, which we could neither hasten nor retard, and had no other object of curiosity, than the health or sickness of my aunts, of which we were careful to procure very exact and early intelligence.

His visionary opulence for a while soothed our ambition, but afterward fired our wishes and exaggerated our necessities, and my father could not restrain himself from exclaiming, that *no creature had so many lives as a cat and an old maid*. At length, upon the recovery of his sister from an ague, which she was supposed to have caught by sparing fire, he began to lose his stomach, and four months afterward sunk into the grave.

My mother, who loved her husband, survived him but a little while, and left me the sole heir of their lands, their schemes, and their wishes. As I had not enlarged my conceptions either by books or conversation, I differed only from my father by the freshness of my cheeks and the vigour of my step ; and like him, gave way to no thoughts but of enjoying the wealth which my aunts were hoarding.

At length the eldest fell ill. I paid the civilities and compliments which sickness requires with the utmost punctuality. I dreamed every night of escutcheons and white gloves, and inquired every morning at an early hour, whether there were any news of my dear aunt. At last a messenger was sent to inform me that I must come to her without the delay of a moment. I went and heard her last advice, but on opening her will, found that she had left her fortune to her second sister.

I hung my head; the younger sister threatened to be married, and every thing was disappointment and discontent. I was in danger of losing irretrievably my third of my hopes, and was condemned still for the rest. Of part of my terror I was soon relieved for the youth, whom his relations would have compelled to marry the old lady, after innumerable profligations, articles, and settlements, ran away with the daughter of his father's groom; and my aunt, this conviction of the perfidy of man, resolved not to listen more to amorous addresses.

Ten years longer I dragged the shackles of expectation, without ever suffering a day to pass, in which I did not compute how much my chance was improved of being rich to-morrow. At last the second lady died, after a short illness, which yet was long enough to afford her time for the disposal of her estate which she gave to me after the death of her sister.

I was now relieved from part of my misery; my larger fortune, though not in my power, was certain and unalienable; nor was there now any danger that I might at last be frustrated of my hopes by the fret of dotage, the flatteries of a chambermaid, the whispers of a tale-bearer, or the officiousness of a nurse. But my wealth was yet in reversion, my aunt was to be buried before I could emerge to grandeur and pleasure; and there were yet, according to my father's observation, nine lives between me and happiness.

I however lived on, without any clamours of discontent, and comforted myself with considering that all are mortal, and they who are continually decay must at last be destroyed.

But let no man from this time suffer his felicity to depend on the death of his aunt. The good gentle woman was very regular in her hours and simple in her diet, and in walking or sitting still, waking or

had always in view the preservation of her
 1. She was subject to no disorder but hypochondriacal dejection; by which, without intention, increased my miseries, for whenever the weather was cloudy, she would take her bed and send me notice that her time was come. I went with all the eagerness, and sometimes received passionate directions to be kind to her maid, and directions how last offices should be performed; but if before arrival the sun happened to break out, or the wind to change, I met her at the door, or found her in the garden, bustling and vigilant, with all the signs of long life.

Sometimes, however, she fell into distempers, and was given over by the doctor, yet she found a way of slipping through the gripe of death, and her having tortured me three months at each time with violent alternations of hope and fear, came out of her chamber without any other hurt than the loss of flesh, which in a few weeks she recovered by soups and jellies.

As most have sagacity sufficient to guess at the desire of an heir, it was the constant practice of those who were hoping at second hand, and endeavoured to secure my favour against the time when I should be obliged to pay their court, by informing me that my countenance began to droop, that she had lately a bad night, that she coughed feebly, and that she could never stir out of her bed in *May* hill; or at least, that the autumn would carry her off. Thus was I flattered in the winter with piercing winds of *March*, and in the summer with fogs of *September*. But she lived through spring, summer, fall, and set heat and cold at defiance, till after nearly half a century, I buried her on the fourteenth of *June*, aged ninety-three years five months and ten days.

For two months after her death I was rich, and

was pleased with that obsequiousness and reverence which wealth instantaneously procures. But this is now past, and I have returned again to my old habit of wishing. Being accustomed to give the future power over my mind, and to start away from the scene before me to some expected enjoyment, I deliver up myself to the tyranny of every desire which fancy suggests, and long for a thousand things which I am unable to procure. Money has much less power than is ascribed to it by those that want it. I have formed schemes which I cannot execute, I have proposed events which do not come to pass, and the remainder of my life must pass in craving solicitude, unless you can find some remedy for a mind, corrupted with an inveterate disease of wishing, and unable to think of any thing but wants, which reason tells me will never be supplied.

I am, &c.

CUPIDUS

N^o 74. SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1750.

Rixatur de lanâ sæpe caprina.

HOR.

For nought tormented, she for nought torments.

ELPHINSTON.

MEN seldom give pleasure where they are not pleased themselves; it is necessary, therefore, to cultivate a

ual alacrity and cheerfulness, that in whatever we may be placed by Providence, whether we appointed to confer or receive benefits, to implore to afford protection, we may secure the love of with whom we transact. For though it is gene-
 7 11 gined, that he who grants favours, may spare attention to his behaviour, and that usefulness always procure friends; yet it has been found there is an art of granting requests, an art very cult of attainment; that officiousness and lility may be so adulterated, as to lose the greater of their effect; that compliance may provoke, ef may harass, and liberality distress.

No disease of the mind can more fatally disable it om benevolence, the chief duty of social beings, ill-humour or peevishness; for though it breaks out in paroxysms of outrage, nor bursts into clamour, turbulence, and bloodshed, it wears out happiness by slow corrosion, and small injuries incessantly ated. It may be considered as the canker of life, nat destroys its vigour and checks its improvement, creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints vitiates what it cannot consume.

r ishness, when it has been so far indulged, as o outrun the motions of the will, and discover itself without premeditation, is a species of depravity in the highest degree disgusting and offensive, because no rectitude of intention nor softness of address can ensure a moment's exemption from affront and ignity. While we are courting the favour of a peevish man, and exerting ourselves in the most diligent civility, an unlucky syllable displeases, an undes circumstance ruffles and exasperates; and in moment when we congratulate ourselves upon ing gained a friend, our endeavours are frustrated at once, and all our assiduity forgotten in the casual tumult of some trifling irritation.

This troublesome impatience is sometimes not more than the symptom of some deeper malady. that is angry without daring to confess his resentment, or sorrowful without the liberty of telling grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to fermentations of his mind at the first passages are opened, and to let his passions boil over upon those whom accident throws in his way. A long and tedious course of sickness frequently produces such an alarming apprehension of the least increase of uneasiness, as keeps the soul perpetually on watch, such a restless and incessant solicitude, as no care or tenderness can appease, and can only be pacified by the cure of the distemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakness, is the capriciousness of old age. When the strength is crushed, the senses dulled, and the common pleasures of life become insipid by repetition, we are willing to impute our uneasiness to causes not wholly out of our power, and please ourselves with fancying that we suffer by neglect, unkindness, or any evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon those on whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greatest need of tenderness and assistance.

But though peevishness may sometimes claim our compassion, as the consequence or concomitant of misery, it is very often found, where nothing can justify or excuse its admission. It is frequently one of the attendants on the prosperous, and is employed by insolence in exacting homage, or by tyranny in harassing subjection. It is the offspring of idleness or pride; of idleness anxious for trifles; or pride unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her

hes. Those who have long lived in solitude indeed naturally contract this unsocial quality, because, being long had only themselves to please, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their irregularities therefore are only blameable, when they are imprudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world; but there are others, who have, without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submissiveness the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach, but those who never speak but to applaud, or obey but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such as he hires to lull him in the down of absolute authority, to sooth him with quiescence, and regale him with flattery, soon grows too slothful for the labour of contest, too tender of the asperity of contradiction, and too delicate for the coarseness of truth; a little opposition offends, a little restraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; having been accustomed to see every thing give way to his humour, he soon forgets his own littleness, expects to find the world rolling at his beck, and mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

Tetrica had a large fortune bequeathed to her by her aunt, which made her very early independent, and placed her in a state of superiority to all about her. Having no superfluity of understanding, she was soon intoxicated by the flatteries of her maid, who informed her that ladies, such as she, had nothing to do but take pleasure their own way; that she wanted nothing from others, and had therefore no reason to value their opinion; that money was every thing; and that they who thought themselves ill-treated, should look for better usage among their equals.

Warm with these generous sentiments, *Tetrica*

came forth into the world, in which she endeavoured to force respect by haughtiness of mien and mence of language; but having neither birth, beauty nor wit, in any uncommon degree, she suffered mortifications from those who thought themselves liberty to return her insults, as reduced her turbulence to cooler malignity, and taught her to pervert her arts of vexation only where she might hope to tyrannize without resistance. She continued from twentieth to her fifty-fifth year to torment all inferiors with so much diligence, that she has formed a principle of disapprobation, and finds in every place something to grate her mind and disturb her quiet.

If she takes the air, she is offended with the heat or cold, the glare of the sun, or the gloom of clouds; if she makes a visit, the room in which to be received, is too light, or too dark, or furnished with something which she cannot see without aversion. Her tea is never of the right sort; the figures on the *China* give her disgust. Where there are children, she hates the gabble of brats; where there are none, she cannot bear a place without some cheerfulness and rattle. If many servants are kept in a house, she never fails to tell how lord *Lavish* was ruined by a numerous retinue; if few, she relates the story of a miser that made his company wait on themselves. She quarrelled with one family, because she had an unpleasant view from their windows; with another, because the squirrel leaped within two yards of her; and with a third, because she could not bear the noise of the parrot.

Of milliners and mantua-makers she is the verbal torment. She compels them to alter their work, then to unmake it, and contrive it after another fashion; then changes her mind, and likes it better as it was at first; then will have a small in-

vement. Thus she proceeds till no profit can recompense the vexation; they at last leave the clothes in her house, and refuse to serve her. Her maid, the being that can endure her tyranny, professes to follow her own course, and hear her mistress talk. This is the consequence of peevishness; it can be borne only when it is despised.

It sometimes happens that too close an attention to minute exactness, or a too rigorous habit of examining every thing by the standard of perfection, vitiates temper, rather than improves the understanding, teaches the mind to discern faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident likewise to men of vigorous imagination to please themselves too much with vanities, and to fret because those expectations are disappointed, which should never have been formed. Knowledge and genius are often enemies to quiet, by suggesting ideas of excellence, which men and the performances of men cannot attain. But let no man rashly determine, that his unwillingness to be pleased is a proof of understanding, unless his superiority appears from less doubtful evidence; for though peevishness may sometimes justly boast its descent from learning or from wit, it is much oftener of base extraction, the child of vanity, and nursling of ignorance.

N^o 75. TUESDAY, DEC. 4, 1750.

*Diligitur nemo, nisi cui Fortuna secunda est,
Quæ simul intonuit, proxima quæque fugat.*

OVII

When smiling fortune spreads her golden ray,
All crowd around to flatter and obey:
But when she thunders from an angry sky,
Our friends, our flatterers, our lovers fly.

MISS

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THE diligence with which you endeavour to cul the knowledge of nature, manners, and life, perhaps incline you to pay some regard to the cavations of one who has been taught to know kind by unwelcome information, and whose opi are the result, not of solitary conjectures, b practice and experience.

I was born to a large fortune, and bred to the k ledge of those arts which are supposed to accou the mind, and adorn the person, of a woman. these attainments, which custom and education a forced upon me, I added some voluntary acqui by the use of books, and the conversation o species of men whom the ladies generally me with terror and aversion under the name of sch but whom I have found a harmless and inoff order of beings, not so much wiser than ours but that they may receive as well as commu knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their

or by cowardly submission, than to overbear us with their learning or their wit.

these men, however, if they are by kind not encouraged to talk, something may be which, embellished with elegance and softly modesty, will always add dignity and value to the conversation; and from my acquaintance with the bookish part of the world I derived many rules of judgment and maxims of prudence, by which I was enabled to draw upon myself the general notice in every place of concourse or pleasure. My modesty was the great rule of approbation; my remarks were remembered by those who desired the degree of fame; my mien was studied; my dress was imitated; my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by those who copied them and sent to themselves; my visits were solicited by others; and multitudes boasted of an intimacy with *Melissa*, who had only seen me by accident, whose familiarity had never proceeded beyond the change of a compliment, or return of a courtesy.

I will make no scruple of confessing that I was proud with this universal veneration, because I considered it as paid to my intrinsic qualities and comparable merit, and very easily persuaded myself that fortune had no part in my superiority.

I looked upon my glass I saw youth and health, with health that might give me reason to hope for their continuance: when I examined my mind, I found some strength of judgment and fertility of ideas, and was told that every action was grace, and every accent was persuasion.

In this manner my life passed like a continual triumph amidst acclamations, and envy, and courtship and caresses: to please *Melissa* was the general aim, and every stratagem of artful flattery was

practised upon me. To be flattered is grateful, when we know that our praises are not believed those who pronounce them ; for they prove, at least our power, and shew that our favour is valued, it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood. perhaps, the flatterer is not often detected, for honest mind is not apt to suspect, and no one exerts the power of discernment with much vigour where self-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual traction of my thoughts by new schemes of pleasure prevented me from listening to any of those who crowded in multitudes to give girls advice, and I remained unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-seventh year, when, as I was towering in all the pride of uncontested excellency, with a face yet little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of the fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatness and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without outrages of sorrow or pusillanimity of dejection. Indeed I did not know how much I had lost, having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty, than of my fortune, it did not suddenly enter my imagination, that *Melissa* could sink beneath an established rank, while her form and her mind continued the same ; that she could cease to raise admiration but by ceasing to deserve it, or feel the stroke but from the hand of time.

It was in my power to have concealed the loss, to have married, by continuing the same appearance with all the credit of my original fortune ; but I was not so far sunk in my own esteem, as to submit to the baseness of fraud, or to desire any other recommendation than sense and virtue. I therefore dismissed my equipage, sold those ornaments which were

me unsuitable to my new condition, and appeared among those with whom I used to converse with less alter, but with equal spirit.

I found myself received at every visit, with sorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamities in which I have no part, and was entertained with condolence and consolation, so frequently repeated, that my friends plainly consulted, rather their own gratification, than my relief. Some from that time refused my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my visits; some visited me, but after a longer interval than usual, and every return was still with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes, to compare my present and former condition, to tell me how much it must trouble me to want the splendour which I became so well, to look at pleasures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to sink to a level with those by whom I had been considered as moving in a higher sphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence and submission, which I was now no longer to expect.

Observations like these are commonly nothing better than covert insults, which serve to give vent to the flatulence of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honesty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindness is intended. I will, therefore, so far maintain my antiquated claim to politeness, as to venture the establishment of this rule, that no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by absurd and unseasonable compassion.

My endless train of lovers immediately withdrew,

without raising any emotions. The greater part indeed always professed to court, as it is ter upon the square, had inquired my fortune, and offered settlements; these had undoubtedly a right to retire without censure, since they had openly t for money, as necessary to their happiness, and v can tell how little they wanted any other portion: have always thought the clamours of women un sonable, who imagine themselves injured beca men who followed them upon the supposition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are discover to have less. I have never known any lady, who not think wealth a title to some stipulations in favour; and surely what is claimed by the posses of money is justly forfeited by its loss. She tl once demanded a settlement has allowed the impo ance of fortune; and when she cannot shew pecuni merit, why should she think her cheapener obliged purchase?

My lovers were not all contented with silent de- ssertion. Some of them revenged the neglect which they had formerly endured by wanton and super- fluous insults, and endeavoured to mortify me, by paying, in my presence, those civilities to other ladies, which were once devoted only to me. But as it had been my rule to treat men according to the rank of their intellect, I had never suffered any one to v his life in suspense, who could have employed it in a better purpose, and had therefore no enemies but coxcombs, whose resentment and respect were equally below my consideration.

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loss of that influence which I had always ex- erted on the side of virtue, in the defence of inno- cence, and the assertion of truth. I now find my opinions slighted, my sentiments criticised, and my arguments opposed by those that used to listen to me

hout reply, and struggle to be first in expressing
r conviction.

The female disputants have wholly thrown off my
ority ; and if I endeavour to enforce my reasons
in appeal to the scholars that happen to be present,
wretches are certain to pay their court by sacri-
ing me and my system to a finer gown, and I am
every hour insulted with contradiction by cowards,
who could never find till lately that *Melissa* was
liable to error.

There are two persons only whom I cannot charge
with having changed their conduct with my change of
fortune. One is an old curate that has passed his life
in the duties of his profession, with great reputation
for his knowledge and piety ; the other is a lieutenant
of dragoons. The parson made no difficulty in the
height of my elevation to check me when I was pert,
and instruct me when I blundered ; and if there is
any alteration, he is now more timorous lest his free-
dom should be thought rudeness. The soldier never
paid me any particular addresses, but very rigidly
observed all the rules of politeness, which he is now
so far from relaxing, that whenever he serves the tea,
he obstinately carries me the first dish, in defiance of
the frowns and whispers of the table.

This, Mr. RAMBLER, is *to see the world*. It is
impossible for those that have only known affluence
and prosperity, to judge rightly of themselves or
others. The rich and the powerful live in a perpe-
tual masquerade, in which all about them wear bor-
rowed characters ; and we only discover in what esti-
mation we are held, when we can no longer give
hopes or fears.

I am, &c.

MELISSA.

N^o 76, SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1750.

— *Silvis ubi passim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille sinistrorsum. hic dextrorsum abit, unus utriusque
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.*

HOR,

While mazy error draws mankind astray
From truth's sure path, each takes his devious way;
One to the right, one to the left recedes,
Alike deluded, as each fancy leads.

ELPHINST

IT is easy for every man, whatever be his character with others, to find reasons for esteeming himself and therefore censure, contempt, or conviction crimes, seldom deprive him of his own favour. Those indeed, who can see only external facts, may look upon him with abhorrence, but when he calls himself to his own tribunal he finds every fault, if not absolutely effaced, yet so much palliated by the goodness of his intention, and the cogency of the motive, that very little guilt or turpitude remains; and when he takes a survey of the whole complication of his character, he discovers so many latent excellencies, many virtues that want but an opportunity to exert themselves in act, and so many kind wishes for universal happiness, that he looks on himself as suffering unjustly under the infamy of single failing, while the general temper of his mind is unknown and unregarded.

It is natural to mean well, when only abstract ideas of virtue are proposed to the mind, and a particular passion turns us aside from rectitude; and

g is every man to flatter himself, that the
 ce between approving laws, and obeying them,
 ently forgotten; he that acknowledges the
 ons of morality, and pleases his vanity with
 g them to others, concludes himself zealous
 ause of virtue, though he has no longer any
 o her precepts, than they conform to his own
 and counts himself among her warmest
 because he praises her beauty, though every
 als away his heart.

are, however, great numbers who have little
 e to the refinements of speculation, but who
 : at peace with themselves, by means which
 less understanding, or less attention. When
 arts are burthened with the consciousness of a
 instead of seeking for some remedy within
 ves, they look round upon the rest of mankind,
 others tainted with the same guilt: they please
 ves with observing, that they have numbers
 ' side; and that though they are hunted out
 e society of good men, they are not likely to
 emmed to solitude.

ay be observed, perhaps without exception,
 ie are so industrious to detect wickedness, or
 r to impute it, as they whose crimes are ap-
 and confessed. They envy an unblemished
 on, and what they envy they are busy to de-
 ie are unwilling to suppose themselves meaner
 e corrupt than others, and therefore willingly
 vn from their elevations those with whom they
 rise to an equality. No man yet was ever
 without secret discontent, and according to
 erent degrees of remaining virtue or unex-
 ed reason, he either endeavours to reform
 , or corrupt others; either to regain the station
 he has quitted, or prevail on others to imitate
 ction.

It has always been considered as an alleviating misery not to suffer alone, even when union and society can contribute nothing to resistance or even some comfort of the same kind seems to incite readiness to seek associates, though indeed another remedy may be given, for as guilt is propagated the power of reproach is diminished, and among numbers equally detestable, every individual may be sheltered from shame, though not from conscience.

Another lenitive by which the throbs of the heart are assuaged, is, the contemplation, not of the guilt but of different crimes. He that cannot justify himself by his resemblance to others, is ready to try every other expedient, and to inquire what will rise to his advantage from opposition and dissimilitude. He easily finds some faults in every human being, and weighs against his own, and easily makes his preponderate while he keeps the balance in his hand, and throws in or takes out at his pleasure circumstances that make them heavier or lighter. He then triumphs in his comparative purity, and sets himself at ease, not because he can refute the charges advanced against him, but because he can censure his accusers with equal justice, and no longer fears the arrows of reproach, when he has stored his magazine of malice with weapons equally sharp and equally venomous.

This practice, though never just, is yet speciously artful, when the censure is directed against deviators to the contrary extreme. The man who is braved with cowardice may, with some appearance of propriety, turn all his force of argument against a contempt of life, and rash precipitation into unnecessary danger. Every recession from temerity is an approach towards cowardice, and though it be confessed that bravery, like other virtues, stands between faults on either hand, yet the place of the golden mean

It may always be disputed; he may therefore often use upon careless understandings, by turning the attention wholly from himself, and keeping it fixed invariably on the opposite fault; and by shewing how evils are avoided by his behaviour, he may contrivance a time those which are incurred.

But vice has not always opportunities or address for an artful subterfuge; men often extenuate their guilt, only by vague and general charges upon others, or endeavour to gain rest to themselves, by finding some other prey to the pursuit of censure.

Every whisper of infamy is industriously circulated, every hint of suspicion eagerly improved, and every error of conduct joyfully published, by those whose interest it is; that the eye and voice of the publick should be employed on any rather than on themselves.

All these artifices, and a thousand others equally vain and equally despicable, are incited by that conviction of the deformity of wickedness, from which one can set himself free, and by an absurd desire to separate the cause from the effects, and to enjoy the fruits of crimes without suffering the shame. Men are willing to try all methods of reconciling guilt and quiet, and when their understandings are stubborn and uncomplying, raise their passions against them, till hope to overpower their own knowledge.

It is generally not so much the desire of men, sunk into depravity, to deceive the world as themselves, for when no particular circumstances make them dependent on others, infamy disturbs them little, but as it revives their remorse, and is echoed to them from their own hearts. The sentence most dreaded is that of reason and conscience, which they would engage on their side at any price but the labours of duty and the torments of repentance. For this purpose every seducement and fallacy is sought, the hopes still rest

upon some new experiment till life is at an end the last hour steals on unperceived, while the are engaged in resisting reason, and repress sense of the divine disapprobation.

Nº 77. TUESDAY, DEC. 11, 1750.

*Os dignum aeterno nitidum quod fulgeat Auro,
Si mallet laudare Deum cui sordida Munera
Prætulit, et liquidum temeravit Crimine vocem.*

PRUI

A golden statue such a wit might claim,
Had God and virtue rais'd the noble flame;
But ah! how lewd a subject has he sung,
While vile obscenity profanes his tongue.

F. LI

AMONG those, whose hopes of distinction, or arise from an opinion of their intellectual attainments it has been, from age to age, an established custom to complain of the ingratitude of mankind to instructors, and the discouragement which genius and study suffer from avarice and ignorance from the prevalence of false taste, and the encouragement of barbarity.

Men are most powerfully affected by those which themselves feel, or which appear before their own eyes; and as there has never been a time of general felicity, but that many have failed to obtain the rewards to which they had, in their own judgment, a just claim, some offended writer has always

in the rage of disappointment, against his age or on; nor is there one who has not fallen upon times unfavourable to learning than any former century, or who does not wish, that he had been reserved to the insensibility of non-existence to some happier age, when literary merit shall no longer be despised, when the gifts and caresses of mankind shall recommend the toils of study, and add lustre to the charms of wit.

Many of these clamours are undoubtedly to be considered only as the bursts of pride never to be satisfied, as the prattle of affectation mimicking distresses felt, or as the common places of vanity solicitous of splendour of sentences and acuteness of remark. It cannot be denied that frequent discontent must proceed from frequent hardships; and though it is evident, that not more than one age or people can deserve the censure of being more averse from learning than any other, yet at all times knowledge must have encountered impediments, and wit been mortified by contempt, or harassed with persecution.

It is not necessary, however, to join immediately in outcry, or to condemn mankind as pleased with ignorance, or always envious of superior abilities. The miseries of the learned have been related by themselves, and since they have not been found exempt from that partiality with which men look upon their own actions and sufferings, we may conclude that they are not forgotten to deck their cause with the brightest ornaments and strongest colours. The logician lectured all his subtilties when they were to be employed in his own defence; and the master of rhetoric exerted against his adversary all the arts by which hatred is embittered and indignation inflamed.

To believe no man in his own cause, is the standing and perpetual rule of distributive justice. Since therefore, in the controversy between the learned and their

enemies, we have only the pleas of one party, party more able to delude our understanding engage our passions, we must determine our opinions by facts uncontested, and evidences on each side allowed to be genuine.

By this procedure, I know not whether the state will find their cause promoted, or the corruption which they expect much increased. Let their conduct be impartially surveyed; let them be allowed longer to direct attention at their pleasure, by acting on their own deserts; let neither the digressions of knowledge overawe the judgment, nor the graces of elegance seduce it. It will then, perhaps, be found that they were not able to produce claims to treatment, but provoked the calamities which they suffered, and seldom wanted friends, but who wanted virtue.

That few men celebrated for theoretick wisdom with conformity to their precepts; must be confessed; and we cannot wonder that the indignation of mankind rises with great vehemence against those who neglect the duties which they appear to teach with so strong conviction the necessity of performing. Yet, since no man has power of acting equal to his knowledge of thinking. I know not whether the speculation of those who sometimes incur censures too severe, those, who form ideas of his life from their knowledge of his books, be considered as worse than others, only because he was expected to be better.

He, by whose writings the heart is rectified, the appetites counteracted, and the passions repressed, may be considered as not unprofitable to the great benefit of humanity, even though his behaviour does not always exemplify his rules. His instructions may diffuse their influence to regions, in which we will not be inquired whether the author be a philosopher, a poet, a statesman, or a minister; good or bad; to times, when all his faults

his follies shall be lost in forgetfulness, among
 of no concern or importance to the world ; and
 kindle in thousands and ten thousands that
 which burnt but dimly in himself, through the
 s of passion or the damps of cowardice. The
 pious moralist may be considered as a taper, by which
 are lighted through the labyrinth of complicated
 ions ; he extends his radiance further than his
 a, and guides all that are within view, but burns
 those who make too near approaches.

Yet since good or harm must be received for the
 st part from those to whom we are familiarly
 own, he whose vices overpower his virtues, in the
 s to which his vices can extend, has no reason
 complain that he meets not with affection or vene-
 ion, when those with whom he passes his life are
 re corrupted by his practice than enlightened by his
 as. Admiration begins where acquaintance ceases ;
 his favourers are distant, but his enemies at hand.
 Yet many have dared to boast of neglected merit,
 l to challenge their age for cruelty and folly, of
 om it cannot be alleged that they have endeavour-
 to increase the wisdom or virtue of their readers.
 ey have been at once profligate in their lives, and
 ptious in their compositions ; have not only for-
 en the paths of virtue, but attempted to lure others
 r them. They have smoothed the road of perdi-
 t, covered with flowers the thorns of guilt, and
 ght temptation sweeter notes, softer blandish-
 mts, and stronger allurements.

It has been apparently the settled purpose of some
 ters, whose powers and acquisitions place them
 h in the ranks of literature, to set fashion on the
 e of wickedness ; to recommend debauchery and
 dness, by associating them with qualities most
 ely to dazzle the discernment and attract the affec-
 ns ; and to shew innocence and goodness with such

attendant weaknesses as necessarily expose them to contempt and derision.

Such naturally found intimates among the corrupt the thoughtless, and the intemperate; passed their lives amidst the levities of sportive idleness, or warm professions of drunken friendship; and fed their hopes with the promises of wretches, whom their precepts had taught to scoff at truth. But when they had laughed away their sprightliness, and the effects of excess could no longer be relieved, they saw their protectors hourly drop away, and wondered and endeavored to find themselves abandoned. Whether their companions persisted in wickedness or returned to virtue, they were left equally without assistance; for debauchery is selfish and negligent, and from virtuous men the virtuous only can expect regard.

It is said by *Florus* of *Catiline*, who died in the midst of slaughtered enemies, that *his death had been illustrious, had it been suffered for his country*. Of the wits who have languished away life under the pressures of poverty, or in the restlessness of suspense, oppressed and rejected, flattered and despised, as they were of more or less use to those who styled themselves their patrons, it might be observed, that their miseries would enforce compassion, had they been brought upon them by honesty and religion,

The wickedness of a loose or profane author is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine or drunk ravisher, not only because it extends its effects wider as a pestilence that taints the air is more destructive than poison infused in a draught, but because it is committed with cool deliberation. By the instantaneous violence of desire, a good man may sometimes be surprised before reflection can come to his rescue when the appetites have strengthened their influence by habit, they are not easily resisted or suppressed but for the frigid villany of studious lewdness, for

the malignity of laboured impiety, what apology be invented? What punishment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to solitudes for the purpose of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, ransacks his memory, only that he may leave the world less virtuous than he found it; that he may intercept the hopes of the rising generation; spread snares for the soul with more dexterity?

What were their motives, or what their excuses, below the dignity of reason to examine. If having extinguished in themselves the distinction of right and wrong, they were insensible of the mischief which they promoted, they deserve to be hunted down by the general compact, as no longer partaking of social life; if influenced by the corruption of patrons or teachers, they sacrificed their own convictions to vanity or interest, they were to be abhorred with more acrimony than he that murders for pay; since they committed greater crimes without greater temptations.

Of him to whom much is given, much shall be required. Those whom God has favoured with superior faculties, and made eminent for quickness of intuition and accuracy of distinctions, will certainly be regarded as culpable in his eye, for defects and deviations which, in souls less enlightened, may be guiltless. But, surely, none can think without horror on that man's condition, who has been more wicked in proportion as he had more means of excelling in virtue, and used the light imparted from Heaven only to embellish folly, and shed lustre upon crimes.

Nº 78. SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1750.

— *Mors sola fatetur*
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.

JUV.

— Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
 The mighty soul how small a body holds.

DRYDEN

CORPORAL sensation is known to depend so much upon novelty, that custom takes away from things their power of giving pleasure or pain. 'Tis a new dress becomes easy by wearing it, and the late is reconciled by degrees to dishes, which at first disgusted it. That by long habit of carrying a burden then, we lose, in great part, our sensibility of weight, any man may be convinced by putting on an hour the armour of our ancestors; for he will scarcely believe that men would have had much inclination to marches and battles, encumbered and oppressed, as he will find himself, with the ancient panoply. Yet the heroes that overrun regions, and stormed towns in iron accoutrements, he knows to have been bigger, and has no reason to imagine them stronger than the present race of men; he, therefore, must conclude, that their peculiar powers were conferred only by peculiar habits, and that their familiarity with the dress of war enabled them to move in it with ease, vigour, and agility.

Yet it seems to be the condition of our present state that pain should be more fixed and permanent than pleasure. Uneasiness gives way by slow degrees, and is long before it quits its possession of the sensor

all our gratifications are volatile, vagrant, and
ly dissipated. The fragrance of the jessamine
wer is lost after the enjoyment of a few moments,
l the *Indian* wanders among his native spices,
thout any sense of their exhalations. It is, indeed,
t necessary to shew by many instances what all
ankind confess, by an incessant call for variety, and
stless pursuit of enjoyments, which they value only
because unpossessed.

Something similar, or analogous, may be observed
in effects produced immediately upon the mind ; no-
thing can strongly strike or affect us, but what is rare
or sudden. The most important events, when they
become familiar, are no longer considered with wonder
or solicitude, and that which at first filled up our whole
attention, and left no place for any other thought, is
soon thrust aside into some remote repository of the
mind, and lies among other lumber of the memory,
overlooked and neglected. Thus far the mind resem-
bles the body, but here the similitude is at an end.

The manner in which external force acts upon
the body is very little subject to the regulation of
the will ; no man can at pleasure obtund or invigo-
rate his senses, prolong the agency of any im-
pulse, or continue the presence of any image traced
upon the eye, or any sound infused into the ear. But
our ideas are more subjected to choice ; we can call
them before us, and command their stay, we can faci-
litate and promote their recurrence, we can either re-
press their intrusion, or hasten their retreat. It is,
therefore, the business of wisdom and virtue, to se-
lect among numberless objects striving for our notice,
such as may enable us to exalt our reason, extend our
views, and secure our happiness. But this choice is
to be made with very little regard to rareness or fre-
quency ; for nothing is valuable merely because it is
either rare or common, but because it is adapted to

some useful purpose, and enables us to supply the deficiency of our nature.

Milton has judiciously represented the fate of mankind as seized with horror and astonishment at the sight of death, exhibited to him on the morrow of his vision. For surely nothing can so much disturb the passions, or perplex the intellects of man, as the disruption of his union with visible nature; a separation from all that has hitherto delighted or engaged him; a change not only of the place, but the manner of being; an entrance into a state not simply what he knows not, but which perhaps he has not faced; an immediate and perceptible communion with the Supreme Being, and, what is above all, a distressful and alarming, the final sentence and the irrevocable allotment.

Yet we to whom the shortness of life has afforded frequent occasions of contemplating mortality without emotion, see generations of men pass away, and are at leisure to establish modes of sorrow, and to adjust the ceremonial of death. We can look on the funeral pomp as a common spectacle in which we have no concern, and turn away from it to trifles and dissipated pleasures, without dejection of look, or inquietude of heart.

It is, indeed, apparent from the constitution of the human world, that there must be a time for other than the present, and a perpetual meditation upon the last hour of life. Even if it may become the solitude of a monastery, consistent with many duties of common life, surely the remembrance of death ought to predominate in our minds, as an habitual and settled principle, always operating, though not always perceived; and our attention should seldom wander so far from our own condition, as not to be recalled and fixed by the sight of an event, which must soon, we know, happen likewise to ourselves, and of

gh we cannot appoint the time, we may secure consequence.

every instance of death may justly awaken our and quicken our vigilance, but its frequency so h weakens its effect, that we are seldom alarmed some close connection is broken, some scheme ated, or some hope defeated. Many, therefore, n to pass on from youth to decrepitude without reflection on the end of life, because they are lly involved within themselves, and look on others r as inhabitants of the common earth, without any ctation of receiving good, or intention of bestow-

t, events, of which we confess the importance, excite e sensibility, unless they affect us more nearly than harers in the common interest of mankind; that ire which every man feels of being remembered and lamented, is often mortified when we remark how little concern is caused by the eternal departure even of those who have passed their lives with publick honours, and been distinguished by extraordinary performances. It is not possible to be regarded with enderness except by a few. That merit which gives greatness and renown, diffuses its influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is laced at a distance from common spectators, and es like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philosopher, whom their tempers or their fortunes have ndered from intimate relations, die, without any ther effect than that of adding a new topick to the conversation of the day. They impress none with ny fresh conviction of the fragility of our nature, because none had any particular interest in their lives, or was united to them by a reciprocation of benefits and endearments.

Thus it often happens, that those who in their lives

were applauded and admired, are laid at ground without the common honour of a stone; cause by those excellencies with which many delighted, none had been obliged, and, though had many to celebrate, they had none to love!

Custom so far regulates the sentiments, at le common minds, that I believe men may be gene observed to grow less tender as they advance in He who, when life was new, melted at the l every companion, can look in time, without c upon the grave into which his last friend was thro and into which himself is ready to fall; not that be more willing to die than formerly, but that he is m familiar to the death of others, and therefore is alarmed so far as to consider how much nearer he proaches to his end. But this is to submit the tyranny of accident, and to suffer our reason u useless. Every funeral may justly be considered summons to prepare for that state, into which it al us that we must some time enter; and the summ more loud and piercing, as the event of which it w us is at less distance. To neglect at any time pre tion for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

It has always appeared to me as one of the striking passages in the visions of *Quvedo*, wu stigmatises those as fools who complain that t failed of happiness by sudden death. "How," he, "can death be sudden to a being who always "knew that he must die, and that the time of his "death was uncertain?"

Since business and gaiety are always drawing our attention away from a future state, some admonition is frequently necessary to recall it to our minds, and what can more properly renew the impression than the examples of mortality which every day supplies? The great incentive to virtue is the reflection that we must

it will, therefore, be useful to accustom ourselves, never we see a funeral, to consider how soon we be added to the number of those whose proba- is past, and whose happiness or misery shall re for ever.

N^o 79² TUESDAY, DEC. 18, 1750.

*Tam saepe nostrum decipi Fabullum, quid
Miraris, Aule? Semper bonus bonus tunc est.*

MART.

You wonder I've so little wit,
Friend *John*, so often to be bit,—
None better guard against a cheat,
Than he who is a knave complete.

F. LEWIS.

SUSPICION, however necessary it may be to our safe passage through ways beset on all sides by fraud and malice, has been always considered, when it exceeds the common measures, as a token of depravity and corruption; and a *Greek* writer of sentences has laid down as a standing maxim, that *he who believes not another on his oath, knows himself to be perjured*.

We can form our opinions of that which we know not, only by placing it in comparison with something that we know: whoever, therefore, is overrun with suspicion, and detects artifice and stratagem in every proposal, must either have learned by experience or observation the wickedness of mankind, and been taught to avoid fraud by having often suffered or seen treachery, or he must derive his judgment from the

consciousness of his own disposition, and others the same inclinations which he feels want in himself.

To learn caution by turning our eyes upon observing the arts by which negligence is timidity overborne, and credulity amused either great latitude of converse and long acquaintance with business, or uncommon activity of vigour and acuteness of penetration. When, therefore, a man, not distinguished by vigour of intellect into the world full of scruples and diffidence, makes a bargain with many provisional limitations in his answer to a common question, lest more may be intended than he can immediately discover, he long reach in detecting the projects of his antagonist; considers every caress as an act of ingratitude, and feels neither gratitude nor affection from the tenderness of his friends, because he believes they have any real tenderness but for himself. To raise expectations this early sagacity may raise, to secure future eminence or riches, I can seldom forbear to consider him as a wretch incapable of generosity, as a villain early completed beyond the reach of common opportunities and gradual temperance.

Upon men of this class, instruction and advice are generally thrown away, because they confound flattery and deceit as proofs of understanding, and are misled at the same time by the two great passions of the world, vanity and interest, and not only those who act with openness and confidence are condemned by their principles to obscurity and poverty, but as contemptible for narrowness of comprehension, and shortness of views, and slowness of contrivance.

The world has been long amused with the subtleties of policy in publick transactions, and of artifice in private affairs; they have been considered as the great qualities, and as unattainable by men of

level : yet I have not found many performances of art or policy, that required such stupendous efforts of intellect, or might not have been effected by good and impudence, without the assistance of other powers. To profess what he does not mean, promise what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with prospects of promotion, and misery with hopes of relief, to sooth pride with appearances of mission, and appease enmity by blandishments and promises, can surely imply nothing more or greater than a face devoted wholly to its own purposes, a face that cannot blush, and a heart that cannot feel.

These practises are so mean and base, that he who is in himself no tendency to use them, cannot easily believe that they are considered by others with less detestation ; he, therefore, suffers himself to slumber in a false security, and becomes a prey to those who applaud their own subtilty, because they know how to creep upon his sleep, and exult in the success which they could never have obtained, had they not attempted a man better than themselves, who was hindered from obviating their stratagems, not by folly, but by innocence.

Suspicion is, indeed, a temper so uneasy and restless, that it is very justly appointed the concomitant of guilt. It is said, that no torture is equal to the inhibition of sleep long continued ; a pain to which the state of that man bears a very exact analogy, who dares never give rest to his vigilance and circumspection, but considers himself as surrounded by secret foes, and fears to intrust his children, or his friend, with the secret that throbs in his breast, and the anxieties that break into his face. To avoid, at this expence, those evils to which easiness and friendship might have exposed him, is surely to buy safety at too dear a rate, and, in the language of the *Roman* satirist, to save life by losing all for which a wise man would live.

When in the diet of the *German* empire, as *rarius* relates, the princes were once displaying felicity, and each boasting the advantages of his dominions, one who possessed a country not remarkable for the grandeur of its cities, or the fertile soil, rose to speak, and the rest listened between admiration and contempt, till he declared, in honour of his victories, that he could travel through them with a single guard, and, if he was weary, sleep in safety upon the lap of the first man whom he should meet; a commendation which would have been ill exchanged for the boast of palaces, pastures, or streams.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than pride: he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious will quickly corrupt. It is too common for us to learn the lesson by which ourselves have suffered; men who are persuaded that deceit will be employed against them, sometimes think the same arts justified by the necessity of defence. Even they whose virtue is too well established to give way to example, or be shaken by sophistry, must yet feel their love of mankind diminished with their esteem, and grow less zealous for the happiness of those by whom they imagine their own happiness endangered.

Thus we find old age, upon which suspicion has been strongly impressed by long intercourse with the world, inflexible and severe, not easily softened by submission, melted by complaint, or subdued by flattery. Frequent experience of counterfeited virtues and dissembled virtue, in time overcome the disposition to tenderness and sympathy, which is so powerful in our younger years; and they that are petitioned by the old for compassion or assistance, are doomed to languish without regard, and suffer the crimes of men who have formerly been found serving or ungrateful.

rians are certainly chargeable with the depredations of mankind, when they relate, without censure, stratagems of war by which the virtues of an invader are engaged to his destruction. A ship comes to port, weather-beaten and shattered, and the crew explore the liberty of repairing their breaches, supplying themselves with necessaries, or burying the dead. The humanity of the inhabitants inclines them to consent, the strangers enter the town with arms concealed, fall suddenly upon their benefactors, destroy those that make resistance, and become masters of the place; they return home rich with spoils, and their success is recorded to encourage others.

Unhappily war has its laws, and ought to be conducted with some regard to the universal interest of mankind. Those may justly be pursued as enemies to the humanity of nature, who suffer hostility to vacate the immutable laws of right, and pursue their private vengeance by means which, if once established, must destroy kindness, cut off from every man all hopes of assistance from another, and fill the world with perpetration and implacable malevolence. Whatever is gained ought to be restored, and those who are conquered by such treachery may be justly denied the protection of their native country.

Whoever commits a fraud is guilty not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the violation of that confidence which constitutes not only ease but the existence of society. He that is deceived by imposture has too often his virtue more injured than his fortune. But as it is necessary not to be credulous by supineness, so it is our duty not to be suspicious by tenderness; it is better to suffer than to do it, and happier to be sometimes deceived than not to trust.

N^o 80. SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1750.

*Vides ut altâ stet Nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant Onus
Silvæ laborantes.*———

ROB.

Behold yon mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the lab'ring woods below.

DRYDEN.

As Providence has made the human soul an ac-
being, always impatient for novelty, and
for something yet unenjoyed with unwearied pa-
sion, the world seems to have been eminently adapted
to this disposition of the mind; it is formed to re-
expectations by constant vicissitudes, and to obviate
satiety by perpetual change.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we find something
revive our curiosity and engage our attention. In
dusk of the morning we watch the rising of the sun,
and see the day diversify the clouds, and open up
prospects in its gradual advance. After a few hours
we see the shades lengthen and the light decline
the sky is resigned to a multitude of shining orbs
different from each other in magnitude and splendour.
The earth varies its appearance as we move upon it,
the woods offer their shades, and the fields their
vests; the hill flatters with an extensive view, and
valley invites with shelter, fragrance, and flowers.

The poets have numbered among the felicities
the golden age, an exemption from the change of
seasons, and a perpetuity of spring; but I am not
certain that, in this state of imaginary happiness,

we made sufficient provision for that insatiable demand of new gratifications, which seems particularly characterise the nature of man. Our sense of delight is in a great measure comparative, and arises at once from the sensations which we feel, and those which we remember: thus ease after torment is pleasure for a time, and we are very agreeably recreated when the body, chilled with the weather, is gradually recovering its natural tepidity; but the joy ceases when we have forgot the cold; we must fall below ease again, if we desire to rise above it, and purchase new felicity by voluntary pain. It is therefore not unlikely, that, however the fancy may be amused with the description of regions in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, and no scenes are displayed but *lys* enamelled with unfading flowers, and woods *saving* their perennial verdure, we should soon grow weary of uniformity, find our thoughts languish for want of other subjects, call on Heaven for our wonted round of seasons, and think ourselves liberally recompensed for the inconveniencies of summer and winter, by new perceptions of the calmness and mildness of the intermediate variations.

Every season has its particular power of striking the mind. The nakedness and asperity of the wintry world always fills the beholder with pensive and profound astonishment; as the variety of the scene is lessened, its grandeur is increased; and the mind is swelled at once by the mingled ideas of the present and the past, of the beauties which have vanished from the eyes, and the waste and desolation that are now before them.

It is observed by *Milton*, that he who neglects to visit the country in spring, and rejects the pleasures that are then in their first bloom and fragrance, is guilty of *sullenness against nature*. If we allot different duties to different seasons, he may be charged with

equal disobedience to the voice of nature, who on the bleak hills and leafless woods, without serenity and awe. Spring is the season of gaiety, winter of terror; in spring the heart of tranquillity dances to the melody of the groves, and the beneficence sparkles at the sight of happiness; plenty: in the winter, compassion melts at universal calamity, and the tear of softness starts at the wail of hunger, and the cries of the creation in distress.

Few minds have much inclination to indulge in grief and sorrow, nor do I recommend them beyond the degree necessary to maintain in its full vigour habitual sympathy and tenderness, which, in a world of so much misery, is necessary to the ready discharge of our most important duties. The winter, therefore, is generally celebrated as the proper season for domestic merriment and gaiety. We are seldom induced by the votaries of pleasure to look abroad for any other purpose, than that we may shrink back with mortification to our coverts, and when we have heard the howl of the tempest, and felt the gripe of the frost, congratulate each other with more gladness upon the fire in the close room, an easy chair, a large fire, and a smoking dinner.

Winter brings natural inducements to jollity and conversation. Differences, we know, are never successfully laid asleep, as by some common calamity or enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger. The rigour of winter brings generally to the same fire those who, by the opposition of inclinations, or difference of employment, moved in various directions through the other parts of the year; and when they have met, and find it their mutual interest to reassemble together, they endear each other by mutual concessions, and often wish for the continuance of the season, with all its bleakness and all its severities.

To the men of study and imagination the winter

ally the chief time of labour. Gloom and silence induce composure of mind and concentration of sense; and the privation of external pleasure naturally causes an effort to find entertainment within.

It is the time in which those, whom literature enables to find amusements for themselves, have more common convictions of their own happiness. When they are condemned by the elements to retirement, and debarred from most of the diversions which are called in to assist the flight of time, they can find new subjects of inquiry, and preserve themselves from that weariness which hangs always flagging upon the vacant mind.

It cannot indeed be expected of all to be poets and philosophers; it is necessary that the greater part of mankind should be employed in the minute business of common life; minute indeed, not if we consider its influence upon our happiness, but if we respect the abilities requisite to conduct it. These must necessarily be more dependent on accident for the means of spending agreeably those hours which their occupations leave unengaged, or nature obliges them to allow to relaxation. Yet even on these I would willingly impress such a sense of the value of time, as may incline them to find out for their careless hours amusements of more use and dignity than the common games, which not only weary the mind without improving it, but strengthen the passions of envy and avarice, and often lead to fraud and to profusion, to corruption and to ruin. It is unworthy of a reasonable being to spend any of the little time allotted us, without some tendency, either direct or oblique, to the end of our existence. And though every moment cannot be laid out on the formal and regular improvement of our knowledge, or in the stated practice of a moral or religious duty, yet none should be so spent as to exclude wisdom or virtue, or pass without possi-

bility of qualifying us more or less for the better ployment of those which are to come.

It is scarcely possible to pass an hour in conversation, without being able, when we rise it, to please ourselves with having given or received some advantages; but a man may shuffle and rattle dice, from noon to midnight, without trace any new idea in his mind, or being able to recollect the day by any other token than his gain or loss, a confused remembrance of agitated passions and morous altercations.

However, as experience is of more weight than precept, any of my readers, who are contriving how to spend the dreary months before them, may consider which of their past amusements fills them now with the greatest satisfaction, and resolve to repeat the gratifications of which the pleasure is most durable.

N° 81. TUESDAY, DEC. 25, 1750.

Discite Justitiam moniti.—

VIRG.

Hear, and be just.—

AMONG questions which have been discussed without any approach to decision, may be numbered the precedence or superior excellence of one virtue to another, which has long furnished a subject of dispute to men whose leisure sent them out into the intellectual world in search of employment, and who have, perhaps, been sometimes withheld from the practice

favourite duty, by zeal for its advancement and
 nce in its celebration.

The intricacy of this dispute may be alleged as a
 of that tenderness for mankind which Providence
 I think, universally displayed, by making attain-
 ts easy in proportion as they are necessary. That
 he duties of morality ought to be practised, is
 out difficulty discoverable, because ignorance or
 rtainty would immediately involve the world in
 usion and distress; but which duty ought to be
 it esteemed, we may continue to debate, without
 nvenience, so all be diligently performed as there
 opportunity or need: for upon practice, not upon
 ion, depends the happiness of mankind; and con-
 versies merely speculative are of small importance
 themselves, however they may have sometimes
 l a disputant, or provoked a faction.

Or the divine Author of our religion it is impossible
 peruse the evangelical histories, without observing
 how little he favoured the vanity of inquisitiveness;
 how much more rarely he condescended to satisfy
 curiosity, than to relieve distress; and how much he
 desired that his followers should rather excel in good-
 ness than in knowledge. His precepts tend immedi-
 ately to the rectification of the moral principles, and
 the direction of daily conduct, without ostentation,
 without art, at once irrefragable and plain, such as
 well-meaning simplicity may readily conceive, and
 of which we cannot mistake the meaning, but when
 we are afraid to find it.

The measure of justice prescribed to us, in our
 transactions with others, is remarkably clear and com-
 prehensive: *Whatsoever ye would that men should do
 unto you, even so do unto them.* A law by which every
 claim of right may be immediately adjusted, as far as
 the private conscience requires to be informed; a law
 of which every man may find the exposition in his

own breast, and which may always be observed without any other qualifications than honesty of intention and purity of will.

Over this law, indeed, some sons of sophistry have been subtle enough to throw mists, which have clouded their own eyes. To perplex this universal principle, they have inquired whether a man, conscious of unreasonable wishes, be bound to conceal them in another. But surely there needed no deliberation to conclude, that the desires, which are to be considered by us as the measure of right, such as we approve, and that we ought to pay regard to those expectations in others which we demand in ourselves, and which, however they may intrude upon our imagination, we know it our duty to resist and suppress.

One of the most celebrated cases which have produced as requiring some skill in the direction of conscience to adapt them to this great rule, is that of a criminal asking mercy of his judge, who cannot know, that if he was in the state of the suppliant, he should desire that pardon which he now denies. The difficulty of this sophism will vanish, if we remember that the parties are, in reality, on one side the criminal, and on the other the community, of which the magistrate is only the minister, and by which he is intrusted with the publick safety. The magistrate, therefore, in pardoning a man unworthy of pardon; betrays the trust with which he is invested, gives away what is not his own, and, apparently, does to others what he would not that others should do to him. But the community, whose right is still greater to arbitrate grants of mercy, is bound by those laws which regulate the great republick of mankind, and cannot justify such forbearance as may promote wickedness, and lessen the general confidence and security in which all have an equal interest, and which all are therefore

to maintain. For this reason the state has not
 nt to erect a general sanctuary for fugitives, or
 protection to such as have forfeited their lives by
 as against the laws of common morality equally
 wledged by all nations, because no people can,
 ut infraction of the universal league of social
 , incite, by prospects of impunity and safety,
 practices in another dominion, which they
 ia themselves punish in their own.

me occasion of uncertainty and hesitation, in those
 whom this great rule has been commented and di-
 , is the confusion of what the exacter casuists are
 ul to distinguish, *debts of justice* and *debts of sha-*
ty. The immediate and primary intention of this
 cept, is to establish a rule of justice, and I know
 t whether invention or sophistry can start a single
 fficulty to retard its application when it is thus ex-
 essed and explained, *let every man allow the claim of*
ght in another, which he should think himself entitled
make in the like circumstances.

The discharge of the *debts of charity*, or duties
 rich we owe to others, not merely as required by
 itice, but as dictated by benevolence, admits in its
 n nature greater complication of circumstances and
 eater latitude of choice. Justice is indispensably
 d universally necessary, and what is necessary must
 vays be limited, uniform, and distinct. But bene-
 ence, though in general equally enjoined by our reli-
 on, and equally needful to the conciliation of the di-
 ne favour, is yet, for the most part, with regard to
 single acts, elective and voluntary. We may cer-
 inly, without injury to our fellow-beings, allow in
 distribution of kindness something to our affec-
 , and change the measure of our liberality accord-
 g to our opinions and prospects, our hopes and fears.
 his rule, therefore, is not equally determinate and
 solute with respect to offices of kindness and acts of

liberality, because liberality and kindness, a determined, would lose their nature; for how can we be called tender, or charitable, for giving which we are positively forbidden to withhold?

Yet even in adjusting the extent of our beneficence no other measure can be taken than this precept forbids us, for we can only know what others suffer or want, by considering how we should be affected in the same state; nor can we proportion our assistance to any other rule than that of doing what we should expect from others. It, indeed, generally happens that the giver and receiver differ in their opinion of generosity; the same partiality to his own interest inclines one to large expectations, and the other to sparing distributions. Perhaps the infirmity of human nature will scarcely suffer a man, groaning under the pressure of distress, to judge rightly of the kindness of his friends, or think they have done enough till relief is completed; not, therefore, what we wish, but what we could demand from others, we are obliged to grant, since, though we can easily imagine how much we might claim, it is impossible to estimate what we should hope.

But in all inquiries concerning the practice of voluntary and occasional virtues, it is safest for a man not oppressed with superstitious fears to determine against their own inclinations, and secure themselves from deficiency, by doing more than they are strictly necessary. For, of this every man is certain, that, if he were to exchange conditions with his dependent, he should expect more than, with the utmost exertion of his ardour, he now will prevail upon himself to perform; and when reason has no settled rule, and our passions are striving to mislead us, it is surely the part of a wise man to err on the side of safety.

82. SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1750.

Castor emit, sic fiet ut omnia vendat.

MART.

buys without discretion, buys to sell.

To the RAMBLER.

It will be necessary to solicit your good-will by a short preface, when I have informed you, that I have been known as the most laborious and zealous that the present age has had the honour of producing, and that inconveniencies have been put upon me by an unextinguishable ardour of study and an unshaken perseverance in the acquisition of the productions of art and nature.

I observed, from my entrance into the world, that I had something uncommon in my disposition, and here appeared in me very early tokens of genius. I was always an enemy to trifles; the talents which my mother bestowed upon me I improved, that I might discover the method of nature and the causes of their motions; of all the amusements with which children are delighted I valued none so much as natural history, and as soon as I could speak, asked, and received, innumerable questions which the maids could not resolve. As I grew older I was thoughtful and serious, and instead of amusing myself with puerile diversions, made collections of natural history, and never walked into the fields without a pocket full of stones of remarkable forms, or insects of uncommon species. I never entered an old

house, from which I did not take away the pair of glass, and often lamented that I was not one of that happy generation who demolished the convent monasteries, and broke windows by law.

Being thus early possessed by a taste for solid knowledge, I passed my youth with very little disturbance from passions and appetites, and having no part in the company of boys and girls, who talked of politics, fashions, or love, I carried on my inquiry with incessant diligence, and had amassed more minerals, and shells, than are to be found in the celebrated collections, at an age in which the great part of young men are studying under tutors, or endeavouring to recommend themselves to notice by their dress, their air, and their levities.

When I was two and twenty years old, I became by the death of my father, possessed of a small estate in land, with a very large sum of money in the public funds, and must confess that I did not much lament him, for he was a man of mean parts, bent rather upon growing rich than wise. He once fretted at the expence of only ten shillings, which he happened to overhear me offering for the sting of a hornet, though it was a cold moist summer, in which very few hornets had been seen. He often recommended to me the study of physick, in which, said he, you may at once gratify your curiosity after natural history and increase your fortune by benefiting mankind. I heard him, Mr. RAMBLER, with pity, and, as there was no prospect of elevating a mind formed to grovel, suffered him to please himself with hoping that some time should follow his advice. For you know that there are men, with whom, when they have once settled a notion in their heads, it is to very little purpose to dispute.

Being now left wholly to my own inclinations, very soon enlarged the bounds of my curiosity, and

anted myself no longer with such rarities as rely only judgment and industry, and when once I might be had for nothing. I now turned my sights to *Eroticks* and *Antiques*, and became so well known for my generous patronage of ingenious men, my levee was crowded with visitants, some to my museum, and others to increase its treasures, bringing me whatever they had brought from other countries.

I had always a contempt for that narrowness of conception, which contents itself with cultivating a single corner of the field of science; I took the whole region into my view, and wished it of yet greater extent. But no man's power can be equal to will. I was forced to proceed by slow degrees, to purchase what chance or kindness happened to offer it. I did not however proceed without some plan, or imitate the indiscretion of those, who begin thousand collections, and finish none. Having been always a lover of geography, I determined to correct the maps drawn in the rude and barbarous ages, before any regular surveys or just observations; I have, at a great expence, brought together a plan, in which, perhaps, not a single country is laid down, according to its true situation, and by which, he that desires to know the errors of the ancient geographers may be amply informed.

But my ruling passion is patriotism: my chief care has been to procure the products of our own country; and as *Alfred* received the tribute of the *Welsh* in silver heads, I allowed my tenants to pay their rents in butterflies, till I had exhausted the papilionaceous tribe. I then directed them to the pursuit of other minerals, and obtained, by this easy method, most of the grubs and insects, which land, air, or water can supply. I have three species of earth-worms not known to the naturalists, have discovered a new

ephemera; and can shew four wasps that were torpid in their winter quarters. I have, from my own ground, the longest blade of grass upon which I have ever seen, and once accepted, as a half-year's rent for a field of wheat, an ear containing more grains than had been seen before upon a single stem.

One of my tenants so much neglected his interest, as to supply me, in a whole summer, only two horse-flies, and those of little more than the common size; and I was upon the brink of action for arrears, when his good fortune threw a white horse in his way, for which he was not only forgiven but rewarded.

These, however, were petty acquisitions, and at a small expence; nor should I have ventured to rank myself among the virtuosi without better claim. I have suffered nothing worthy the regard of a man to escape my notice: I have ransacked the old and the new world, and been equally attentive to the past and the present. For the illustration of an ancient history, I can shew a marble, of which the inscription though it is not now legible, appears, from the broken remains of the letters, to have been *Tu* and therefore probably engraved before the foundation of *Rome*. I have two pieces of porphyry found at the ruins of *Ephesus*, and three letters broken off by a learned traveller from the monuments of *Perseus*; a piece of stone which paved the *Areopagus* of *Athens*; and a plate without figures or characters, which I found at *Corinth*, and which I therefore believe to be that metal which was once valued before gold. I have found a sand gathered out of the *Granicus*; a fragment of *Trajan's* bridge over the *Danube*; some of the mortar which cemented the watercourse of *Tarquin*; a broken shoe broken on the *Flaminian* way; and a turf of five daisies dug from the field of *Pharsalia*.

I do not wish to raise the envy of unsuccessful

s, by too pompous a display of my scientific
 a, but cannot forbear to observe, that there are
 tions of the globe which are not honoured with
 memorial in my cabinets. The *Persian* mo-
 chs are said to have boasted the greatness of their
 pire, by being served at their tables with drink
 n the *Ganges* and the *Danube*: I can shew one
 of which the water was formerly an icicle on
 crags of *Caucasus*, and another that contains what
 was snow on the top of *Atlas*; in a third is dew
 ed from a banana in the gardens of *Ispahan*;
 i, in another, brine that has rolled in the Pacifick
 an. I flatter myself that I am writing to a man
 o will rejoice at the honour which my labours have
 cured to my country; and therefore I shall tell you
 t *Britain* can, by my care, boast of a snail that has
 wled upon the wall of *China*; a humming-bird
 ich an *American* princess wore in her ear; the tooth
 an elephant who carried the queen of *Siam*; the
 n of an ape that was kept in the palace of the
 at mogul; a ribbon that adorned one of the maids
 a *Turkish* sultana; and a scymitar once wielded by
 oldier of *Abas* the great.

In collecting antiquities of every country, I have
 en careful to choose only by intrinsick worth, and
 usefulness, without regard to party opinions. I
 e therefore a lock of *Cromwell's* hair in a box
 med from a piece of the royal oak; and keep in the
 e drawers, sand scraped from the coffin of king
 iard, and a commission signed by *Henry* the
 venth. I have equal veneration for the ruff of
Elizabeth and the shoe of *Mary* of *Scotlund*; and
 ould lose, with like regret, a tobacco-pipe of
 sleigh, and a stirrup of king *James*. I have paid
 ame price for a glove of *Lewis*, and a thimble of
 een *Mary*; for a fur cap of the *Czar*, and a boot of
 gles of *Sweden*.

You will easily imagine that these accumulations were not made without some diminution of fortune, for I was so well known to spare no cost at every sale some bid against me for hire, sport, and some for malice; and if I asked the price of any thing it was sufficient to double the debt. For curiosity, trafficking thus with avarice, the sale of *India* had not been enough; and I, by little and little, transferred all my money from the funds to a closet: here I was inclined to stop, and live up to my estate in literary leisure, but the sale of the *Hutchinson* collection shook my resolution: I mortgaged my house and purchased thirty medals, which I could never have bought before. I have at length bought till I can buy no longer, and the cruelty of my creditors has made my closet a repository; I am therefore condemned to do what the labour of an age will not reassemble, I submit to that which cannot be opposed, and at a short time, declare a sale. I have, while it is in my power, sent you a pebble, picked up by *Tamora* on the banks of the *Ganges*; for which I desire no other recompence than that you will recommend it to the publick.

QUISQUIS

Nº 83. TUESDAY, JAN. 1, 1751.

Nisi utile est quod facias, stultus est gloria.

PERD

All useless science is an empty boast.

THE publication of the letter in my last paper has really led me to the consideration of that thirst for curiosities, which often draws contempt and upon itself, but which is perhaps no otherwise than as it wants those circumstantial remarks which add lustre even to moral excellencies absolutely necessary to the grace and propriety of important actions.

Learning confers so much superiority on those who possess it, that they might probably have escaped all envy had they been able to agree among themselves; but as envy and competition have divided the republic of letters into factions, they have neglected the common interest; each has called in foreign aid, and laboured to strengthen his own cause by the frown of power, the hiss of ignorance, and the clamour of party. They have all engaged in feuds, till by mutual hostilities they demolished those outworks of veneration had raised for their security, and exposed themselves to barbarians, by whom every region of science is equally laid waste.

Between men of different studies and professions, may be observed a constant reciprocation of reproaches. The collector of shells and stones derides the folly of him who pastes leaves and flowers upon paper, pleases himself with colours that are perceptibly fading, and amasses with care what cannot be pre-

served. The hunter of insects stands amazed any man can waste his short time upon lifeless ter, while many tribes of animals yet want t
Every one is inclined not only to promote study, but to exclude all others from regard, and ing heated his imagination with some favourite suit, wonders that the rest of mankind are not s with the same passion.

There are, indeed, many subjects of study v seem but remotely allied to useful knowledge, a little importance to happiness or virtue; nor easy to forbear some sallies of merriment, o pressions of pity, when we see a man wrinkled attention, and emaciated with solicitude, in t vestigation of questions, of which, without v inconvenience, the world may expire in ignor Yet it is dangerous to discourage well-intended la or innocent curiosity; for he who is employ searches, which by any deduction of consequ tend to the benefit of life, is surely laudable, in parison of those who spend their time in cou acting happiness, and filling the world with v and danger, confusion and remorse. No man perform so little as not to have reason to congrat himself on his merits, when he beholds the multi that live in total idleness, and have never yet e voured to be useful.

It is impossible to determine the limits of inc or to foresee what consequences a new discovery produce. He who suffers not his faculties t torpid, has a chance, whatever be his employme doing good to his fellow-creatures. The man first ranged the woods in search of medicinal sp or climbed the mountains for salutary plants, ha doubtedly merited the gratitude of posterity, much soever his frequent miscarriages might e the scorn of his contemporaries. If what appears

versally despised, nothing greater can be attained, for all that is great was at first little, and rose to present bulk by gradual accessions and accumulations.

Those who lay out time or money in assembling a library for contemplation, are doubtless entitled to a degree of respect, though in a flight of gaiety it is easy to ridicule their treasure, or in a fit of melancholy to despise it. A man who thinks only on a particular object before him, goes not away much gratified by having enjoyed the privilege of handling the tooth of a shark, or the paw of a white bear ; and there is nothing more worthy of admiration to a philosophical eye, than the structure of animals, by which they are qualified to support life in the elements or climates to which they are appropriated ; and of all natural bodies it must be generally confessed, that they exhibit evidences of infinite wisdom, bear their testimony to the supreme reason, and excite the mind new raptures of gratitude and new incentives to piety.

To collect the productions of art, and examples of mechanical science or manual ability, is unquestionably useful, even when the things themselves are of small importance, because it is always advantageous to know how far the human powers have proceeded, and how much experience has found to be within the reach of diligence. Idleness and timidity often despair without being overcome, and forbear attempts for fear of being defeated ; and we may promote the invigoration of our endeavours, by shewing what has been already performed. It may sometimes happen, that the best efforts of ingenuity have been exerted in vain ; yet the same principles and expedients may be applied to more valuable purposes, and the movements, which put into action machines of no use but to raise the wonder of ignorance, may be employed to

drain fens, or manufacture metals, to assist tect, or preserve the sailor.

For the utensils, arms, or dresses of foreign which make the greatest part of many coll have little regard when they are valued only they are foreign, and can suggest no improvement in our own practice. Yet they are not all equal, less, nor can it be always safely determined what should be rejected or retained: for they may unexpectedly contribute to the illustration of the country, and to the knowledge of the natural customs of the country, or of the genius and customs of the inhabitants.

Rarities there are of yet a lower rank, whose worth is merely to accident, and which can give no information, nor satisfy any rational desire. There are many fragments of antiquity, as urns and pieces of pavement; and things held in veneration because they have been once the property of some eminent person, as the armour of king *Henry*; or for having been used on some remarkable occasion, as the sword of *Guy Faux*. The loss or preservation of them should be to me a thing indifferent, nor can I perceive that the possession of them should be coveted. Yet even this curiosity is implanted by nature; I find *Tully* confessing of himself, that he forbore at *Athens* to visit the walks and houses where the old philosophers had frequented or inhabited. I recollect the reverence which every nation, even the most barbarous, has paid to the ground where some great man has been buried, I am afraid to declare against this custom by the voice of mankind, and am inclined to be of the same opinion in this regard, which we involuntarily pay to the relique of a man great and illustrious, is in itself an incitement to labour, and an encouragement to expect the same renown, if it be sought by virtues.

a virtuoso therefore cannot be said to be wholly
 s; but perhaps he may be sometimes culpable
 nfining himself to business below his genius,
 osing in petty speculations, those hours, by
 a, if he had spent them in nobler studies,
 ight have given new light to the intellectual
 l. It is never without grief, that I find a man
 of ratiocination or invention enlisting himself
 is secondary class of learning; for when he has
 discovered a method of gratifying his desire of
 ence by expence rather than by labour, and
 n the sweets of a life blest at once with the ease
 eness and the reputation of knowledge, he will
 easily be brought to undergo again the toil of
 ng, or leave his toys and trinkets for arguments
 principles, arguments which require circum-
 ion and vigilance, and principles which cannot
 aed but by the drudgery of meditation. He
 yshut himself up for ever with his shells and
 ike the companions of *Ulysses*, who having
 e fruit of *Lotos*, would not even by the hope
 eing their own country be tempted again to the
 ers of the sea.

ἄλλ' αὐτὴ βυλόνιο μετ' ἀνδρείσι Λωτοφαγοῖσι,
 αὐτὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι μενεμεν, νόστι τε λασίσθαι.

—— Whoso tastes
 satiate riots in the sweet repasts;
 or other home nor other care intends,
 it quits his house, his country, and his friends.

POPE.

actions of this kind are of use to the learned,
 of stone and piles of timber are necessary to
 rnitect. But to dig the quarry or to search the
 requires not much of any quality, beyond stub-
 perseverance; and though genius must often lie
 ive without this humble assistance, yet this can
 little praise, because every man can afford it.

To mean understandings it is sufficient to be numbered amongst the lowest labourers of lead; but different abilities must find different tasks. To have hewn stone, would have been unworthy of *David*; and to have rambl'd in search of shells and fossils had but ill suited with the capacity of *Newton*.

Nº 84. SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1751.

*Cunarum fueras motor, CHARIDEME, mearum,
Et pueri custos, assiduusque comes.
Jam mihi nigrescunt tonsa sudaria barba,——
Sed tibi non crevi: te noster villicus horret:
Te dispensator, te domus ipsa pavet.——
Corripis, observas, quæreris, suspiria ducis,
Et vix a ferulis abstinet ira manum.*

MART.

You rock'd my cradle, were my guide
In youth, still tending at my side:
But now, dear sir, my beard is grown,
Still I'm a child to thee alone.
Our steward, butler, cook and all
You fright, nay, e'en the very wall;
You pry, and frown, and growl, and chide,
And scarce will lay the rod aside.

P. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

You seem in all your papers to be an enemy to ranny, and to look with impartiality upon the world. I shall therefore lay my case before you, and hope your decision to be set free from unreasonable

ts, and enabled to justify myself against the actions which spite and peevishness produce me.

At the age of five years I lost my mother, and my father being not qualified to superintend the education of a girl, committed me to the care of his sister, who instructed me with the authority, and, not to deny her what she may justly claim, with the affection of a parent. She had not very elevated sentiments or extensive views, but her principles were liberal, and her intentions pure; and though some may ascribe more virtues, scarce any commit fewer faults.

Under this good lady I learned all the common maxims of decent behaviour, and standing maxims of domestic prudence; and might have grown up by degrees to a country gentlewoman, without any thoughts of ranging beyond the neighbourhood, had it not been for *Flavia* come down, last summer, to visit her relations in the next village. I was taken, of course, to compliment the stranger, and was, at the first sight, struck at the unconcern with which she saw herself surrounded by company whom she had never known before; at the carelessness with which she received compliments, and the readiness with which she returned them. I found she had something which I received myself to want, and could not but wish to like her, at once easy and officious, attentive and embarrassed. I went home, and for four days could think and talk of nothing but Miss *Flavia*; though my aunt told me, that she was a forward flirt, and thought herself wise before her time.

In a little time she repaid my visit, and raised in my heart a new confusion of love and admiration. I soon saw her again, and still found new charms in her conversation, and behaviour. You who have per-

seen the world, may have observed, that former

lity soon ceases between young persons. I know how others are affected on such occasions, but I myself irresistibly allured to friendship and intimacy by the familiar complaisance and airy gaiety of her conversation, so that in a few weeks I became her favourite, the time was passed with me, that she could gain no ceremony and visit.

As she came often to me, she neglected some hours with my aunt, to whom she paid respect, by low courtesies, submissive soft acquiescence; but as I became more accustomed to her manners, I discovered that civility was general; that there was a certain air of deference shewn by her to circumstances and appearances; that many went away flattered by her humility, whom she despised in her heart; that the influence of far the greatest part of those with whom she conversed, ceased with their presence; and sometimes she did not remember the names of those whom, without any intentional insincerity or commendation, her habitual civility had sent away with very high thoughts of their own importance.

It was not long before I perceived, that my aunt's opinion was not of much weight in *Flavia's* deliberations, and that she was looked upon by her as a woman of narrow sentiments, without knowledge of books, or observations on mankind. I had hitherto considered my aunt, as entitled by her wisdom and experience to the highest reverence, and could not forbear to wonder that any one so much younger should venture to suspect her of error or ignorance; but my surprise was without uneasiness, and being now accustomed to think *Flavia* always in the right, I readily learned from her to trust my own reason, and to believe it possible, that they who had lived long might be mistaken.

Flavia had read much, and used so often to con-

subjects of learning, that she put all the men in country to flight, except the old parson, who shared himself much delighted with her company, because she gave him opportunities to recollect the tries of his younger years, and by some mention of recent story, had made him rub the dust off his *ummer*, which had lain unregarded in his closet. With *ummer*, and a thousand other names familiar to *Flavia*, no acquaintance, but began, by comparing her accomplishments with my own, to repine at my education, and wish that I had not been so long confined to the company of those from whom nothing but trifery was to be learned. I then set myself to use such books as *Flavia* recommended, and heard her opinion of their beauties and defects. I saw new worlds hourly bursting upon my mind, and was enraptured at the prospect of diversifying life with endless entertainment.

The old lady finding that a large screen, which I had undertaken to adorn with turkey-work against winter, made very slow advances, and that I had added in two months but three leaves to a flowered apron then in the frame, took the alarm, and with all the zeal of honest folly exclaimed against my new acquaintance, who had filled me with idle notions, and turned my head with books. But she had now lost her authority, for I began to find innumerable mistakes in her opinions, and improprieties in her language; and therefore thought myself no longer bound to pay much regard to one who knew little beyond her needle and her dairy, and who professed to think nothing more is required of a woman than to see that the house is clean, and that the maids go to bed and rise at a certain hour.

She seemed however to look upon *Flavia* as seducing me, and to imagine that when her influence was withdrawn, I should return to my allegiance; she

therefore contented herself with remote and gentle admonitions, intermixed with sage hints of the miscarriages of wit, and disappointments of fortune. But since she has found, that though *Flavia* is contented, I still persist in my new scheme, she has at last lost her patience, she snatches my book out of my hand, tears my paper if she finds me writing, shows *Flavia's* letters before my face when she calls on me, and threatens to lock me up, and to compel my father of my perverseness. If women, she would but know their duty and their interest, would be careful to acquaint themselves with the state of the world, and the affairs of the age, many a penny might be saved; for the mistress of the house is scribbling and her servants are junketing, and linen is wearing out. Then she takes me round the rooms, shews me the tapestries, hangings, and chairs of tent-stitch, and asks what all this was done with a pen and a book.

I cannot deny that I sometimes laugh and sometimes am sullen; but she has not delicacy enough to be much moved either with my mirth or my gloom. She did not think the interest of the family endangered by this change of my manners. She has for some years marked out young Mr. *Surly*, an acquaintance in the neighbourhood, remarkable for his love of cock-fighting, as an advantageous match; and was extremely pleased with the civilities which he used to pay to her. Till under *Flavia's* tuition I learned to talk of science, which he could not understand. This, she says, is the consequence of female study; girls grow too vain to be advised, and too stubborn to be commanded. She is resolved to try who shall govern, and will dispute my humour till she breaks my spirit.

These menaces, Mr. RAMBLER, sometimes move me quite angry; for I have been sixteen months under the tuition of a governess, who has no pretensions to more

knowledge than myself. I am resolved, since I am tall and as wise as other women, to be no longer d like a girl. Miss *Flavia* has often told me, ladies of my age go to assemblies and routs, out their mothers and their aunts ; I shall therefore, from this time, leave asking advice, and refuse give accounts. I wish you would state the time at which young ladies may judge for themselves, which I am sure you cannot but think ought to begin before I am seen ; if you are inclined to delay it longer, I shall pay a little regard to your opinion.

My aunt often tells me of the advantages of exercise, and of the deference due to seniority ; and of the sne, and all the antiquated part of the world, and of the unreserved obedience which they paid to the commands of their parents, and the undoubting confidence with which they listened to their precepts ; of the terrors which they felt at a frown, and the humility with which they supplicated forgiveness whenever they had offended. I cannot but fancy that this boast is too general to be true, and that the young and the old were always at variance. I have, however, told my aunt, that I will mend whatever she will prove to be wrong ; but she replies that she has reasons of her own, and that she is sorry to live in an age when girls have the impudence to ask for proofs.

I beg once again, Mr. RAMBLER, to know whether I am not as wise as my aunt, and whether, when she presumes to check me as a baby, I may not pluck up a spirit and return her insolence. I shall not proceed to extremities without your advice, which is therefore impatiently expected by

MYRTYLLA.

P. S. Remember I am past sixteen.

N^o 85. TUESDAY, JAN. 8, 1751.

*Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus :
Contemptaque jacent, et sine luce, faces.*

OVID.

At busy hearts in vain love's arrows fly;
Dim, scorn'd, and impotent, his torches lie.

MANY writers of eminence in physick have laid their diligence upon the consideration of those tempers to which men are exposed by particulars of life, and very learned treatises have been produced upon the maladies of the camp, the sea, and the man. There are, indeed, few employments which a man accustomed to anatomical inquiries and medical experiments would not find reason for declining as dangerous to health, did not his learning or experience inform him, that almost every occupation, however inconvenient or formidable, is happier and safer than a life of sloth.

The necessity of action is not only demonstrated from the fabrick of the body, but evident from the observation of the universal practice of mankind, for the preservation of health, in those whose rank and wealth exempts them from the necessity of labour, have invented sports and diversions, though not of equal use to the world with manual trades of equal fatigue to those who practise them, and differing only from the drudgery of the husbandman or manufacturer, as they are acts of choice, and therefore performed without the painful sense of compulsion. The huntsman rises early, pursues his game through all the dangers and obstructions of the cl

is rivers, and scales precipices, till he returns no less harassed than the soldier, and has sometimes incurred as great hazard of wounds or : yet he has no motive to incite his ardour ; he her subject to the commands of a general, nor s any penalties for neglect and disobedience ; he neither profit nor honour to expect from his perils a his conquests, but toils without the hope of mural civic garlands, and must content himself with the aise of his tenants and companions.

But such is the constitution of man, that labour ay be styled its own reward ; nor will any external ents be requisite, if it be considered how much iveness is gained, and how much misery escaped, frequent and violent agitation of the body.

Ease is the utmost that can be hoped from a seden- ry and unactive habit ; ease, a neutral state between ain and pleasure. The dance of spirits, the bound vigour, readiness of enterprise, and defiance of ue, are reserved for him that braces his nerves and uens his fibres, that keeps his limbs pliant with otion, and by frequent exposure fortifies his frame the common accidents of cold and heat.

With ease, however, if it could be secured, many be content ; but nothing terrestrial can be kept nd. Ease, if it is not rising into pleasure, will ng towards pain ; and whatever hope the dreams speculation may suggest of observing the propor- on between nutriment and labour, and keeping the dy in a healthy state by supplies exactly equal to its , we know that, in effect, the vital powers un- x by motion, grow gradually languid ; that as x vigour fails, obstructions are generated ; and from obstructions proceed most of those pains i wear us away slowly with periodical tortures, u which, though they sometimes suffer life to be

long, condemn it to be useless, chain us to the couch of misery, and mock us with the thought of death.

Exercise cannot secure us from that death which we are decreed ; but while the soul continues united, it can make the association, and give probable hopes that they shall be without an easy separation. It was a principle of the ancients, that acute diseases are from Heaven, chronical from ourselves ; the dart of death falls from Heaven, but we poison it by our own conduct ; to die is the fate of man, but to linger in anguish is generally his folly.

It is necessary to that perfection of the present state is capable, that the mind and body both be kept in action ; that neither the faculty of the one nor of the other be suffered to grow torpid for want of use ; that neither health be chased by voluntary submission to ignorance, nor knowledge cultivated at the expence of that which must enable it either to give pleasure to the possessor, or assistance to others. It is too in the pride of students to despise those recreations, which give to the rest of mankind vigour of limbs and cheerfulness of heart. Solitary contemplation are indeed seldom consistent with skill in common exercises or sports as is to make them practised with delight, and no man willing to do that of which the necessity is not pressing and immediate, when he knows that his awkwardness must make him ridiculous.

*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indotusque Pila, Discit, Trochæque quiescit,
Ne spissa risum tollant impune Corona.*

HOR.

He that's unskilful will not toss a ball,
Nor run, nor wrest'e, for he fears the fall;
He justly fears to meet deserv'd disgrace,
And that the ring will hiss the baffled ass.

CREECH.

Thus the man of learning is often resigned, almost
his own consent, to languor and pain; and while
he prosecution of his studies he suffers the wear-
of labour, is subject by his course of life to the
ies of idleness.

It was, perhaps, from the observation of this mis-
erious omission in those who are employed about
lectual objects, that *Locke* has, in his *System of*
Education, urged the necessity of a trade to men of all
and professions, that when the mind is weary
in its proper task, it may be relaxed by a slighter
ion. to some mechanical operation; and that
when the vital functions are resuscitated and awakened
vigorous motion, the understanding may be re-
ed from that vagrance and dissipation by which
it eves itself after a long intenseness of thought,
it ass some allurements be presented that may engage
lication without anxiety.

There is so little reason for expecting frequent con-
formity to *Locke's* precept, that it is not necessary to
inquire whether the practice of mechanical arts might
not give occasion to petty emulation, and degenerate
ambition; and whether, if our divines and physicians
were taught the lathe and the chizze, they would not
think more of their tools than their books; as *Nero*
neglected the care of his empire for his chariot and his
fiddle. It is certainly dangerous to be too much pleased
with little things; but what is there which may not
be perverted? Let us remember how much worse
employment might have been found for those hours,
which a manual occupation appears to engross; let us

compute the profit with the loss, and when we how often a genius is allured from his studies, likewise that, perhaps, by the same attraction sometimes withheld from debauchery, or recalled from malice, from ambition, from envy, and from

I have always admired the wisdom of them whom our female education was instituted, for contrived, that every woman, of whatever condition should be taught some arts of manufacture, by which the vacuities of recluse and domestick leisure filled up. These arts are more necessary, from the weakness of their sex and the general system of debar ladies from many employments which, by dissimulating the circumstances of men, preserve them from being cankered by the rust of their own thoughts. I know not how much of the virtue and wisdom of the world may be the consequence of this judicious regulation. Perhaps the most powerful fancy might be unable to figure the confusion and slaughter would be produced by so many piercing eyes and various understandings, turned loose at once upon the world with no other business than to sparkle and mix to perplex and to destroy.

For my part, whenever chance brings within my observation a knot of misses busy at their needles, I consider myself as in the school of virtue; and though I have no extraordinary skill in plain work or embroidery, look upon their operations with as much respect as their governess, because I regard them as providing a security against the most dangerous ensnarers of the soul, by enabling themselves to exclude idleness from their solitary moments, and with their her attendant train of passions, fancies, and other fears, sorrows, and desires. *Ovid* and *Cervantes* inform them that love has no power but over whom he catches unemployed; and *Hector*, in

en he sees *Andromache* overwhelmed with
ends her for consolation to the loom and the

tain that any wild wish or vain imagination
es such firm possession of the mind, as when
l empty and unoccupied. The old peripate-
siple, that *Nature abhors a Vacuum*, may be
plied to the intellect, which will embrace
, however absurd or criminal, rather than be
thout an object. Perhaps every man may
predominance of those desires that disturb
nd contaminate his conscience from some
hour when too much leisure exposed him
ursions ; for he has lived with little obser-
er on himself or others, who does not know
idle is to be vicious.

36. SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1751.

numque sonum Digitis callemus, et Auræ.

MOR.

urs, or by ears, we numbers scan.

ELPHINSTON.

ie ancients has observed, that the burthen of
nt is increased upon princes by the virtues
mediate predecessors. It is, indeed, al-
rious to be placed in a state of unavoidable
n with excellence, and the danger is still
en that excellence is consecrated by death ;

when envy and interest cease to act against it those passions, by which it was at first vilified posed, now stand in its defence, and turn their menace against honest emulation.

He that succeeds a celebrated writer, is full of difficulties to encounter; he stands under the shade of exalted merit, and is hindered from rising to the same height, by the interception of those beams which should invigorate and quicken him. He attracts that attention which is already engaged, and is unable to be drawn off from certain satisfaction; or, he is confined to an attention already wearied, and not to be re- turned to the same object.

One of the old poets congratulates himself that he has the untrodden regions of *Parnassus* before him, and that his garland will be gathered from plants which no writer had yet culled. But the poet treads a beaten walk, and with all his diligence can only hope to find a few flowers or branches untouched by his predecessor, the refuse of contempt, or the omissions of negligence. The *Macedonian* philosopher, when he was once invited to hear a man speak like a nightingale, replied with contempt, "I had heard the nightingale herself;" and the same treatment must every man expect, whose pretensions that he imitates another.

Yet, in the midst of these discouraging reflections I am about to offer to my reader some observations upon *Paradise Lost*, and hope, that, however I may fall below the illustrious writer who has so long dictated to the commonwealth of learning, my attempt may not be wholly useless. There are, in every age, new errors to be rectified, and new prejudices to be opposed. False taste is always busy to mislead those that are entering upon the regions of learning; the traveller, uncertain of his way, and forsaking the sun, will be pleased to see a fainter orb

on, that may rescue him from total darkness, with weak and borrowed lustre.

He, though he has considered this poem under the general topicks of criticism, has barely upon the versification; not probably because he thought the art of numbers unworthy of his notice, but he knew with how minute attention the ancients considered the disposition of syllables, and himself given hopes of some metrical observation upon the great *Roman* poet; but being he undertook to display the beauties, and point out defects, of *Milton*, he had many objects before him, and passed willingly over those which are most barren of ideas, and required labour and an genius.

Versification, or the art of modulating his numbers, is indispensably necessary to a poet. Every power by which the understanding is enlightened, the imagination enchanted, may be exercised.

But the poet has this peculiar superiority, that the powers which the perfection of every composition can require, he adds the faculty of reasoning with reason, and of acting at once upon the senses and the passions. I suppose there are

men who do not feel themselves touched by poetical images, and who will not confess that they are more moved by the same thoughts, as they are conformed by different sounds, and more affected by the words in one order than another. The perception of harmony is indeed conferred upon men in degrees unequal, but there are none who do not feel it, or to whom a regular series of proportions cannot give delight.

Coming on the versification of *Milton*, I am desired generally understood, and shall, therefore, decline the dialect of grammarians; though, it is always difficult, and sometimes scarcely

possible, to deliver the precepts of an art, with terms by which the peculiar ideas of that art are pressed, and which had not been in use, to cause the language already in use was in use; therefore, I shall sometimes seem obscure, it is imputed to this voluntary interdiction, and to a care of avoiding that offence which is always given by usual words.

The heroick measure of the *English* language be properly considered as pure or mixed. It is pure when the accent rests upon every second syllable through the whole line.

Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear th' approach of certain fate.

DRYDEN

Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here, and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd.

MILTON

The accent may be observed in the second line of *Dryden*, and the second and fourth in *Milton*, to repose upon every second syllable.

The repetition of this sound or percussion at equal times, is the most complete harmony of which a single verse is capable, and should therefore be exacted in distichs, and generally in the last line of a paragraph, that the ear may rest without any imperfection.

But to preserve the series of sounds untroubled in a long composition, is not only very difficult, tiresome and disgusting; for we are soon wearied with the perpetual recurrence of the same cadence. Necessity has therefore enforced the mixed measure, in which some variation of the accents is allowed; though it always injures the harmony of the line.

red by itself, yet compensates the loss by relieving
 om the continual tyranny of the same sound, and
 more sensible of the harmony of the pure
 re.

these mixed numbers every poet affords us in-
 ble instances, and *Milton* seldom has two
 lines together, as will appear if any of his para-
 be read with attention merely to the musick.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
 Which they beheld; the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker omnipotent! and thou the day,
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss,
 Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,
 For us too large; where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropp'd falls to the ground;
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

In this passage it will be at first observed, that all
 e lines are not equally harmonious, and upon a
 er examination it will be found that only the fifth
 ninth lines are regular, and the rest are more or
 licentious with respect to the accent. In some
 : cent is equally upon two syllables together, and
 on strong. As

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, *both stood,*
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
 The God that made both sky, *air, earth,* and heav'n.

others the accent is equally upon two syllables, but
 on both weak :

——a race

To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

In the first pair of syllables the accent may from the rigour of exactness, without any unpardonable diminution of harmony, as may be observed in lines already cited, and more remarkably in this,

——Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day.

But, excepting in the first pair of syllables, which may be considered as arbitrary, a poet who, notwithstanding the invention or knowledge of Milton, has no need to allure his audience by musical cadences, seldom suffers more than one aberration from the rule in any single verse.

There are two lines in this passage more remarkably unharmonious :

——This delicious place,
For us too large; where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropp'd falls to the ground.

Here the third pair of syllables in the first and fourth pair in the second verse. have their accents retrograde or inverted; the first syllable being strong or acute, and the second weak. The detriment which the measure suffers by this inversion of the accents is sometimes less perceptible, when the verses are carried one into another, but is remarkably striking in this place, where the vicious verse concludes a period; and is yet more offensive in rhyme, when we regularly attend to the flow of every single line. This will appear by reading a couplet in which Cowley, an author not sufficiently studious of harmony, has committed the same fault :

———his harmless life
 Does with substantial blessedness abound,
 And the soft wings of peace cover him round.

these the law of metre is very grossly violated by
 ing combinations of sound directly opposite to
 other, as *Milton* expresses in his sonnet, by com-
 ing short and long, and setting one part of the
 measure at variance with the rest. The ancients,
 had a more capable of variety than ours,
 a two kind or verse, the *Iambick*, consisting of
 short and long syllables alternately, from which our
 is derived, and the *Trochaick*, con-
 in a alternation of long and short. These
 opposites, and conveyed the con-
 in s or speed and slowness; to confound
 , therefore, as in these lines, is to deviate from
 ed p ice. But where the senses are to
 nority is t necessary, the ear is sufficient
 e, nor should I have sought auxili-
 es on n occasion against any name but that
Milton.

N° 87. TUESDAY, JAN. 15, 1751.

*Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, amator,
Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo cultura patientem commodet aurem.*

NOX.

The slave to envy, anger, wine, or love,
The wretch of sloth, its excellence shall prove;
Fierceness itself shall hear its rage away,
When list'ning calmly to th' instructive lay.

FRA:

THAT few things are so liberally bestowed, dered with so little effect, as good advice, generally observed; and many sage positions been advanced concerning the reasons of this complaint, and the means of removing it. It is indeed important and noble inquiry, for little would be ing to the happiness of life, if every man could form to the right as soon as he was shewn it.

This perverse neglect of the most salutary precepts and stubborn resistance of the most pathetick persuasion, is usually imputed to him by whom the counsel is received, and we often hear it mentioned as sign of hopeless depravity, that though good advice was given, it has wrought no reformation.

Others, who imagine themselves to have sagacity and deeper penetration, have found out, the inefficacy of advice is usually the fault of the counsellor, and rules have been laid down, by which this important duty may be successfully performed we are directed by what tokens to discover the favourable moment at which the heart is disposed for the operation of truth and reason, with what address to

minister, and with what vehicles to disguise *the carticks of the soul*.

But, notwithstanding this specious expedient, we find the world yet in the same state; advice is still given, but still received with disgust; nor has it appeared that the bitterness of the medicine has been yet abated, or its power increased, by any methods of preparing it.

If we consider the manner in which those who assume the office of directing the conduct of others execute their undertaking, it will not be very wonderful that their labours, however zealous or affectionate, are frequently useless. For what is the advice that is commonly given? A few general maxims, enforced with vehemence, and inculcated with importunity, but failing for want of particuilar reference and immediate application.

It is not often that any man can have so much knowledge of another as is necessary to make instruction useful. We are sometimes not ourselves conscious of the original motives of our actions, and when we know them, our first care is to hide them from the sight of others, and often from those most diligently, whose superiority either of power or understanding may intitle them to inspect our lives; it is, therefore, very probable, that he who endeavours to cure our intellectual maladies, mistakes their cause; and that his prescriptions avail nothing, because he knows not which of the passions or desires is vitiated.

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of superiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is most necessary or most judicious. But for the same reason every one is eager to instruct his neighbours. To be wise or to be virtuous, is to buy dignity and importance at a high price; but when nothing is necessary to elevation but detection of the follies or

the faults of others, no man is so insensil voice of fame as to linger on the ground.

—*Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.*

New ways I must attempt, my groveling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

I

Vanity is so frequently the apparent motive vice, that we, for the most part, summon our to oppose it without any very accurate inquiry ther it is right. It is sufficient that another is ing great in his own eyes at our expence, and authority over us without our permission ; for would contentedly suffer the consequences of own mistakes, rather than the insolence of him triumphs as their deliverer.

It is, indeed, seldom found that any ad enjoyed with that moderation which the un of all human good so powerfully enforces ; and before the adviser may justly suspect, that he has flamed the opposition which he laments by arroga and superciliousness. He may suspect, but ne not hastily to condemn himself, for he can rarely certain that the softest language or most humble dence would have escaped resentment ; since sca any degree of circumspection can prevent or ob the rage with which the slothful, the impotent, the unsuccessful, vent their discontent upon those excel them. Modesty itself, if it is praised, wil envied ; and there are minds so impatient of in ority, that their gratitude is a species of revenge, they return benefits, not because recompence pleasure, but because obligation is a pain.

The number of those whom the love of them

thus far corrupted, is perhaps not great; but there are few so free from vanity, as not to dictate to who will hear their instructions with a visible of their own beneficence; and few to whom it is unpleasing to receive documents, however tender and cautiously delivered, or who are not willing to exempt themselves from pupillage, by disputing the positions of their teacher.

It was the maxim, I think, of *Alphonsus of Arragon*, that *dead counsellors are safest*. The grave puts an end to flattery and artifice, and the information we receive from books is pure from interest, fear, ambition. Dead counsellors are likewise most inactive; because they are heard with patience and reverence. We are not unwilling to believe that we are wiser than ourselves, from whose abilities we receive advantage, without any danger of rivalry or opposition, and who affords us the light of his experience, without hurting our eyes by flashes of insolence.

By the consultation of books, whether of dead or living authors, many temptations to petulance and opposition, which occur in oral conferences, are avoided. A author cannot obtrude his advice unasked, nor can he often be suspected of any malignant intention to insult his readers with his knowledge or his wit. Yet so prevalent is the habit of comparing ourselves with others, while they remain within the reach of our passions, that books are seldom read with complete impartiality, but by those from whom the writer is placed such a distance that his life or death is indifferent.

We see that volumes may be perused, and perused with attention, to little effect; and that maxims of prudence, or principles of virtue, may be treasured in memory without influencing the conduct. Of the numbers that pass their lives among books, very few are able to be made wiser or better, apply any general re-

proof of vice to themselves, or try their own by axioms of justice. They purpose either to α those hours for which they can find no other β ment, to gain or preserve that respect which γ has always obtained ; or to gratify their curiosi knowledge, which, like treasure buried and for is of no use to others or themselves.

“ The preacher (says a *French* author) may “ an hour in explaining and enforcing a precept “ ligion, without feeling any impression from h “ performance, because he may have no furt “ sign than to fill up his hour.” A studen easily exhaust his life in comparing divines and ists, without any practical regard to morality ; gion ; he may be learning not to live, but to r he may regard only the elegance of style, just argument, and accuracy of method ; and may himself to criticise with judgment, and disput subtilty, while the chief use of his volumes thought of, his mind is unaffected, and his life reformed.

But, though truth and virtue are thus freq defeated by pride, obstinacy, or folly, we are lowed to desert them ; for whoever can furn which they hitherto have not employed, may them to gain some hearts which would have r any other method of attack. Every man of has some arts of fixing the attention peculiar t self, by which, honestly exerted, he may benefi kind ; for the arguments for purity of life fail o due influence, not because they have been cons and confuted, but because they have been passe without consideration. To the position of *Tull* if Virtue could be seen, she must be loved, r added, that if Truth could be heard, she m obeyed.

N^o 88. SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1751.

*Cum Tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:
Audebit quacunque parum splendoris habebunt,
Et sine pondere erunt, et bonore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco, quamvis invito recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ.*

MOR.

But he that hath a curious piece design'd,
When he begins must take a censor's mind,
Severe and honest; and what words appear
Too light and trivial, or too weak to bear
The weighty sense, nor worth the reader's care,
Shake off; though stubborn, they are loth to move,
And though we fancy, dearly though we love.

CREECH.

THERE is no reputation for genius (says *Quintilian*)
“to be gained by writing on things which, however
“necessary, have little splendour or show. The
“height of a building attracts the eye, but the foun-
“dations lie without regard. Yet since there is not
“any way to the top of science, but from the lowest
“parts, I shall think nothing unconnected with the
“art of oratory, which he that wants cannot be an
“orator.”

Confirmed and animated by this illustrious prece-
dent, I shall continue my inquiries into *Milton's* art
of versification. Since, however minute the employ-
ment may appear of analysing lines into syllables, and
whatever ridicule may be incurred by a solemn delibe-
ration upon accents and pauses, it is certain that with-
out this petty knowledge no man can be a poet; and
that from the proper disposition of single sounds re-

sults that harmony that adds force to reason, gives grace to sublimity ; that shackles attention, governs passions.

That verse may be melodious and pleasing, it is necessary, not only that the words be so ranged as if the accent may fall on its proper place, but that the syllables themselves be so chosen as to flow smoothly into one another. This is to be effected by a proportionate mixture of vowels and consonants, and tempering the mute consonants with liquids and semivowels. The *Hebrew* grammarians have observed that it is impossible to pronounce two consonants without the intervention of a vowel, or without some emission of the breath between one and the other ; this is longer and more perceptible, as the sounds of the consonants are less harmonically conjoined, and, by consequence, the flow of the verse is longer interrupted.

It is pronounced by *Dryden*, that a line of monosyllables is almost always harsh. This, with regard to our language, is evidently true, not because monosyllables cannot compose harmony, but because our monosyllables being of *Teutonick* original, or formed by contraction, commonly begin and end with consonants, as,

——— Every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste.

The difference of harmony arising principally from the collocation of vowels and consonants, will be sufficiently conceived by attending to the following passages :

Immortal *Amarant*—there grows
And flow'rs aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss, through midst of heav'n
Rolls o'er *Elysian flow'rs* her amber stream ;
With these that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks in wreath'd with beams.

the same comparison that I proposed to be made between the fourth and sixth verses of this passage, be repeated between the last lines of the following stations :

Under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich in-lay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem.

Here in close recess,
With flow'rs, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused *Eve* first deck'd her nuptial bed;
And heav'nly choirs the hymenean sung.

ton, whose ear had been accustomed not only to the musick of the ancient tongues, which, however corrupted by our pronunciation, excel all that are now in use, but to the softness of the *Italian*, the most melodious of all modern poetry, seems fully convinced of the unfitness of our language for smooth versification, and, therefore, pleased with an opportunity of calling in a softer word to his assistance ; for this reason, I believe for this only, he sometimes indulges himself in a long series of proper names, and introduces them where they add little but musick to his poem.

——— The richer seat
Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city *Gerion's* sons
Call *El Dorado*.———

The moon——The *Tuscan* artist views
At evening, from the top of *Fesole*
Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new lands.——

He has, indeed, been more attentive to his syllables than to his accents, and does not often offend by collisions of consonants, or openings of vowels upon each other, at least not more often than other writers who

COL. XX. R

have had less important or complicated subjects take off their care from the cadence of their lines.

The great peculiarity of *Milton's* versification, compared with that of later poets, is the elision of a vowel before another, or the suppression of the last syllable of a word ending with a vowel, when a new word begins the following word. As

Knowledge—

Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

This licence, though now disused in *English* poetry, was practised by our old writers, and is allowed in all other languages ancient and modern, and, though the critics on *Paradise Lost* have, without much reason, commended *Milton* for continuing it, as one language cannot communicate its rules to another. We have already tried and rejected the hexameter of the ancients, the double close of the *Italians*, and the alexandrine of the *French*; and the elision of a vowel, however graceful it may seem to other nations, is very unsuitable to the genius of the *English* tongue.

There is reason to believe that we have neglected a great part of our vowels, and that the silent *e* which our ancestors added to most of our monosyllabic words, once vocal. By this detruncation of our syllables, our language is overstocked with consonants, and it is more necessary to add vowels to the beginning of words, than to cut them off from the end.

Milton, therefore, seems to have somewhat taken the nature of our language, of which the defect is ruggedness and asperity, and has introduced harsh cadences yet harsher. But his elisions are all equally to be censured; in some syllables they may be allowed, and perhaps in a few may be safely excused. The abscission of a vowel is undoubtedly

strongly sounded, and makes, with its ass-
nant, a full and audible syllable.

——— What he gives,
may to purest spirits be found,
teful food, and food alike these pure
tial substances require.

— *Hesperian* fables true,
were *only*, and of delicious taste,

——— Evening now approach'd,
have *also* our evening and our morn.

quests he makes them slaves,
ably, and kills their infant males.

vital *Virtue* infus'd, and vital warmth
out the fluid mass. ———

made *thee* of choice his own, and of his own
e him.

re every reader will agree, that, in all those
though not equally in all, the musick is in-
l in some the meaning obscured. There are
s in which the vowel is cut off, but it is so
nounced in common speech, that the loss of
stry is scarcely perceived; and, therefore,
pliance with the measure may be allowed.

Nature breeds
se, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
nable, inutterable; and worse
fables yet have feign'd ———

——— From the shore
view'd the vast *immensurable* abyss.

ettable, impal'd with circling fire.

ne communicable in earth or heav'n.

en these contractions increase the roughness

of a language too rough already ; and though in poems they may be sometimes suffered, it ne be faulty to forbear them.

Milton frequently uses in his poems the hy trical or redundant line of eleven syllables.

———— Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman over-trusting
Lets her will rule————

I also err'd in over-much admiring.

Verses of this kind occur almost in every page ; though they are not unpleasing or dissonant, ought not to be admitted into heroick poetry, the narrow limits of our language allow us no distinction of epick and tragick measures than is forded by the liberty of changing at will the terminations of the dramattick lines, and bringing them by that relaxation of metrical rigour nearer to prose.

N° 89. TUESDAY, JAN. 22, 1751.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

HOR.

Wisdom at proper times is well forgot.

LOCKE, whom there is no reason to suspect of being a favourer of idleness or libertinism, has advanced, that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigour, must allow some of it to pass in trifles. It is beyond the powers of humanity to

whole life in profound study and intense meditation and the most rigorous exacters of industry and business have appointed hours for relaxation and recreation.

certain, that, with or without our consent, if the few moments allotted us will slide imperceptibly away, and that the mind will break from its presentment to its stated task, into sudden excursions, and connected attention is preserved but for a moment, and when a man shuts himself up in his study and bends his thoughts to the discussion of any question, he will find his faculties continually flying away to more pleasing entertainments. He perceives himself transported, he knows not whither, and distant tracts of thought, and return to his first subject as from a dream, without knowing when he left it, or how long he has been abstracted from it. It has been observed that the most studious are not the most learned. There is, indeed, no great mystery in discovering that this difference of proficiency may arise from the difference of intellectual powers, of the choice of books, or the convenience of information. But I believe it likewise frequently happens that the most recluse are not the most vigorous prosecutors of study. Many impose upon the world, and many upon themselves, by an appearance of order and exemplary diligence, when they, in reality, give themselves up to the luxury of fancy, please their minds with regulating the past, or planning out the future; place themselves at will in varied situations of happiness, and slumber away their days in idle reveries. In the journey of life some are lost, because they are naturally feeble and slow; some because they miss the way, and many because they leave it by choice, and instead of pressing on with a steady pace, delight themselves with mo-

mentary deviations, turn aside to pluck every |
and repose in every shade.

There is nothing more fatal to a man whose
ness is to think, than to have learned the art of re
ing his mind with those airy gratifications. O
vices or follies are restrained by fear, reformed by
monition, or rejected by the conviction which
comparison of our conduct with that of others,
in time produce. But this invisible riot of the mind,
this secret prodigality of being, is secure from d
tion, and fearless of reproach. The dreamer
to his apartments, shuts out the cares and interrup
tions of mankind, and abandons himself to his o
fancy; new worlds rise up before him, one in
followed by another, and a long succession of degen
dances around him. He is at last called back to
by nature, or by custom, and enters peevish into s
ciety, because he cannot model it to his own will. H
returns from his idle excursions with the it
though not with the knowledge, of a student, and
tens again to the same felicity with the eagerness
a man bent upon the advancement of some favouri
science. The infatuation strengthens by degrees, an
like the poison of opiates, weakens his powers, wi
out any external symptom of malignity.

It happens, indeed, that these hypocrites of learn
ing are in time detected, and convinced by disgra
and disappointment of the difference between the l
bour of thought and the sport of musing. But th
discovery is often not made till it is too late to recov
the time that has been fooled away. A thousand a
cidents may, indeed, awaken drones to a more
sense of their danger and their shame. But they w
are convinced of the necessity of breaking from th
habitual drowsiness, too often relapse in spite of t
resolution; for these ideal seducers are always n

her any particularity of time nor place is not to their influence; they invade the soul without warning, and have often charmed down resistance before their approach is perceived or suspected.

In captivity, however, it is necessary for every man to break, who has any desire to be wise or useful, to pass his life with the esteem of others, or to look with satisfaction from his old age upon his ears. In order to regain liberty he must find means of flying from himself; he must, in opposition to the *Stoick* precept, teach his desires to fix on external things; he must adopt the joys and the pleasures of others, and excite in his mind the want of easiness and amicable communication.

It is perhaps, not impossible to promote the cure of this mental malady, by close application to some study, which may pour in fresh ideas, and keep the mind in perpetual motion. But study requires some solitude, and solitude is a state dangerous to those who are much accustomed to sink into themselves. Idleness, or publick pleasure, is generally necessary to every part of this intellectual regimen, without which, though some remission may be obtained, a complete cure will scarcely be effected.

It is a formidable and obstinate disease of the mind, of which, when it has once become radical, the remedy is one of the hardest tasks of man and of virtue. Its slightest attacks, therefore, should be watchfully opposed; and he that finds himself under this kind of infection beginning to seize upon him, should turn his whole attention against it, and at the first discovery by proper counteraction. A great resolution to be formed, when happiness and virtue are thus formidably invaded, is, that no part of life be spent in a state of neutrality or indifference; but that some pleasure be found for every part of time that is not devoted to labour; and that,

whenever the necessary business of life grows irksome or disgusting, an immediate transition be to diversion and gaiety.

After the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practised in free and easy conversation ; where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence ; when every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased.

There must be a time in which every man to be happy and the only choice that nature offers us, is, to trim in the company or alone. To join profit with pleasure, has been an old precept among men who have had very different conceptions of profit. All have agreed that our amusements should not terminate wholly in the present moment, but contribute more or less to future advantage. He that amuses himself among well chosen companions, can scarcely fail to receive, from the most careless and obstreperous merriment which virtue can allow, some useful hints ; nor can conversing on the most familiar topics, without some casual information. The loose sparkles of thoughtless wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical positions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which those friendships that give happiness or consolation, relief or security, are generally formed. A wise and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals. He attracts by his rolick generosity, or philosophical discoveries, may compel veneration and respect, but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulness which disencumbers all minds from awe and solicitude, invite

modest to freedom, and exalts the timorous to confidence. This easy gaiety is certain to please, whatever be the character of him that exerts it; if superiors descend from their elevation, we love them for lessening the distance at which we are placed below them; and inferiors, from whom we can derive no lasting advantage, will always keep our affections while their sprightliness and mirth contribute to our pleasure.

Every man finds himself differently affected by the sight of fortresses of war, and palaces of pleasure; we look on the height and strength of the bulwarks with a kind of gloomy satisfaction, for we cannot think of defence without admitting images of danger; we range delighted and jocund through the gay apartments of the palace, because nothing is impressed upon the mind but joy and festivity. Such is the difference between great and amiable characters; as protectors we are safe, with companions we are happy.

Nº 90. SATURDAY, JAN. 26, 1751.

In tenui labor.

VIRG.

What toil in slender things!

It is very difficult to write on the minuter parts of nature without failing either to please or instruct. Too much nicety of detail disgusts the greatest part of readers, and to throw a multitude of particulars under general heads, and lay down rules of extensive

comprehension, is to common understandings of use. They who undertake these subjects are, fore, always in danger, as one or other inconvenience arises to their imagination, of frightening us with unged science, or amusing us with empty sound.

In criticising the work of *Milton*, there is, in opportunity to intersperse passages that can fail to relieve the languors of attention; and since examining the variety and choice of the pauses, which he has diversified his numbers, it will be sary to exhibit the lines in which they are to be found perhaps the remarks may be well compensated by examples, and the irksomeness of grammatical quisions somewhat alleviated.

Milton formed his scheme of versification by poets of *Greece* and *Rome*, whom he proposed to himself for his models, so far as the difference of his language from theirs would permit the imitation. There are, indeed, many inconveniencies inseparable from our heroick measure compared with that of *He Virgil*; inconveniencies, which it is no reprimand *Milton* not to have overcome, because they are in their own nature insuperable; but against which he struggled with so much art and diligence, that he may at least be said to have deserved success.

The hexameter of the ancients may be considered as consisting of fifteen syllables, so melodiously posed, that, as every one knows who has examined the poetical authors, very pleasing and sonorous rick measures are formed from the fragments of heroick. It is, indeed, scarce possible to break in such a manner, but that *invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ*, some harmony will still remain, and the proportions of sound will always be discovered. This measure, therefore, allowed great variety of pause and great liberties of connecting one verse with another, because, wherever the line was interrup

part singly was musical. But the ancients to have confined this privilege to hexameters ; in their other measures, though longer than the *ish* heroick, those who wrote after the refinements of versification, venture so seldom to change pauses, that every variation may be supposed rather a compliance with necessity than the choice of talent.

Milton was constrained within the narrow limits of measure not very harmonious in the utmost perfection ; the single parts, therefore, into which it was to be sometimes broken by pauses, were in danger of losing the very form of verse. This has, perhaps, notwithstanding all his care, sometimes happened.

As harmony is the end of poetical measures, no part of a verse ought to be so separated from the rest as not to remain still more harmonious than prose, or to shew, by the disposition of the tones, that it is part of a verse. This rule in the old hexameter might be easily observed, but in *English* will very frequently be in danger of violation ; for the order and regularity of accents cannot well be perceived in a succession of fewer than three syllables, which will confine the *English* poet to only five pauses ; it being supposed, that, when he connects one line with another, he should never make a full pause at less distance than that of three syllables from the beginning or end of a verse.

That this rule should be universally and indispensably established, perhaps cannot be granted ; something may be allowed to variety, and something to the adaptation of the numbers to the subject ; but it will be found generally necessary, and the ear will seldom be so much to suffer by its neglect.

Thus when a single syllable is cut off from the rest, it must either be united to the line with which the sense connects it, or be sounded alone. If it be united to the other line, it corrupts its harmony ; if disjoined

it must stand alone, and, with regard to music, be superfluous; for there is no harmony in a single sound, because it has no proportion to another.

Hypocrites austerely talk,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure; and commands to some, leaves free to all.

When two syllables likewise are absconded from the rest, they evidently want some associate sounds to make them harmonious.

—— Eyes ——
—— more wakeful than to drouze,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the past'ral reed
Of *Hermes*, or his opiate rod. *Meanwhile*
To re-salute the world with sacred light
Leucothea wak'd.

He ended, and the sun gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd: *he blew*
His trumpet.

First in the east his glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day; and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heav'n's high road; *the gray*
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence.

The same defect is perceived in the following line, where the pause is at the second syllable from the beginning.

The race
Of that wild rout that tore the *Thracian* bard
In *Rhodope*, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, 'till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores.

When the pause falls upon the third syllable or the seventh, the harmony is better preserved; but as the

and seventh are weak syllables, the period leaves
r unsatisfied, and in expectation of the remain-
t of the verse.

He, with his horrid crew,
y vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulph,
nfounded, though immortal. But his doom
serv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
th of lost happiness and lasting pain
rments him.

God,—with frequent intercourse,
ither will send his winged messengers
errands of supernal grace. So sung
e glorious train ascending.

may be, I think, established as a rule, that a
which concludes a period should be made for
most part upon a strong syllable, as the fourth
ixth; but those pauses which only suspend the
may be placed upon the weaker. Thus the rest
third line of the first passage satisfies the ear
than in the fourth, and the close of the second
tion better than of the third.

The evil soon
awn back, redounded (as a flood) on those
om whom it *sprung*; impossible to mix
ith *blessedness*.

——What we by day
p overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
e night or two with wanton growth derides,
nding to *wild*.

The paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands
ill keep from wilderness with ease as wide
we need walk, till younger hands ere long
ist us.

rest, in the fifth place, has the same inconve-
OL. XX.

nience as in the seventh and third, that the s
weak.

Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish, to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each *other*: Nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled *bim*, or with countenance grim,
Glar'd on him passing.

The noblest and most majestick pauses which
versification admits, are upon the fourth and sixth
lables, which are both strongly sounded in a pure
regular verse, and at either of which the line is di-
vided, that both members participate of harmon

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light *appears*, and from the walls of heav'n
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering *dawn*; here nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and chaos to retire.

But far above all others, if I can give any credit
my own ear, is the rest upon the sixth syllable, v
taking in a complete compass of sound, such as is
sufficient to constitute one of our lyric measures, in
a full and solemn close. Some passages which
include at this stop, I could never read without
strong emotions of delight or admiration.

Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with the eternal wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister; and with her didst play
In presence of the almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial *song*.

Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those *Hesperian* gardens fam'd of o'd,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles! But who dwelt happy there,
He staid not to inquire.

He blew
 His trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since, perhaps
 When God descended; and, perhaps, once more
 To sound at general *doom*.

If the poetry of *Milton* be examined, with regard the pauses, and flow of his verses into each other, will appear, that he has performed all that our language would admit; and the comparison of his numbers with those who have cultivated the same manner of writing, will shew that he excelled as much in the power as the higher parts of his art, and that his style in harmony was not less than his invention or learning.

Nº 91. TUESDAY, JAN. 29, 1751.

*Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici,
 Expertus inquit.*

MOR,

To court the great ones and to sooth their pride,
 Seems a sweet task to those that never tried;
 But those that have, know well that danger's near.

CREECH.

THE SCIENCES having long seen their votaries labouring for the benefit of mankind, without reward, put up their petition to *Jupiter* for a more equitable distribution of riches and honours. *Jupiter* was moved by their complaints, and touched with the approaching series of men, whom the SCIENCES, wearied with perpetual ingratitude, were now threatening to forsake,

and who would have been reduced by their depredations to feed in dens upon the mast of trees, to hunt prey in deserts, and to perish under the paws of animals stronger and fiercer than themselves.

A synod of the celestials was therefore convened in which it was resolved, that PATRONAGE should descend to the assistance of the SCIENCES. PATRONAGE was the daughter of ASTREA, by a mother, and had been educated in the school of TEMPERANCE by the Goddesses, whom she was now appointed to protect. She had from her mother that dignified aspect, which struck terror into false merit, and from her mistress that reserve, which made her accessible to those whom the SCIENCES brought to her presence.

She came down, with the general acclamation, all the powers that favour learning. HOPE stood before her, and LIBERALITY stood at her side to scatter by her direction the gifts which FORTUNE who followed her, was commanded to supply. As she advanced towards *Parnassus*, the cloud which long hung over it, was immediately dispelled, the shades, before withered with drought, spread their original verdure, and the flowers that had languished with chilness brightened their colours, and increased their scents; the Muses tuned their harps, and exerted their voices; and all the concert of the gods welcomed her arrival.

On *Parnassus* she fixed her residence, in a palace raised by the SCIENCES, and adorned with works which could delight the eye, elevate the imagination, and enlarge the understanding. Here she dispersed the favours of FORTUNE with the impartiality of JUSTICE, and the discernment of TRUTH. Her gate stood open, and HOPE sat at the portal, inviting to the trance all whom the SCIENCES numbered in their train. The court was therefore thronged with

le multitudes, of whom, though many returned disappointed, seldom any had confidence to complain ; PATRONAGE was known to neglect few, but for of the due claims to her regard. Those, therefore, who had solicited her favour without success, generally withdrew from publick notice, and either averted their attention to meaner employments, or laboured to supply their deficiencies by closer application.

In time, however, the number of those who had arrived in their pretensions grew so great, that they came less ashamed of their repulses ; and instead of hiding their disgrace in retirement, began to besiege the gates of the palace, and obstruct the entrance of such as they thought likely to be more caressed. The decisions of PATRONAGE, who was but half a Godless, had been sometimes erroneous ; and though she always made haste to rectify her mistakes, a few instances of her fallibility encouraged every one to appeal from her judgment to his own and that of his companions, who were always ready to clamour in the common cause, and elate each other with reciprocal applause.

HOPE was a steady friend to the disappointed, and IMPUDENCE incited them to accept a second invitation, and lay their claim again before PATRONAGE. They were again, for the most part, sent back with ignominy, but found HOPE not alienated, and IMPUDENCE more resolutely zealous ; they therefore contrived new expedients, and hoped at last to prevail by their multitudes which were always increasing, and their perseverance which HOPE and IMPUDENCE forbade them to relax.

PATRONAGE having been long a stranger to the heavenly assemblies, began to degenerate towards terrestrial nature, and forget the precepts of JUSTICE and TRUTH, Instead of confining her friendship to

the SCIENCES, she suffered herself, by little and little, to contract an acquaintance with PRIDE, the daughter of FALSEHOOD, by whose embraces she had two daughters, FLATTERY and CAPRICE. FLATTERY was nursed by LIBERALITY, and CAPRICE by FORTUNE, without any assistance from the lessons of the SCIENCES.

PATRONAGE began openly to adopt the sentiments and imitate the manners of her husband, by whose opinion she now directed her decisions with very little heed to the precepts of TRUTH; and as her daughters continually gained upon her affections, the SCIENCES lost their influence, till none found much reason to boast of their reception, but those whom CAPRICE or FLATTERY conducted to her throne.

The throngs who had so long waited, and so often been dismissed for want of recommendation from the SCIENCES, were delighted to see the power of those rigorous Goddesses tending to its extinction. Their patronesses now renewed their encouragements. HOPE smiled at the approach of CAPRICE, and IMPUDENCE was always at hand to introduce her clients to FLATTERY.

PATRONAGE had now learned to procure herself reverence by ceremonies and formalities, and instead of admitting her petitioners to an immediate audience, ordered the antechamber to be erected, called among mortals, the *Hall of Expectation*. Into this hall the entrance was easy to those whom IMPUDENCE had consigned to FLATTERY, and it was there crowded with a promiscuous throng, assembled from every corner of the earth, pressing forward with the utmost eagerness of desire, and agitated with all the anxieties of competition.

They entered this general receptacle with ardour and alacrity, and made no doubt of speedy access, under the conduct of FLATTERY, to the presence of

PATRONAGE. But it generally happened that they were here left to their destiny, for the inner doors were committed to **CAPRICE**, who opened and shut them, as it seemed, by chance, and rejected or admitted without any settled rule of distinction. In the mean time the miserable attendants were left to wear out their lives in alternate exultation and dejection, delivered up to the sport of **SUSPICION**, who was always whispering into their ear designs against them which were never formed, and of **ENVY**, who diligently pointed out the good fortune of one or other of their competitors. **INFAMY** flew round the hall, and scattered mildews from her wings, with which every one was stained; **REPUTATION** followed her with slower flight, and endeavoured to hide the blemishes, with paint, which was immediately brushed away, or separated of itself, and left the stains more visible; nor were the spots of **INFAMY** ever effaced, but with limpid water effused by the hand of **TIME** from a well which sprung up beneath the throne of **TRUTH**.

It frequently happened that **SCIENCE**, unwilling to lose the ancient prerogative of recommending to **PATRONAGE**, would lead her followers into the *Hall of Expectation*; but they were soon discouraged from attending, for not only **ENVY** and **SUSPICION** incessantly tormented them, but **IMPUDENCE** considered them as intruders, and incited **INFAMY** to blacken them. They therefore quickly retired, but seldom without some spots which they could scarcely wash away, and which shewed that they had once waited in the *Hall of Expectation*.

The rest continued to expect the happy moment, at which **CAPRICE** should beckon them to approach; and endeavoured to propitiate her, not with *Homeric* harmony, the representation of great actions, or the recital of noble sentiments, but with soft and volup-

tuous melody, intermingled with the praises of **PATRONAGE** and **PRIDE**, by whom they were h once with pleasure and contempt.

Some were indeed admitted by **CAPRICE**, & they least expected it, and heaped by **PATRONA** with the gifts of **FORTUNE**, but they were fi time chained to her footstool, and condemned to regulate their lives by her glances and her nods; they seemed proud of their manacles, and seldom complained of any drudgery, however servile, or any affront, however contemptuous; yet they were often, notwithstanding their obedience, seized on a sudden by **CAPRICE**, divested of their ornaments, and th back into the *Hall of Expectation*.

Here they mingled again with the tumult, and al except a few whom experience had taught to seek happiness in the regions of liberty, continued to spend hours, and days, and years, courting the smile o **CAPRICE** by the arts of **FLATTERY**; till at length new crowds pressed in upon them, and drove t forth at different outlets into the habitations of **DIS EASE**, and **SHAME**, and **POVERTY**, and **DESPAIR** where they passed the rest of their lives in narrative of promises and breaches of faith, of joys and sorrows of hopes and disappointments.

The **SCIENCES**, after a thousand indignities, retire from the palace of **PATRONAGE**, and having lon wandered over the world in grief and distress, wer led at last to the cottage of **INDEPENDENCE**, th daughter of **FORTITUDE**; where they were taught b **PRUDENCE** and **PARSIMONY** to support themselve in dignity and quiet.

Nº 92. SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1751.

*Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures; jam litui strepunt.*

HOR.

Lo! now the clarion's voice I hear,
Its threat'ning murmurs pierce mine ear;
And in thy lines with brazen breath
The trumpet sounds the charge of death.

FRANCIS.

has been long observed, that the idea of beauty is vague and undefined, different in different minds, and diversified by time or place. It has been a term hitherto used to signify that which pleases us we know not why, and in our approbation of which we can satisfy ourselves only by the concurrence of numbers, without much power of enforcing our opinion upon others by any argument, but example and authority. It is, indeed, so little subject to the examinations of reason, that *Paschal* supposes it to end where demonstration begins, and maintains, that without ingenuity and absurdity we cannot speak of *geometrical truth*.

To trace all the sources of that various pleasure which we ascribe to the agency of beauty, or to disentangle all the perceptions involved in its idea, would perhaps require a very great part of the life of *Aristotle* or *Plato*. It is, however, in many cases, apparent that this quality is merely relative and comparative; that we pronounce things beautiful because they have something which we agree, for whatever reason, to call beauty, in a greater degree than we have been

accustomed to find it in other things of the same kind, and that we transfer the epithet as our knowledge increases, and appropriate it to higher excellence, till higher excellence comes within our view.

Much of the beauty of writing is of this kind; therefore *Boileau* justly remarks, that the books which have stood the test of time, and been admired through all the changes which the mind of man has undergone, from the various revolutions of knowledge, and the prevalence of contrary customs, have a better title to our regard than any modern can boast, because the long continuance of their reputation proves they are adequate to our faculties, and agree to our nature.

It is, however, the task of criticism to establish principles; to improve opinion into knowledge; to distinguish those means of pleasing which are founded upon known causes and rational deduction, from those nameless and inexplicable elegancies which are wholly to the fancy, from which we feel delighted, but know not how they produce it, and which may be termed the inchantresses of the soul. Criticism reduces those regions of literature under the dominion of science, which have hitherto known only the anarchy of ignorance, the caprices of fancy, and the tyranny of prescription.

There is nothing in the art of versifying so much exposed to the power of imagination as the association of the sound to the sense, or the representation of particular images, by the flow of the verse in which they are expressed. Every student has innumerable passages, in which he, and perhaps he alone, discovers such resemblances; and since the attention of the present race of poetical readers seems partly turned upon this species of elegance, I shall endeavour to examine how much these conformities have been observed by the poets, or directed by the critics.

y can be established upon nature and reason,
on what occasions they have been practised by
m.

omer, the father of all poetical beauty, has been
ularly celebrated by *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*,
that, of all the poets, exhibited the greatest variety
; for there are, says he, *innumerable passages,*
in length of time, bulk of body, extremity of
ion, and stillness of repose; or in which, on the con-
y, brevity, speed, and eagerness, are evidently mark-
ut by the sound of the syllables. Thus the anguish
slow pace with which the blind Polypheme groped
with his hands the entrance of his cave, are perceived
the cadence of the verses which describe it.

Κυκλωΐ δε στεναχων τε κ' ωδινων οδυνησι,
Χεσσι ψηλοφωων—

Mean time the *cyclop* raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round.

POPE.

The critick then proceeds to shew, that the efforts
Achilles struggling in his armour against the cur-
t of a river, sometimes resisting and sometimes
elding, may be perceived in the elisions of the syl-
bles, the slow succession of the feet, and the strength
the consonants.

Δεινον δ' αμφ' Αχιλῆα κυκωμενον ἴσατο κυμα.
Ωδεις δ' ἐν σακει πιπλων ροϋ αδε ποδισσιν
Ἔσχε σκηρῖσθαι.—

So oft the surge, in watry mountains spread,
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head,
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
And still indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Wash'd from beneath him, slides the slimy soil.

POPE.

When *Homer* describes the crush of men d
against a rock, he collects the most unpleasant
harsh sounds.

Συν δὲ δυν μαρψας, ὥς τε σκυλακας ποτι γαίῃ
Κοῦτ'· ἐκ δ' ἐγκεφαλὸς χαμαὶς ῥεε, δεινὲ δὲ γαῖαν.

—————His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy ! of my martial band,
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor :
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.

And when he would place before the eyes some
dreadful and astonishing, he makes choice of
strongest vowels, and the letters of most dis-
utterance.

Τῇ δ' ἔστι μὲν Γοργῶν βλοσυρῶπις ἑξέφαντος
Δεινὸν δρεκρομένην περὶ δὲ Δειμὸν τε φόβον τε.

Tremendous *Gorgon* frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd the expressive shield.

Many other examples *Dionysius* produces
these will sufficiently shew, that either he was false
or we have lost the genuine pronunciation ;
know not whether, in any one of these instances
similitude can be discovered. It seems, indeed
probable, that the veneration with which *Homer* was
produced many supposititious beauties ; for this
is certain, that the sound of many of his verses
justly corresponds with the things expressed, yet
the force of his imagination, which gave him a presen-
tation of every object, is considered, together with
the flexibility of his language, of which the softness
might be often contracted or dilated at pleasure
will seem unlikely that such conformity should ap-
pear less frequently even without design.

ot however to be doubted, that *Virgil*, who amidst the light of criticism, and who owed so his success to art and labour, endeavoured, her excellencies, to exhibit this similitude ; e been less happy in this than in the other versification. This felicity of his numbers ie revival of learning, displayed with great by *Vida*, in his *Art of Poetry*.

atis est illis utcunque claudere versum.—
sed numeris vocum concordibus aptant,
ono quæcunque canunt imitantur, & apta
um facie, & quæsito carminis ore.
versa opus est veluti dare versibus ora,—
lior motuque pedum, & pernicious alis,
viam tacito lapsu per levia radit:
em membris, ac mole, ignavius, ingens
tardo molimine subsidendo.
iquis subit egregio pulcherrimus ore,
um membris Venus omnibus afflat honorem.
alius rudis, informes ostendit & artus,
umque supercilium, ac caudam sinuosam,
is visu, sonitu illætabilis ipso.—
hi jam nautæ, spumas salis ære ruentes
re mari, videas spumare, reductis
sum remis, rostrisque stridentibus, æquor.
ingè sale saxa sonant, tunc & freta ventis
it agitata tumescere: littore fluctus
rauco, atque refracta remurmurat unda
ulos, cumulo insequitur præruptus aquæ mons.—
ro ex alto speculatus carula Nereus
n morem stagni, placidæque paludis,
uncta vadis abies, natat uncta carina.—
tiam res exigæ angusta sequuntur,
isque juvant ingentia: cuncta gigantem
ecent, vultus immanes, pectora lata,
ni membrorum artus, magna ossa, lacertique.
deo, siquid geritur molimine magno,
oram, & pariter tecum quoque verba laborent
seu quando vi multa gleba coactis
mfrangenda bidentibus, æquore seu cum
velatarum obvertimus antennarum.
si fuerit damno, properare jubebo.

*Si se forte cava extulerit mala vipera terra,
Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor;
Ferte citi flammæ, date tela, repellite pestem.
Ipse etiam versus ruat, in præcepsque feratur,
Immenso cum præcipitans ruit Oceano nox,
Aut cum, percussus graviter, procumbit humi bar,
Cumque etiam requies rebus datur, ipsa quoque ultro
Carmina paulisper cursu cessare videsis,
In medio interrupta: quierunt cum freta ponti,
Postquam auræ posuere, quiescere protinus ipsum
Cernere erit, mediisque incaptis sistere versus.
Quid dicam, senior cum telum imbellè sine ictu
Invalidus jacit, & defectis viribus æger?
Nam quoque tum versus segni pariter pede languet:
Sanguis hebet, frigent effata in corpore vires.
Fortem autem juvenem deceat prorumpere in arces
Evertisse domos, præfractaque quadrupedantum
Pectora pectoribus perrumpere, sternere turres
Ingentes, totaque, ferum, dare funera campo.*

'Tis not enough his verses to complete,
In measure, number, or determin'd feet.
'To all, proportion'd terms he must dispense,
And make the sound a picture of the sense:
'The correspondent words exactly frame,
'The look, the features, and the mien the same.
With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away:
This blooms with youth and beauty in his face,
And *Venus* breathes on every limb a grace;
That, of rude form, his uncouth members shows,
Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows;
His monstrous tail in many a fold and wind,
Voluminous and vast, curls up behind;
At once the image and the lines appear,
Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear.
Lo! when the sailors steer the pond'rous ships,
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,
Incumbent on the main that roars around,
Beneath the lab'ring oars the waves resound;
The prows wide echoing thro' the dark profound. }
To the loud call each distant rock replies;
Tost by the storm the tow'ring surges rise;
While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding shore;
Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar.
Flash at the shock, and gath'ring in a heap,
The liquid mountains rise, and over-hang the deep.

en blue *Neptune* from his car surveys,
 lms at one regard the raging seas,
 'd like a peaceful lake the deep subsides,
 e pitch'd vessel o'er the surface glides.
 things are small, the terms should still be so;
 words please us, when the theme is low.
 en some giant, horrible and grim,
 ous in his gait, and vast in ev'ry limb,
 ow'ring on; the swelling words must rise
 proportion to the monster's size.
 large weight his huge arm strive to shove,
 rse too labours; the throng'd words scarce move,
 each stiff clod beneath the pond'rous plough
 les and breaks, the encumber'd lines must flow.
 is, when pilots catch the friendly gales,
 their shrouds, and hoist the wide-stretch'd sails,
 the poem suffers from delay,
 e lines fly precipitate away,
 en the viper issues from the brake,
 ck; with stones, and brands, and fire, attack }
 ng crest, and drive the serpent back.
 ight descends, or stunn'd by num'rous strokes,
 oaning, to the earth drops the vast ox;
 ie too sinks with correspondent sound,
 th the steer, and headlong to the ground.
 the wild waves subside, and tempests cease,
 ush the roarings of the sea to peace;
 ve see the interrupted strain }
 l in the midst—and with the silent main
 for a space—at last it glides again.
Priam strains his aged arms, to throw
 availing jav'lin at the foe;
 lood congeal'd, and ev'ry nerve unstrung)
 with the theme complies the artful song;
 im, the solitary numbers flow,
 trembling, melancholy, stiff, and slow,
 young *Pyrrhus*, who with rapid force
 lown embattled armies in his course.
 ging youth on trembling *Ilium* falls,
 her strong gates, and shakes her lofty walls;
 tes his flying courser to the speed,
 career to charge the warlike steed:
 es the field with mountains of the slain;
 ars, he storms, he thunders thro' the plain.

PITT.

he *Italian* gardens *Pope* seems to have trans-

planted this flower, the growth of happier cl
into a soil less adapted to its nature, and less in
able to its increase.

Soft is the strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows.
But when loud billows lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When *Ajax* strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

From these lines, laboured with great attention, and celebrated by a rival wit, may be judged what can be expected from the most diligent endeavours after this imagery of sound. The verse intended to represent the whisper of the vernal breeze, must be confessed not much to excel in softness or volubility; and the smooth stream runs with a perpetual clash of jarring consonants. The noise and turbulence of the torrent is, indeed, distinctly imaged, for it requires very little skill to make our language rough; but in these lines, which mention the effort of *Ajax*, there is no particular heaviness, obstruction, or delay. The swiftness of *Camilla* is rather contrasted than exemplified; why the verse should be lengthened to express speed, will not be easily discovered. In the dactyls used for that purpose by the ancients, two short syllables were pronounced with such rapidity, as to be equal only to one long; they, therefore, naturally exhibit the act of passing through a long space in a short time. But the *Alexandrine*, by its pause in the midst, is a tardy and stately measure; and the word *unbending*, one of the most sluggish and slow which our language affords, cannot much accelerate its motion.

These rules and these examples have taught our present criticks to inquire very studiously and minute-

into sounds and cadences. It is, therefore, useful to examine with what skill they have proceeded; what discoveries they have made; and whether any rules can be established which may guide us hereafter in such researches.

Nº 93. TUESDAY, FEB. 5, 1751.

*Experiar quid concedatur in illos
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.*

JUV.

More safely truth to urge her claim presumes,
On names now found alone on books and tombs.

HERE are few books on which more time is spent by young students, than on treatises which deliver the characters of authors; nor any which oftener deceive the expectation of the reader, or fill his mind with more opinions which the progress of his studies and the increase of his knowledge oblige him to resign.

Baillet has introduced his collection of the decisions of the learned, by an enumeration of the prejudices which mislead the critick, and raise the passions in rebellion against the judgment. His catalogue, though large, is imperfect; and who can hope to complete it? The beauties of writing have been observed to be often such as cannot in the present state of human know-

ledge be evinced by evidence, or drawn out into demonstrations; they are therefore wholly subject to the imagination, and do not force their effects upon a mind preoccupied by unfavourable sentiments, nor overcome the counter-action of a false principle, or of stubborn partiality.

To convince any man against his will is hard, but to please him against his will is justly pronounced by *Dryden* to be above the reach of human abilities. Interest and passion will hold out long against the closest siege of diagrams and syllogisms, but they are absolutely impregnable to imagery and sentiment; and will for ever bid defiance to the most powerful strains of *Virgil* or *Homer*, though they may give way in time to the batteries of *Euclid* or *Archimedes*.

In trusting therefore to the sentence of a critick, we are in danger not only from that vanity which exalts writers too often to the dignity of teaching what they are yet to learn, from that negligence which sometimes steals upon the most vigilant caution, and that fallibility to which the condition of nature has subjected every human understanding; but from a thousand extrinsick and accidental causes, from every thing which can excite kindness or malevolence, veneration or contempt.

Many of those who have determined with great boldness, upon the various degrees of literary merit, may be justly suspected of having passed sentence, as *Seneca* remarks of *Claudius*,

*Una tantum Parte audita,
Sæpe et nulla,*

without much knowledge of the cause before them: for it will not easily be imagined of *Langbanc*, *Borrichius*, or *Rapin*, that they had very accurately perused all the books which they praise or censure; or

even if nature and learning had qualified them judges, they could read for ever with the attention necessary to just criticism. Such performances, however, are not wholly without their use; for they are commonly just echoes to the voice of fame, and transcribe the general suffrage of mankind when they have no particular motives to suppress it.

Criticks, like the rest of mankind, are very frequently misled by interest. The bigotry with which critics regard the authors whom they illustrate or correct, has been generally remarked. *Dryden* was known to have written most of his critical dissertations only to recommend the work upon which he then happened to be employed; and *Addison* is suspected to have denied the expediency of poetical justice, because his own *Cato* was condemned to perish in a good cause.

There are prejudices which authors, not otherwise weak or corrupt, have indulged without scruple; and perhaps some of them are so complicated with our natural affections, that they cannot easily be disentangled from the heart. Scarce any can hear with impartiality a comparison between the writers of his own and another country; and though it cannot, I think, be charged equally on all nations, that they are blinded with this literary patriotism, yet there are none that do not look upon their authors with the fondness of affinity, and esteem them as well for the place of their birth, as for their knowledge or their wit. There is, therefore, seldom much respect due to comparative criticism, when the competitors are of different countries, unless the judge is of a nation equally indifferent to both. The *Italians* could not for a long time believe, that there was any learning beyond the mountains; and the *French* seem generally persuaded, that there are no wits or reasoners equal to their own. I can scarcely conceive that if *Scaliger* had not con-

sidered himself as allied to *Virgil*, by being born in the same country, he would have found his work much superior to those of *Homer*, or have the controversy worthy of so much zeal, vehement acrimony.

There is, indeed, one prejudice, and only one, which it may be doubted whether it is any dishonour to be sometimes misguided. Criticism has so often given occasion to the envious and ill-natured of justifying their malignity, that some have thought it necessary to recommend the virtue of candour with restriction, and to preclude all future liberty of discussion. Writers possessed with this opinion are continually enforcing civility and decency, recommending to critics the proper diffidence of themselves, and inculcating the veneration due to celebrated names.

I am not of opinion that these professed enemies of arrogance and severity have much more benevolence or modesty than the rest of mankind; or that they feel in their own hearts, any other intention than to distinguish themselves by their softness and weakness. Some are modest because they are timid, and some are lavish of praise because they hope to be repaid.

There is indeed some tenderness due to writers, when they attack none of those truths which are of importance to the happiness of mankind, and have committed no other offence than that of betraying their own ignorance or dulness. I do not think it cruelty to crush an insect who had provoked me only by buzzing in my ear; and would not willingly interrupt the dream of harmless stupidity, nor destroy the jest which makes its author laugh. I am far from thinking this tenderness universally necessary; for he that writes may be considered as a kind of general challenger, whom every one has a right to attack; since he quits the common road

steps forward beyond the lists, and offers his
it to the publick judgment. To commence author
claim praise, and no man can justly aspire to
our, but at the hazard of disgrace.

But whatever be decided concerning contemporaries,
he that knows the treachery of the human heart,
considers how often we gratify our own pride or
vy under the appearance of contending for elegance
d propriety, will find himself not much inclined to
turb; there can surely be no exemptions pleaded to
cure them from criticism, who can no longer suffer
reproach, and of whom nothing now remains but
ir writings and their names. Upon these authors
critick is undoubtedly at full liberty to exercise the
strictest severity, since he endangers only his own
fame, and, like *Aeneas* when he drew his sword in the
infernal regions, encounters phantoms which cannot
be wounded. He may indeed pay some regard to
established reputation; but he can by that shew of
reverence consult only his own security, for all other
motives are now at an end.

The faults of a writer of acknowledged excellence
are more dangerous, because the influence of his ex-
ample is more extensive; and the interest of learning
requires that they should be discovered and stigma-
tized, before they have the sanction of antiquity con-
ferred upon them, and become precedents of indis-
putable authority.

It has, indeed, been advanced by *Addison*, as one
of the characteristicks of a true critick, that he points
out beauties rather than faults. But it is rather
natural to a man of learning and genius, to apply
himself chiefly to the study of writers who have more
beauties than faults to be displayed: for the duty of
criticism is neither to depreciate nor dignify by partial
representations, but to hold out the light of reason,

whatever it may discover; and to promul
terminations of truth, whatever she shall

[N^o 94. SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1

*Bonus atque fidus
Judex—per obstantes catervas
Explicuit sua victor arma.*

R

Perpetual magistrate is he
Who keeps strict justice full in sight;
Who bids the crowd at awful distance gaze,
And virtue's arms victoriously displays.

P

THE resemblance of poetick numbers to which they mention or describe, may be co general or particular; as consisting in the structure of a whole passage taken together, comprised in the sound of some emphatic scriptive words, or in the cadence and single verses.

The general resemblance of the sound to is to be found in every language which poetry, in every author whose force of fancy him to impress images strongly on his own whose choice and variety of language read him with just representations. To such a natural to change his measure with his suit without any effort of the understanding, or tion of the judgment. To revolve jollity

rily tunes the voice of a poet to gay and spright-
 y no as it fires his eye with vivacity; and reflection
 gloomy situations and disastrous events, will sadden
 us numbers, as it will cloud his countenance. But in
 h passages there is only the similitude of pleasure
 o pleasure, and of grief to grief, without any im-
 mediate application to particular images. The same
 v of joyous versification will celebrate the jollity of
 iage, and the exultation of triumph; and the
 ame languor of melody will suit the complaints of
 absent lover, as of a conquered king.

it is scarcely to be doubted, that on many occasions
 ve make the musick which we imagine ourselves to
 ear; that we modulate the poem by our own dispo-
 sition, and ascribe to the numbers the effects of the
 ense. We may observe in life, that it is not easy to
 eliver a pleasant message in an displeasing manner,
 l that we readily associate beauty and deformity
 with those whom for any reason we love or hate. Yet
 would be too daring to declare that all the celebrated
 imitations of harmony are chimerical; that *Homer*
 no extraordinary attention to the melody of his
 erse when he described a nuptial festivity;

Νυμφαὶ δ' ἐκ θαλαμῶν, δαίδων, ὑπολαμπομενῶν,
 ἤγινον ἀνά αἶψα, πολὺς δ' ὕμναιος ὄρωρει;

Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
 And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
 Along the street the new-made brides are led,
 With torches flaming to the nuptial bed;
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound
 To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound.

POPE.

at *Vida* was merely fanciful, when he supposed
Virgil endeavouring to represent by uncommon sweet-
 ness of numbers the adventitious beauty of *Æneas*;

*Os, humerosque Deo similis: namque ipse decoram
 Casariam nato genitrix, lumenque juventæ
 Purpureum, & latos oculos afflavit honores.*

The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight
 August in visage, and serenely bright.
 His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
 Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine;
 And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
 And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face.

DRYDEN.

or that *Milton* did not intend to exemplify the harmony which he mentions :

Fountains! and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

That *Milton* understood the force of sounds well adjusted, and knew the compass and variety of the ancient measures, cannot be doubted, since he was both a musician and a critick; but he seems to have considered these conformities of cadence, as either not often attainable in our language, or as petty excellencies unworthy of his ambition; for it will not be found that he has always assigned the same cast of numbers to the same objects. He has given in two passages very minute descriptions of angelick beauty; but though the images are nearly the same, the numbers will be found upon comparison very different.

And now a stripling cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd celestial, and to ev'ry limb
 Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd;
 Under a coronet his flowing hair,
 In curls on either cheek play'd: wings he wore
 Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold.

Some of the lines of this description are remarkably defective in harmony, and therefore by no means

respondent with that symmetrical elegance and grace which they are intended to exhibit. The lure, however, is fully compensated by the representation of *Raphael*, which equally delights the ear and imagination.

A seraph wing'd: six wings he wore to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament: the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs, with downy gold,
And colours dipp'd in Heaven: the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain! like *Maia's* son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide.—

The adumbration of particular and distinct images an exact and perceptible resemblance of sound, is sometimes studied, and sometimes casual. Every language has many words formed in imitation of the uses which they signify. Such are *Stridor*, *Balo*, and *Beatus*, in *Latin*; and in *English* to growl, to buzz, hiss, and to jar. Words of this kind give to a sense the proper similitude of sound, without much labour of the writer, and such happiness is therefore rather to be attributed to fortune than skill; yet they are sometimes combined with great propriety, and indeniably contribute to enforce the impression of the idea. We hear the passing arrow in this line of *Virgil*;

Et fugit borrendum stridens elapsa sagitta;
Th' impetuous arrow whizzes on the wing.

POPE.

and the creaking of hell-gates, in the description by *Milton*;

Open fly
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
 Th' infernal doors; and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder

But many beauties of this kind, which the moderns and perhaps the ancients, have observed, seem to be the product of blind reverence acting upon fancy. *Dionysius* himself tells us, that the sound of *Horns* sometimes exhibits the idea of corporeity. Is not this a discovery nearly approaching to the truth? the blind man, who after long inquiry into the meaning of the scarlet colour, found that it represented noise, so much as the clangour of a trumpet? The representative power of poetick harmony consists of sound and measure; of the force of the syllables considered, and of the time in which they are pronounced. Sound can resemble nothing but sound, and time can measure nothing but motion and duration.

The criticks, however, have struck out other subtleties; nor is there any irregularity of numbers which credulous admiration cannot discover to be eminently beautiful. Thus the propriety of each of these has been celebrated by writers whose opinion the world has reason to regard:

Vertitur interea calum, & ruit oceano nox.—

Meantime the rapid Heavens rowl'd down the light,
 And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night.

DRYDEN

Sternitur, exanimisque tremens procumbit bumi bos.—

Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound;
 But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.

DRYDEN

Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.—

The mountains labour, and a mouse is born.

ROSCOMBE

these observations are just, there must be some remarkable conformity between the sudden succession of light to day, the fall of an ox under a blow, and the birth of a mouse from a mountain; since we are struck by all these images, that they are very strongly impressed by the same form and termination of the

We may, however, without giving way to enthusiasm, admit that some beauties of this kind may be produced. A sudden stop at an unusual syllable, or the image of the cessation of action, or the pause of a course; and *Milton* has very happily imitated the effects of an echo:

I fled, and cried out *death*:
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back resounded *death*.

The measure or time in pronouncing may be varied very strongly to represent, not only the modes of natural motion, but the quick or slow succession of ideas, and consequently the passions of the mind. At least was the power of the spondaick and dactylic harmony, but our language can reach no eminence in the diversities of sound. We can indeed sometimes, by numbering and retarding the line, shew the labour of a progress made by strong efforts and frequent interruptions, or mark a slow and heavy motion. Thus *Milton* has imaged the toil of *Satan* struggling through chaos;

So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Mov'd on: with difficulty and labour he——

He has described the leviathans or whales;

Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait.

But he has at other times neglected such representations, as may be observed in the volubility and levity of these lines, which express an action tardy and reluctant.

Descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep,
With what confusion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then.

In another place, he describes the gentle gliding of ebbing waters in a line remarkably rough and halting;

Tripping ebb; that stole
With soft foot tow'rd's the deep who now had stopp'd
His sluices.

It is not indeed to be expected, that the sound should always assist the meaning, but it ought not to counteract it; and therefore *Milton* has here certainly committed a fault like that of the player, who looked on the earth when he implored the heaven, and to the heavens when he addressed the earth.

Those who are determined to find in *Milton* an assemblage of all the excellencies which have embellished all other poets, will perhaps be offended that I do not celebrate his versification in higher terms; for there are readers who discover that in this passage,

So stretch'd out huge in length the arch fiend lay,

a *long* form is described in a *long* line; but the truth is, that length of body is only mentioned in a *single* line, to which it has only the resemblance of time and space, of an hour to a may-pole.

The same turn of ingenuity might perform wonders upon the description of the ark :

Then from the mountains hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk;
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height.

In these lines the poet apparently designs to fix the attention upon bulk ; but this is effected by the enumeration, not by the measure ; for what analogy can there be between modulations of sound, and corporeal dimensions ?

Milton, indeed, seems only to have regarded this species of embellishment so far as not to reject it when it came unsought ; which would often happen to a mind so vigorous, employed upon a subject so various and extensive. He had, indeed, a greater and a nobler work to perform ; a single sentiment of moral or religious truth, a single image of life or nature, would have been cheaply lost for a thousand echoes of the cadence to the sense ; and he who had undertaken to *vindicate the ways of God to man*, might have been accused of neglecting his cause, had he lavished much of his attention upon syllables and sounds.

N^o 95. TUESDAY, FEB. 12, 1751.

*Parcus Deorum cultor, & infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientie
Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos.*

HOB.

A fugitive from Heav'n and prayer,
I mock'd at all religious fear,
Deep scienc'd in the mazy lore
Of mad philosophy; but now
Hoist sail, and back my voyage plow
To that blest harbour, which I left before.

FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THERE are many diseases, both of the body and mind, which it is far easier to prevent than to cure, and therefore I hope you will think me employed in an office not useless either to learning or virtue, if I describe the symptoms of an intellectual malady, which, though at first it seizes only the passions, will, if not speedily remedied, infect the reason, and, from blasting the blossoms of knowledge, proceed in time to canker the root.

I was born in the house of discord. My parents were of unsuitable ages, contrary tempers, and different religions, and therefore employed the spirit and acuteness which nature had very liberally bestowed upon both, in hourly disputes, and incessant contrivances to detect each other in the wrong; so that from the first exertions of reason I was bred a dis-

ant, trained up in all the arts of domestick sophistry, iated in a thousand low stratagems, nimble shifts, lslly concealments; versed in all the turns of alteration, and acquainted with the whole discipline of *ding* and *proving*.

It was necessarily my care to preserve the kindness both the controvertists, and therefore I had very ly formed the habit of suspending my judgment, hearing arguments with indifference, inclining as asion required to either side, and of holding myself determined between them till I knew for what nion I might conveniently declare.

Thus, Sir, I acquired very early the skill of dis- tion; and, as we naturally love the arts in which believe ourselves to excel, I did not let my abilities useless, nor suffer my dexterity to be lost for want practice. I engaged in perpetual wrangles with my ool-fellows, and was never to be convinced or ressed by any other arguments than blows, by which antagonists commonly determined the controversy, I was, like the *Roman* orator, much more eminent eloquence than courage.

At the university I found my predominant ambition mpletely gratified by the study of logick. I imssed upon my memory a thousand axioms, and tep usand distinctions, practised every form of syl- ism, passed all my days in the schools of dis- ation, and slept every night with *Smiglecus* on my ow.

You will not doubt but such a genius was soon sed to eminence by such application: I was cele- ted in my third year for the most artful opponent t the university could boast, and became the terror l envy of all the candidates for philosophical re- ation.

My renown, indeed, was not purchased but at the ce of all my time and all my studies. I never

spoke but to contradict, nor declaimed but in defence of a position universally acknowledged to be false, and therefore worthy, in my opinion, to be adorned with all the colours of false representation, and strengthened with all the arts of fallacious subtilty.

My father, who had no other wish than to see his son richer than himself, easily concluded that I should distinguish myself among the professors of the law; and therefore, when I had taken my first degree, dispatched me to the *Temple* with a paternal admonition, that I should never suffer myself to feel shame, for nothing but modesty could retard my fortune.

Vitiated, ignorant, and heady as I was, I not yet lost my reverence for virtue, and therefore could not receive such dictates without horror; but however was pleased with his determination of my course of life, because he placed me in the way that leads soonest from the prescribed walks of discipline and education, to the open fields of liberty and choice.

I was now in the place where every one catches the contagion of vanity, and soon began to distinguish myself by sophisms and paradoxes. I declared war against all received opinions and established rules, and levelled my batteries particularly against those universal principles which had stood unshaken in all the vicissitudes of literature, and are considered as the inviolable temples of truth, or the impregnable bulwarks of science.

I applied myself chiefly to those parts of learning which have filled the world with doubt and perplexity, and could readily produce all the arguments relating to matter and motion, time and space, identity and infinity.

I was equally able and equally willing to maintain the system of *Newton* or *Descartes*, and favoured occasionally the hypothesis of *Ptolemy*, or that of

vernicus. I sometimes exalted vegetables to sense, I sometimes degraded animals to mechanism.

Nor was I less inclined to weaken the credit of history, or perplex the doctrines of polity. I was always of the party which I heard the company condemn.

Among the zealots of liberty I could harangue with great copiousness upon the advantages of absolute monarchy, the secrecy of its counsels, and the expedition of its measures; and often celebrated the blessings produced by the extinction of parties, and preclusion debates.

Among the assertors of regal authority, I never failed to declaim with republican warmth upon the original charter of universal liberty, the corruption of courts, and the folly of voluntary submission to those whom nature has levelled with ourselves.

I knew the defects of every scheme of government, and the inconveniencies of every law. I sometimes shewed how much the condition of mankind would be improved, by breaking the world into petty sovereignties, and sometimes displayed the felicity and peace which universal monarchy would diffuse over the earth.

To every acknowledged fact I found innumerable objections; for it was my rule, to judge of history only by abstracted probability, and therefore I made no scruple of bidding defiance to testimony. I have more than once questioned the existence of *Alexander the Great*; and having demonstrated the folly of erecting edifices like the pyramids of *Egypt*, I frequently hinted my suspicion that the world had been long deceived, and that they were to be found only in the narratives of travellers.

It had been happy for me could I have confined my scepticism to historical controversies, and philosophical disquisitions; but having now violated my reason,

and accustomed myself to inquire not after proofs, but objections, I had perplexed truth with falsehood, till my ideas were confused, my judgment embarrassed, and my intellects distorted. The habit of considering every proposition as alike uncertain, left me not by which any tenet could be tried; every opinion presented both sides with equal evidence, and my fallacies began to operate upon my own mind in more important inquiries. It was at last the sport of my vanity to weaken the obligations of moral duty, efface the distinctions of good and evil, till I deadened the sense of conviction, and abandoned heart to the fluctuations of uncertainty, without anchor and without compass, without satisfaction curiosity, or peace of conscience, without principles of reason, or motives of action.

Such is the hazard of repressing the first perceptions of truth, of spreading for diversion the snares of sophistry, and engaging reason against its own determination.

The disproportions of absurdity grow less and less visible as we are reconciled by degrees to the deformity of a mistress; and falsehood, by long use, is assimilated to the mind, as poison to the body.

I had soon the mortification of seeing my conversation courted only by the ignorant or wicked, by either boys who were enchanted by novelty, or wretches, who, having long disobeyed virtue and reason, were now desirous of my assistance to dethrone them.

Thus alarmed, I shuddered at my own corruption, and that pride by which I had been seduced contributed to reclaim me. I was weary of continual irresolution, and a perpetual equipoise of the mind; and ashamed of being the favourite of those who were scorned and shunned by the rest of mankind.

I therefore retired from all temptation to dispute,

ibed a new regimen to my understanding, and
 ived, instead of rejecting all established opinions
 ch I could not prove, to tolerate though not adopt
 which I could not confute. I forbore to heat my
 agination with needless controversies, to discuss
 uestions confessedly uncertain, and refrained steadily
 m gratifying my vanity by the support of false-
 ood.

By this method I am at length recovered from my
 rgumental delirium, and find myself in the state of
 awakened from the confusion and tumult of a
 erish dream. I rejoice in the new possession of
 vidence and reality, and step on from truth to truth
 with confidence and quiet.

I am, SIR, &c.

PERTINAX.

N^o 96. SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1751.

*Quod si Platonis musa personat verum,
 Quod quisque discit, immemor recordatur.*

BOETHIUS.

Truth in Platonick ornaments bedeck'd,
 Inforc'd we love, unheeding recollect.

It is reported of the *Persians*, by an ancient writer,
 that the sum of their education consisted in teaching
 youth to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak
 truth.

The bow and the horse were easily mastered, would have been happy if we had been informed what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what servatives a *Persian* mind was secured against temptations to falsehood.

There are indeed, in the present corruption of kind, many incitements to forsake truth; the necessity of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of posing on the ignorance or credulity of others, frequently occur; so many immediate evils are thus avoided, and so many present gratifications are obtained by craft and delusion, that very few of those who are much entangled in life, have spirit and courage sufficient to support them in the steady practice of open veracity.

In order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependent by interest, and the friend by tender affection. Those who are neither servile nor timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness, will dispose to pay them.

The guilt of falsehood is very widely extended, and many whom their conscience can scarcely charge with stooping to a lie, have vitiated the morals of others by their vanity, and patronized the vice which they believe themselves to abhor.

Truth is, indeed, not often welcome for its own sake; it is generally displeasing, because contrary to our wishes and opposite to our practice; and as our attention naturally follows our interest, we hear unwillingly what we are afraid to know, and soon forget what we have no inclination to impress upon our memories.

For this reason many arts of instruction have been invented, by which the reluctance against truth may be overcome, and as physick is given to children in confections, precepts have been hidden under a thousand disguises, that mankind may be bribed by pleasure to escape destruction.

While the world was yet in its infancy, TRUTH descended among mortals from above, and FALSEHOOD ascended from below. TRUTH was the daughter of JUPITER and WISDOM; FALSEHOOD was the progeny of SATAN and FLATTERY impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creation, and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of Heaven were turned upon the contest.

TRUTH seemed conscious of superior power and juster claim, and therefore came on towering and majestic, unassisted and alone; REASON indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower rather than companion. Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive, and when once she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

FALSEHOOD always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of TRUTH, and was very successful in the arts of mimicry. She was surrounded, animated, and supported by innumerable legions of appetites and passions, but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies. Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent; for she had no steadiness nor constancy. She often gained conquests by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength, but maintained by the help of the passions, whom she generally found resolute and faithful.

It sometimes happened that the antagonists met in full opposition. In these encounters, FALSEHOOD

always invested her head with clouds, and **FRAUD** to place ambushes about her. In hand she bore the shield of **IMPUDENCE**, **VER** of **SOPHISTRY** rattled on her shoulder. passions attended at her call; **VANITY** clasp wings before, and **OBSTINACY** supported. Thus guarded and assisted, she sometimes against **TRUTH**, and sometimes waited; but always endeavoured to skirmish at a distance; perpetually shifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for she certainly found strength failed, whenever the eye of **TRUTH** full upon her.

TRUTH had the awful aspect though not der of her father, and when the long continued the contest brought them near to one another, **FALSEHOOD** let the arms of **SOPHISTRY** fall from her and, holding up the shield of **IMPUDENCE** with her hands, sheltered herself amongst the people.

TRUTH, though she was often wounded, and recovered in a short time; but it was common to the slightest hurt, received by **FALSEHOOD**, to malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to creep again when it seemed to have been cured.

FALSEHOOD, in a short time, found by experience that her superiority consisted only in the celerity of her course, and the changes of her posture. she therefore ordered **SUSPICION** to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to cross the way of **TRUTH**, who, as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line, was easily escaped by the oblique and desultory movements, the quick retreats and active doubles which **FALSEHOOD** always practised, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

By this procedure, **FALSEHOOD** every hour encroached upon the world, and extended her empire.

all climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories she left the PASSIONS in full authority; who were so well pleased with combat they held out with great obstinacy when came to seize their posts, and never failed to progress, though they could not always stop yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent and sullen submission; and always inclined to when TRUTH ceased to awe them by her presence.

HER, who, when she first descended from the palaces, expected to have been received by acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with reverence, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found, that where she came, she must force her passage. Every way was precluded by PREJUDICE, and every mind occupied by PASSION. She, indeed, advanced slowly; and often lost the ground which she left behind her, by sudden insurrection of the appetites, that shook off their allegiance and ranged themselves again under the banner of her enemy.

HER, however, did not grow weaker by the contest, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet she was shocked to see herself thus baffled and impeded by her enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, who had no advantage but such as she owed to her cunning, weakness, and artifice. She, therefore, in anger of disappointment, called upon her father, HEAVEN, to re-establish her in the skies, and leave her to the disorder and misery which they deserved by submitting willingly to the usurpation of her enemy.

HEAVEN, who compassionated the world too much to refuse her request, yet was willing to ease her labours, and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to

consult the muses by what methods she r
an easier reception, and reign without th
cessant war. It was then discovered, t
structed her own progress by the severit
pect, and the solemnity of her dictates ; a
would never willingly admit her, till th
fear her, since, by giving themselves up
HOOD, they seldom made any sacrifice
or pleasure, because she took the shape th
engaging, and always suffered herself to
and painted by DESIRE. The muses v
loom of *Pallas*, a loose and changeable rol
in which FALSEHOOD captivated her admi
this they invested TRUTH, and named he
She now went out again to conquer with
cess ; for when she demanded entrance
SIONS, they often mistook her for FALSE
delivered up their charge : but when sh
taken possession, she was soon disrobed b
and shone out, in her original form, wit
fulgence and resistless dignity.

N^o 97. TUESDAY, FEB. 19, 1751.

*Fœcunda culpæ secula, nuptias
Primum inquinavere, & genus, et domos,
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.*

HOR,

Fruitful of crimes, this age first stain'd
Their hapless offspring, and profan'd
The nuptial bed; from whence the woes,
Which various and unnumber'd rose
From this polluted fountain head,
O'er *Rome*, and o'er the nations spread.

FRANCIS.

THE reader is indebted for this day's entertainment to an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHEN the SPECTATOR was first published in single papers, it gave me so much pleasure, that it is one of the favourite amusements of my age to recollect it; and when I reflect on the foibles of those times, as described in that useful work, and compare them with the vices now reigning among us, I cannot but wish that you would oftener take cognizance of the manners of the better half of the human species, that if your precepts and observations be carried down to posterity, the SPECTATORS may shew to the rising generation what were the fashionable follies of their grandmothers, the RAMBLER of their mothers, and

that from both they may draw instruction and
ing.

When I read those **SPECTATORS** which took
of the misbehaviour of young women at church
which they vainly hope to attract admirers, I
pronounce such forward young women **SEEKERS**
order to distinguish them by a mark of infamy
those who had patience and decency to stay till
were sought.

But I have lived to see such a change in
ners of women, that I would now be willing to
pound with them for that name, although I
thought it disgraceful enough, if they would be
no worse; since now they are too generally given
to negligence of domestick business, to idle amuse-
ments, and to wicked rackets, without any view
at all but of squandering time.

In the time of the **SPECTATOR**, excepting
times an appearance in the ring, sometimes at a
and chosen play, sometimes on a visit at the house
a grave relation, the young ladies contented
selves to be found employed in domestick duties; nor
then routs, drums, balls, assemblies, and such like
markets for women, were not known.

Modesty and diffidence, gentleness and meekness,
were looked upon as the appropriate virtues and cha-
racteristick graces of the sex. And if a forward spirit
pushed itself into notice, it was exposed in print as
it deserved.

The churches were almost the only places where
single women were to be seen by strangers. Men
went thither expecting to see them, and perhaps too
much for that only purpose.

But some good often resulted, however improper
might be their motives. Both sexes were in the way
of their duty. The man must be abandoned indeed,
who loves not goodness in another; nor were the

young fellows of that age so wholly lost to a sense of right, as pride and conceit have since made them affect to be. When, therefore, they saw a fair-one, whose decent behaviour and cheerful piety shewed her earnest in her first duties, they had the less doubt, judging politically only, that she would have a conscientious regard to her second.

With what ardour have I seen watched for, the rising of a kneeling beauty ; and what additional charms has devotion given to her recommunicated features ?

The men were often the better for what they heard. Even a *Saul* was once found prophesying among the prophets whom he had set out to destroy. To a man thus put into good humour by a pleasing object, religion itself looked more amiable. The MEN SEEKERS of the SPECTATOR'S time loved the holy place for the object's sake, and loved the object for her suitable behaviour in it.

Reverence mingled with their love, and they thought that a young lady of such good principles must be addressed only by the man who at least made a shew of good principles, whether his heart was yet quite right or not.

Nor did the young lady's behaviour, at any time of the service, lessen this reverence. Her eyes were her own, her ears the preacher's. Women are always most observed when they seem themselves least to observe, or to lay out for observation. The eye of a respectful lover loves rather to receive confidence from the withdrawn eye of the fair-one, than to find itself obliged to retreat.

When a young gentleman's affection was thus laudably engaged, he pursued its natural dictates ; keeping then was a rare, at least a secret and scandalous vice, and a wife was the summit of his wishes. Rejection was now dreaded, and pre-engagement apprehended.

A woman whom he loved, he was ready to thi
be admired by all the world. His fears, his
tainties, increased his love.

Every inquiry he made into the lady's domesti
cellence, which, when a wife is to be chosen, will
not be neglected, confirmed him in his choice.
opens his heart to a common friend, and ho
covers the state of his fortune. His friend
those of the young lady, whose parents, ir
prove his proposals, disclose them to their da

She, perhaps, is not an absolute stranger to un
sion of the young gentleman. His eyes, his
ities, his constant attendance at a church, whi
of late, he used seldom to come, and a thou
observances that he paid her, had very probaory
forced her to regard, and then inclined her to f
him.

That a young lady should be in love, and the love
of the young gentleman undeclared, is an heterodoxy
which prudence, and even policy, must not allow.
But thus applied to, she is all resignation to her pa
rents. Charming resignation, which inclination op
poses not.

Her relations applaud her for her duty; friends
meet; points are adjusted; delightful perturbations,
and hopes, and a few lover's fears, fill up the tedious
space, till an interview is granted; for the young
lady had not made herself cheap at publick places.

The time of interview arrives. She is modestly re
served; he is not confident. He declares his passion;
the consciousness of her own worth, and his applica
tion to her parents, take from her any doubt of his
sincerity; and she owns herself obliged to him for his
good opinion. The inquiries of her friends into his
character have taught her that his good opinion de
serves to be valued.

She tacitly allows of his future visits; he renews

the regard of each for the other is confirmed; when he presses for the favour of her hand, he makes a declaration of an intire acquiescence with her choice, and a modest acknowledgment of esteem

owes to her parents, therefore, for a near day; he thanks himself under obligation to them for the kind and affectionate manner with which they receive his agreeable application.

At this prospect of future happiness, the marriage is celebrated. Gratulations pour in from every

Parents and relations on both sides, brought in the course of the courtship, can receive the young couple with countenances illuminated, and hearts gladdened.

Brothers, the sisters, the friends of one family, brothers, the sisters, the friends of the other. Two families thus made one, are the world to the young couple.

Home is the place of their principal delight, they ever occasionally quit it but they find the pleasure of returning to it augmented in proportion to the time of their absence from it.

Mr. RAMBLER! forgive the talkativeness of an old man. When I courted and married my *Latitia*, a blooming beauty, every thing passed just as it does now. The ladies, maidens, wives, and young women, are engrossed by places of open resort and entertainment, which fill every quarter of the city, and being constantly frequented, make the town some. Breakfasting-places, dining-places; assemblies, concerts, balls, plays, operas, masquerades, and even for all night; and public sales of the goods of broken houses, which the general dissoluteness of manners has contributed to make very frequent, come in as seasonable relief to those modern time-killers.

In the summer there are in every country-town assemblies; *Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham, Scarborough*. What expence of dress and equipage is qualify the frequenters for such emulous app

By the natural infection of example, the low ple have places of sixpenny resort, and gaming for pence. Thus servants are now induced and dishonesty, to support extravagance, their losses.

As to the ladies who frequent those publick they are not ashamed to shew their faces v men dare go, nor blush to try who shall impudently, or who shall laugh loudest on lick walks.

The men who would make good hi if visit those places, are frighted at wedlock, 11 to live single, except they are bought at a very high price. They can be spectators of all that passes, and, if they please, more than spectators, at the expence of others. The companion of an evening, and the companion for life, require very different qualifications.

Two thousand pounds in the last age, with a domestick wife, would go farther than ten thousand in this. Yet settlements are expected, that often, to a mercantile man especially, sink a fortune into uselessness; and pin-money is stipulated for, which makes a wife independent, and destroys love, by putting it out of a man's power to lay any obligation upon her, that might engage gratitude, and kindle affection. When to all this the card-tables are added, how can a prudent man think of marrying?

And when the worthy men know not where to find wives, must not the sex be left to the foplings, the coxcombs, the libertines of the age, whom they help to make such? And need even these wretches marry to enjoy the conversation of those who render their company so cheap?

that, after all, is the benefit which the gay obtains by her flutters? As she is approached by every man, without requiring, I will not say adoration, but even common complaisance, treats her as upon the level, looks upon her as invitations, and is on the watch to take the stage: she has companions indeed, but no love is respectful and timorous; and where her followers will she find a husband?

Mr Sir, before the youthful, the gay, the inconstant, the contempt as well as the danger to the serious are exposed. At one time or other, the thoughtless, will be convinced of the wisdom of your censure, and the charity of your in-

could your expostulations and reproofs have any effect upon those who are far gone in fashionable folly? may be retailed from their mouths to their neighbours. Marriage will not often have entitled these to the stage, when they, the meteors of a day, find themselves elbowed off the stage of vanity by other persons; for the most admired women cannot have the same success; many *Bath* seasons to blaze in; since the faces, often seen, are less regarded than the persons, the proper punishment of showy girls, for themselves so impolitically cheap.

I am, SIR,

your sincere admirer, &c.

Nº 98. SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1751.

*Quæ nec Sarmentus iniquas
Cæsaris ad mensas, nec vilis Gabba tulisset.*

JUV.

Which not *Sarmentus* brook'd at *Cæsar's* board,
Nor grov'ling *Gabba* from his haughty lord.

ELPHINSTON.

To the AUTHOR of the RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

You have often endeavoured to impress upon readers an observation of more truth than now that life passes, for the most part, in petty transactions; that our hours glide away in trifling amusements and slight gratifications; and that there seldom emerges any occasion that can call forth virtue or great abilities.

It very commonly happens that speculation has influence on conduct. Just conclusions, and correct arguments, formed by laborious study, and diligent enquiry, are often reposed in the treasuries of men as gold in the miser's chest, useless alike to other men. As some are not richer for the extent of their possessions, others are not wiser for the multitude of their ideas.

You have truly described the state of human life but it may be doubted whether you have accorded your precepts to your description; whether you have not generally considered your readers as influenced by the tragick passions, and susceptible of

only from powerful agents, and from great

author who writes not for the improvement of art, or the establishment of a controverted doctrine, but equally intends the advantage, and directs the perusal of all the classes of mankind; nothing can justly seem unworthy of regard, and the pleasure of conversation may be increased and the daily satisfactions of familiar life secured from interruption and disgust.

For this reason you would not have injured your country, if you had sometimes descended to the duties of social beings, and enforced the observance of those little civilities and ceremonious delicacies, inconsiderable as they may appear to the philosopher, and difficult as they may prove to the man of business, yet contribute to the refinement of the world, by facilitating the intercourse between one man and another, and of which they have sufficiently testified their esteem, by the knowledge and practice of them, *Savoir-vivre* or *art of living*.

Idleness is one of those advantages which we prize and value rightly but by the inconvenience of its influence upon the manners is constant and so that, like an equal motion, it escapes perception. The circumstances of every action are so near to each other, that we do not see where any fault has been committed, and rather acquiesce in the uniformity, than admire its exactness.

Sickness shews us the value of ease, a little acquaintance with those who were never taught to enslave themselves to the gratification of others, but regulate their conduct merely by their own will, will soon evince the necessity of established modes and formalities to preserve the peace and quiet of common life.

Industry and virtue are by no means sufficient, without
 XX.

out the supplemental laws of good-breeding, to freedom from degenerating to rudeness, or from swelling into insolence; a thousand may be committed, and a thousand offices without any remorse of conscience, or reproach of reason.

The true effect of genuine politeness seems rather ease than pleasure. The power of doing must be conferred by nature, and cannot be done by precept, or obtained by imitation; but to be the privilege of a very small number to ravish and to charm, every man may hope by rules and care not to give pain, and may, therefore, by the laws of good-breeding, enjoy the kindness of mankind, though he should have no claim to higher distinction.

The universal axiom in which all complaisance is included, and from which flow all the forms which custom has established in civilised nations, is, *That no man should give any preference to himself.* A rule so comprehensive and certain, that, perhaps, it is not easy for the mind to imagine an incivility, without supposing it to be broken.

There are, indeed, in every place some particular modes of the ceremonial part of good-breeding, which being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habit and conversation; such are the forms of salutation, the different gradations of reverence, and all the adjustments of place and precedence. These, however, may be often violated without offence, if it be sufficiently evident, that neither malice nor pride contributed to the failure; but will not atone, however rigidly observed, for the tumour of insolence, or petulance of contempt.

I have, indeed, not found among any part of mankind less real and rational complaisance than among those who have passed their time in paying and receiving visits, in frequenting public entertainments,

in studying the exact measures of ceremony, and in watching all the variations of fashionable courtesy.

They know, indeed, at what hour they may beat the door of an acquaintance, how many steps they must attend him towards the gate, and what interval should pass before his visit is returned ; but seldom extend their care beyond the exterior and unessential parts of civility, nor refuse their own vanity any gratification, however expensive to the quiet of another.

Trypherus is a man remarkable for splendour and expence ; a man, that having been originally placed by his fortune and rank in the first class of the community, has acquired that air of dignity, and that readiness in the exchange of compliments, which courts, balls, and levees, easily confer.

But *Trypherus*, without any settled purposes of malignity, partly by his ignorance of human nature, and partly by the habit of contemplating with great satisfaction his own grandeur and riches, is hourly giving disgust to those whom chance or expectation subject to his vanity.

To a man whose fortune confines him to a small house, he declaims upon the pleasure of spacious apartments, and the convenience of changing his lodging-room in different parts of the year ; tells him, that he hates confinement ; and concludes, that if his chamber was less, he should never wake without thinking of a prison.

To *Eucretas*, a man of birth equal to himself, but of much less estate, he shewed his services of plate, and remarked that such things were, indeed, nothing better than costly trifles, but that no man must pretend to the rank of a gentleman without them ; and that for his part, if his estate was smaller, he should not think of enjoying but increasing it, and would inquire out a trade for his eldest son.

He has, in imitation of some more acute observer

than himself, collected a great many shifts and artifices by which poverty is concealed ; and among the ladies of small fortune, never fails to talk of frippery and slight silks, and the convenience of a general mourning.

I have been insulted a thousand times with a catalogue of his pictures, his jewels, and his rarities, which, though he knows the humble neatness of my habitation, he seldom fails to conclude by a declaration, that wherever he sees a house meanly furnished, he despises the owner's taste, or pities his poverty.

This, Mr. RAMBLER, is the practice of *Trypherus*, by which he is become the terror of all who are less wealthy than himself, and has raised innumerable enemies without rivalry, and without malevolence.

Yet though all are not equally culpable with *Trypherus*, it is scarcely possible to find any man who does not frequently, like him, indulge his own pride by forcing others into a comparison with himself, when he knows the advantage is on his side, without considering that unnecessarily to obtrude unpleasing ideas, is a species of oppression ; and that it is little more criminal to deprive another of some real advantage, than to interrupt that forgetfulness of its absence which is the next happiness to actual possession.

I am, &c.

EUTROPIUS.

N^o 99. TUESDAY, FEB. 26, 1751.

*Scilicet ingeniis aliqua est concordia junctis,
Et servat studii fœdera quisque sui;
Rusticus agricolam, miles fera bella gerentem,
Rectorem dubiæ navita puppis amat.*

OVID.

Congenial passions souls together bind,
And ev'ry calling mingles with its kind;
Soldier unites with soldier, swain with swain,
The mariner with him that roves the main.

F. LEWIS.

It has been ordained by Providence, for the conservation of order in the immense variety of nature, and for the regular propagation of the several classes of life with which the elements are peopled, that every creature should be drawn by some secret attraction to those of his own kind; and that not only the gentle

domestick animals which naturally unite into companies, or cohabit by pairs, should continue faithful to their species; but even those ravenous and voracious savages which *Aristotle* observes never to beregarious, should range mountains and deserts in search of one another, rather than pollute the world with a monstrous birth.

As the perpetuity and distinction of the lower tribes of the creation require that they should be determined to proper mates by some uniform motive of choice, or some cogent principle of instinct; it is necessary, likewise, that man, whose wider capacity demands more gratifications, and who feels in himself innumerable wants, which a life of solitude cannot supply, and innumerable powers to which it cannot give em-

ployment, should be led to suitable companions by particular influence ; and among many beings of the same nature with himself, he may select some for intimacy and tenderness, and improve the condition of his existence, by superadding friendship to humanity, and the love of individuals to that of the species.

Other animals are so formed, that they contribute very little to the happiness of each and know neither joy, nor grief, nor love, nor but as they are urged by some desire immediately subservient either to the support of their own lives, or to the continuation of their race ; they, therefore, seldom appear to regard any of the minuter discriminations which distinguish creatures of the same kind from one another.

But if man were to feel no incentives to kindness, more than his general tendency to congenial nature, *Babylon* or *London*, with all their multitudes, would have to him the desolation of a wilderness ; his affections, not compressed into a narrower compass, would vanish like elemental fire, in boundless evaporation ; he would languish in perpetual insensibility, and though he might, perhaps, in the first vigour of youth, amuse himself with the fresh enjoyments of life, yet, when curiosity should cease, and alacrity subside, he would abandon himself to the fluctuations of chance, without expecting help against any calamity, or feeling any wish for the happiness of others.

To love all men is our duty, so far as it includes a general habit of benevolence, and readiness of occasional kindness ; but to love all equally is impossible ; at least impossible without the extinction of those passions which now produce all our pains and all our pleasures ; without the disuse, if not the abolition, of some of our faculties, and the suppression of all our hopes and fears in apathy and indifference.

The necessities of our condition require a thousand

offices of tenderness, which mere regard for the species will never dictate. Every man has frequent grievances which only the solicitude of friendship will discover and remedy, and which would remain for ever unheeded in the mighty heap of human calamity, were it only surveyed by the eye of general benevolence equally attentive to every misery.

The great community of mankind is, therefore, necessarily broken into smaller independent societies; these form distinct interests, which are too frequently opposed to each other, and which they who have entered into the league of particular governments falsely think it virtue to promote, however destructive to the happiness of the rest of the world.

Such unions are again separated into subordinate classes and combinations, and social life is perpetually branched out into minuter subdivisions, till it terminates in the last ramifications of private friendship.

That friendship may at once be fond and lasting, it has been already observed in these papers, that a conformity of inclinations is necessary. No man can have much kindness for him by whom he does not believe himself esteemed, and nothing so evidently proves esteem as imitation.

That benevolence is always strongest which arises from participation of the same pleasures, since we are naturally most willing to revive in our minds the memory of persons with whom the idea of enjoyment is connected.

It is commonly, therefore, to little purpose, that any one endeavours to ingratiate himself with such as he cannot accompany in their amusements and diversions. Men have been known to rise to favour and to fortune, only by being skilful in the sports with which their patron happened to be delighted, by concurring with his taste for some particular species of

curiosities, by relishing the same wine, or applauding the same cookery.

Even those whom wisdom or virtue have | x
above regard to such petty recommendations, m
nevertheless be gained by similitude of manners. '
highest and noblest enjoyment of familiar li
communication of knowledge and reciproca o
sentiments, must always presuppose a dispi on t
the same inquiry, and delight in the same discoverie

With what satisfaction could the politic hi
schemes for the reformation of laws, or his c
sons of different forms of government, before
mist, who has never accustomed his thoughts to
other object than salt and sulphur; or how co
astronomer, in explaining his calculations and conje
tures, endure the coldness of a grammarian, who w
lose sight of *Jupiter* and all his *satellites*, for a h
etymology of an obscure word, or a better expli
of a controverted line.

Every man loves merit of the same kind v
own, when it is not likely to hinder his advi
or his reputation; for he not only best i men
the worth of those qualities which he labours to cul
tivate, or the usefulness of the art which he practis
with success, but always feels a reflected pleasure fro
the praises, which, though given to another, belon
equally to himself.

There is, indeed, no need of research and refine
ment to discover that men must generally select thei
companions from their own state of life, since ther
are not many minds furnished for great variety c
conversation, or adapted to multiplicity of intellectu
entertainments.

The sailor, the academick, the lawyer, the mecha
nick, and the courtier, have all a cast of talk peculi
to their own fraternity, have fixed their attention upo

events, have been engaged in affairs of the
t, and make use of allusions and illustrations
emselves only can understand.

infected with the jargon of a particular pro-
and to know only the language of a single
mortals, is indeed sufficiently despicable. But

must be always set to the excursions of the
mind, there will be some study which every
re zealously prosecutes, some darling subject
he is principally pleased to converse; and
can most inform or best understand him will
be welcomed with particular regard.

partiality is not wholly to be avoided, nor is it
, unless suffered so far to predominate as to
aversion from every other kind of excellence,
made the lustre of dissimilar virtues. Those,
e, whom the lot of life has conjoined, should
ur constantly to approach towards the inclina-
ach other, invigorate every motion of concu-
ire, and fan every spark of kindred curiosity.

been justly observed, that discord generally
in little things; it is inflamed to its utmost
ace by contrariety of taste, oftener than of
as; and might, therefore, commonly be avoid-
innocent conformity, which, if it was not at
motive, ought always to be the consequence
oluble union.

N^o 100. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 17

*Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.*

PERS

*Horace, with sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
Would raise a blush where secret vice he found,
And tickle while he gently prob'd the wound.
With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the desp'rate passes, when he smil'd.*

DRY:

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

As very many well-disposed persons, by the unable necessity of their affairs, are so unfortunately totally buried in the country, where they under the most deplorable ignorance of what is acting among the polite part of mankind, I help thinking, that, as a publick writer, you take the case of these truly compassionate under your consideration.

These unhappy languishers in obscurity are furnished with such accounts of the employment of the people of the world, as may engage them in several remote corners to a laudable imitation; least, so far inform and prepare them, that, if joyful change of situation they should be so transported into the gay scene, they may not and wonder, and stare, and be utterly at a loss to behave and make a proper appearance in it.

It is inconceivable how much the welfare of country towns in the kingdom might be promoted

I would use your charitable endeavours to raise in
a noble emulation of the manners and customs
a higher life.

For this purpose you should give a very clear and
simple description of the whole set of polite acquire-
ments; a complete history of forms, fashions, frolicks,
of routs, drums, hurricanes, balls, assemblies, *ridottos*,
masquerades, auctions, plays, operas, puppet-shows,
and bear-gardens: of all those delights which profit-
ably engage the attention of the most sublime charac-
ters, and by which they have brought to such amazing
perfection the whole art and mystery of passing day
after day, week after week, and year after year, with-
out the heavy assistance of any one thing that formal
creatures are pleased to call useful and necessary.

In giving due instructions through what steps to
attain this summit of human excellence, you may add
such irresistible arguments in its favour, as must con-
vince numbers, who, in other instances, do not seem
to want natural understanding, of the unaccountable
error of supposing they were sent into the world for
any other purpose but to flutter, sport, and shine. ⁴
For, after all, nothing can be clearer than that an ever-
lasting round of diversion, and the more lively and
hurrying the better, is the most important end of hu-
man life.

It is really prodigious, so much as the world is im-
proved, that there should in these days be persons so
ignorant and stupid as to think it necessary to mis-
pend their time, and trouble their heads about any
thing else than pursuing the present fancy; for what
else is worth living for?

It is time enough surely to think of consequences
when they come; and as for the antiquated notions
of duty, they are not to be met with in any *French*
novel, or any book one ever looks into, but derived al-
most wholly from the writings of authors who lived a

vast many ages ago, and who, as they v
without any idea of those accomplishments
now characterise people of distinction, have
some time sinking apace into utter cont
does not appear that even their most zealous
rers, for some partisans of his own sort every
will have, can pretend to say they were ever
ridotto.

In the important article of diversions, the c
nial of visits, the extatick delight of unfrienar
macies, and unmeaning civilities, they are
silent. Blunt truth, and downright hose
clothes, staying at home, hard work, few wor
those unenlivened with censure or double m
are what they recommend as the ornaments and
sures of life. Little oaths, polite dissimulation
table scandal, delightful indolence, the glitter of
the triumph of precedence, the enchantments m
tery, they seem to have had no notion of; and I
not but laugh to think what a figure they would
made in a drawing-room, and how frightened
would have looked at a gaming-table.

The noble zeal of patriotism that disdains autho
rity, and tramples on laws for sport, was absolutel
the aversion of these tame wretches.

Indeed one cannot discover any one thing they pre
tend to teach people, but to be wise, and good; ac
quirements infinitely below the consideration of per
sons of taste and spirit, who know how to spend their
time to so much better purpose.

Among other admirable improvements, pray, Mr.
RAMBLER, do not forget to enlarge on the very exten
sive benefit of playing at cards on Sundays, a practice
of such infinite use, that we may modestly expect to
see it prevail universally in all parts of this kingdom.

To persons of fashion, the advantage is obvious;
because, as for some strange reason or other, which no

fine gentleman or fine lady has yet been able to penetrate, there is neither play, nor masquerade, nor bottled conjuror, nor any other thing worth living for, to had on a Sunday; if it were not for the charitable assistance of whist, or bragg, the genteel part of mankind must, one day in seven, necessarily suffer a total extinction of being.

Nor are the persons of high rank the only gainers by so salutary a custom, which extends its good influence, in some degree, to the lower orders of people; but were it quite general, how much better d happier would the world be than it is even now?

'Tis hard upon poor creatures, be they ever so mean, to deny them those enjoyments and liberties which are equally open for all. Yet if servants were taught to go to church on this day, spend some part of it in reading, or receiving instruction in a family way, and the rest in mere friendly conversation, the poor wretches would infallibly take it into their heads, that they were obliged to be sober, modest, diligent, and faithful to their masters and mistresses.

Now surely no one of common prudence or humanity would wish their domesticks infected with such strange and primitive notions, or laid under such unmerciful restraints: all which may, in a great measure, be prevented by the prevalence of the good-humoured fashion that I would have you recommend. For when the lower kind of people see their betters, with a truly laudable spirit, insulting and flying in the face of those rude, ill-bred dictators, piety and the laws, they are thereby excited and admonished, as far as actions can admonish and excite, and taught that they too have an equal right of setting them at defiance in such instances as their particular necessities and inclinations may require; and thus is the

liberty of the whole human species mightily improved and enlarged.

In short, Mr. RAMBLER, by a faithful representation of the numberless benefits of a modish life, you will have done your part in promoting what every body seems to confess the true purpose of human existence, perpetual dissipation.

By encouraging people to employ their whole attention on trifles, and make amusement their sole study, you will teach them how to avoid many very uneasy reflections.

All the soft feelings of humanity, the sympathies of friendship, all natural temptations to the care of a family, and solicitude about the good or ill of others, with the whole train of domestick and social affections, which create such daily anxieties and embarrassments, will be happily stifled and suppressed in a round of perpetual delights ; and all serious thoughts, but particularly that of *hereafter*, be banished out of the world ; a most perplexing apprehension, but luckily a most groundless one too, as it is so very clear a case, that nobody ever dies.

I am, &c.

CHARIESSA.

N° 101. TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1751.

*Mella jubes Hyblæa tibi, vel Hymettia narsi,
Et ibyma Cecropiæ Corsica ponis api.*

MART.

Alas! dear Sir, you try in vain,
Impossibilities to gain;
No bee from *Corsica's* rank juice,
Hyblæan honey can produce.

P. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

HAVING by several years of continual study treasured in my mind a great number of principles and ideas, and obtained by frequent exercise the power of applying them with propriety, and combining them with readiness, I resolved to quit the university, where I considered myself as a gem hidden in the mine, and to mingle in the crowd of publick life. I was naturally attracted by the company of those who were of the same age with myself, and finding that my academical gravity contributed very little to my reputation, applied my faculties to jocularity and burlesque. Thus, in a short time, I had heated my imagination to such a state of activity and ebullition, that upon every occasion it fumed away in bursts of wit, and evaporations of gaiety. I became on a sudden the idol of the coffee-house, was in one winter solicited to accept the presidentship of five clubs, was dragged by violence to every new play, and quoted in every controversy upon theatrical merit; was in every publick place surrounded by a multitude of humble auditors,

who retailed in other places of resort my maxims and my jests, and was boasted as their intimate and companion by many, who had no other pretensions to my acquaintance, than that they had drank chocolate in the same room.

You will not wonder, Mr. RAMBLER, that I mention my success with some appearance of triumph and elevation. Perhaps no kind of superiority is more flattering or alluring than that which is conferred by the powers of conversation, by extemporaneous brightness of fancy, copiousness of language, and readiness of sentiment. In other exertions of genius, the greater part of the praise is unknown and unenjoyed; the writer, indeed, spreads his reputation to a wider extent, but receives little pleasure or advantage from the diffusion of his name, and only obtains a kind of nominal sovereignty over regions which pay no tribute. The colloquial wit has always his own radiance reflected on himself, and enjoys all the pleasure which he bestows; he finds his power confessed by every one that approaches him, sees friendship kindling with rapture, and attention swelling into praise.

The desire which every man feels of importance and esteem, is so much gratified by finding an assembly, at his entrance, brightened with gladness and hushed with expectation, that the recollection of such distinctions can scarcely fail to be pleasing whensoever it is innocent. And my conscience does not reproach me with any mean or criminal effects of vanity; since I always employed my influence on the side of virtue, and never sacrificed my understanding or my religion to the pleasure of applause.

There were many whom either the desire of enjoying my pleasantry, or the pride of being thought to enjoy it, brought often into my company; but I was caressed in a particular manner by *Demochares*, a gentleman of a large estate, and a liberal disposition.

fortune being by no means exuberant, inclined to be pleased with a friend who was willing to be maintained at his own charge. I became by daily intercourse habituated to his table, and, as he believed maintenance necessary to the character of elegance,

he was desirous of establishing, I lived in all security of affluence, without expence or dependence, and passed my life in a perpetual reciprocation, sure, with men brought together by similitude of accomplishments, or desire of improvement.

All power has its sphere of activity, beyond which it produces no effect. *Demochares* being called to affairs into the country, imagined that he should increase his popularity by coming among his neighbours accompanied by a man whose abilities were so fully allowed. The report presently spread through the country that *Demochares* was arrived, and had brought with him the celebrated *Hilarius*, by whom merriment would be excited, as had never been dreamed or conceived before. I knew, indeed, the reason for which I was invited, and, as men do not look diligently out for possible miscarriages, was glad to find myself courted upon principles of flattery, and considered as capable of reconciling factions, composing feuds, and uniting a whole province in universal happiness.

After a few days spent in adjusting his domestick affairs, *Demochares* invited all the gentlemen of the neighbourhood to dinner, and did not forget to show how much my presence was expected to heighten the pleasure of the feast. He informed me what praise my reputation had raised in my favour, and expressed the satisfaction with which he should see me kindle up the blaze of merriment, and should expect the various effects that my fire would have upon such diversity of matter.

His declaration, by which he intended to quicken

my vivacity, filled me with solicitude. I felt an ambition of shining, which I never knew before; and was therefore embarrassed with an unusual fear of disgrace. I passed the night in planning out to myself the conversation of the coming day; recollected all my topicks of railery, proposed proper subjects of ridicule, prepared smart replies to a thousand questions, accommodated answers to imaginary repartees, and formed a magazine of remarks, apophthegms, tales, and illustrations.

The morning broke at last in the midst of these busy meditations. I rose with the palpitations of a champion on the day of combat; and, notwithstanding all my efforts, found my spirits sunk under the weight of expectation. The company soon after began to drop in, and every one, at his entrance, was introduced to *Hilarius*. What conception the inhabitants of this region had formed of a wit, I cannot yet discover; but observed that they all seemed, after the regular exchange of compliments, to turn away disappointed; and that while we waited for dinner, they cast their eyes first upon me, and then upon each other, like a theatrical assembly waiting for a show.

From the uneasiness of this situation, I was relieved by the dinner; and as every attention was taken up by the business of the hour, I sunk quietly to a level with the rest of the company. But no sooner were the dishes removed, than, instead of cheerful confidence and familiar prattle, an universal silence again shewed their expectation of some unusual performance. My friend endeavoured to rouse them by healths and questions, but they answered him with great brevity, and immediately relapsed into their former taciturnity.

I had waited in hope of some opportunity to divert them, but could find no pass open for a single rally;

and who can be merry without an object of mirth? After a few faint efforts, which produced neither applause nor opposition, I was content to mingle with the mass, to put round the glass in silence, and solace myself with my own contemplations.

My friend looked round him; the guests stared at one another; and if now and then a few syllables were uttered with timidity and hesitation, there was none ready to make any reply. All our faculties were frozen, and every minute took away from our capacity of pleasing, and disposition to be pleased. Thus passed the hours to which so much happiness was decreed; the hours which had, by a kind of open proclamation, been devoted to wit, to mirth, and to *Hilarius*.

At last the night came on, and the necessity of parting freed us from the persecutions of each other. I heard them, as they walked along the court, murmuring at the loss of a day, and inquiring whether any man would pay a second visit to a house haunted by a wit.

Demochares, whose benevolence is greater than his penetration, having flattered his hopes with the secondary honour which he was to gain by my sprightliness and elegance, and the affection with which he should be followed for a perpetual banquet of gaiety, was not able to conceal his vexation and resentment, nor would easily be convinced, that I had not sacrificed his interest to sullenness and caprice, had studiously endeavoured to disgust his guests, and suppressed my powers of delighting, in obstinate and premeditated silence. I am informed that the reproach of their ill-reception is divided by the gentlemen of the country between us; some being of opinion, that my friend is deluded by an impostor, who, though he has found some art of gaining his favour, is afraid to speak before men of more penetration; and others concluding, that I think only *London* the proper theatre of my

abilities, and disdain to exert my genius for the
of rusticks.

I believe, Mr. RAMBLER, that it has some
happened to others, who have the good or ill fo
to be celebrated for wits, to fall under the sam
sures upon like occasions. I hope therefore th
will prevent any misrepresentations of such fai
by remarking, that invention is not wholly at the
mand of its possessor ; that the power of pleas
very often obstructed by the desire ; that all ex
tion lessens surprise, yet some surprise is nec
to gaiety ; and that those who desire to parta
the pleasure of wit must contribute to its produ
since the mind stagnates without external vent
and that effervescence of the fancy, which flashe
transport, can be raised only by the infusion o
similar ideas.

N^o 102. SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1751.

*Ipsa quoque assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen : neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest ; sed ut unda impellitur undâ,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur.*

OVID.

With constant motion as the moments glide,
Behold in running life, the rolling tide!
For none can stem by art, or stop by pow'r,
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour:
But wave by wave pursu'd, arrives on shore,
And each impell'd behind, impels before :
So time on time revolving we descry;
So minutes follow, and so minutes fly.

ELPHINSTON.

“ LIFE,” says *Seneca*, “ is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes ; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age.” The perusal of this passage having incited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations ; and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity ; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such cla-

mour and confusion, I was told that they were ing out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already ed the streights of infancy, in which multitude perished, some by the weakness and fragility of vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or gence of those who undertook to steer them; at we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the and billows, without any other means of securit the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our to choose among great numbers that offered direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream d through flowery islands, which every one that along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no s touched than the current, which, though not or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor coul of the passengers describe the shore at which b embarked.

Before me, and on each side, was an expa waters violently agitated, and covered with so t rist, that the most perspicacious eye could s little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and pools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they courting the gale with full sails, and insulti whom they had left behind. So numerous, .. were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, t caution could confer security. Yet there were : who, by false intelligence, betrayed their foll into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those : they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmoun but though it was impossible to sail against it, return to the place that was once passed, yet not so violent as to allow no opportunities for de: or courage, since, though none could retreat

from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course: if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment

of the varieties and gratifications which nature
 them as the solace of their labours ; yet in effi
 seemed less to expect destruction than those to
 it was most dreadful ; they all had the art of c
 ing their danger from themselves ; and th
 knew their inability to bear the sight of t
 embarrassed their way, took care ne
 ward, but found some amusement for the pre
 ment, and generally entertained themselves by
 ing with HOPE, who was the constant asso
 the voyage of life.

Yet all that HOPE ventured to promise, e
 those whom she favoured most, was, not
 should escape, but that they should sink last ;
 with this promise every one was satisfied, though
 laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. HOPE
 indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her co
 panions ; for in proportion as their vessels gr
 leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety ; a
 none were more busy in making provisions for a lo
 voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw lik
 to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the gulph
 INTEMPERANCE, a dreadful whirlpool, interspers
 with rocks, of which the pointed crags were conceal
 under water, and the tops covered with herbage,
 which EASE spread couches of repose, and with shad
 where PLEASURE warbled the song of invitatio
 Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on t
 ocean of life must necessarily pass. REASON, indee
 was always at hand to steer the passengers throug
 narrow outlet by which they might escape ; but ve
 few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be i
 duced to put the rudder into her hand, without stip
 lating that she should approach so near unto the roc
 of PLEASURE, that they might solace themselves w
 a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after whi

they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

REASON was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of INTEMPERANCE, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom REASON was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of PLEASURE, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach to the gulph of INTEMPERANCE.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of PLEASURE. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose

company they had issued from the streights of i
perish in the way, and at last were overset by a
breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the
of expectation. But such as had often fal
the rocks of PLEASURE, commonly subsided by
sible degrees, contended long with the enc
waters, and harassed themselves by labours i
HOPE herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the mul-
titude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an ad-
monition from some unknown Power, "Gaze not
" idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking.
" Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou
" and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and
seeing the gulph of INTEMPERANCE before me,
started and awaked.

N^o 103. TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1751.

Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

JUV.

They search the secrets of the house, and so
Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.

DRYDEN.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain cha-
racteristicks of a vigorous intellect. Every advance
into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces
new incitements to further progress. All the attain-
ments possible in our present state are evidently in-
adequate to our capacities of enjoyment; conquest

erves no purpose but that of kindling ambition, discovery has no effect but of raising expectation; the ratification of one desire encourages another; and after all our labours, studies, and inquiries, we are continually at the same distance from the completion of our schemes, have still some wish importunate to be satisfied, and some faculty restless and turbulent for want of its enjoyment.

The desire of knowledge, though often animated by extrinsick and adventitious motives, seems on many occasions to operate without subordination to any other principle; we are eager to see and hear, without attention of referring our observations to a further end; we climb a mountain for a prospect of the plain; we run to the strand in a storm, that we may contemplate the agitation of the water; we range from city to city, though we profess neither architecture nor fortification; we cross seas only to view nature in nakedness, or magnificence in ruins; we are equally allured by novelty of every kind, by a desert or a palace, a cataract or a cavern, by every thing rude and every thing polished, every thing great and every thing little; we do not see a thicket but with some temptation to enter it, nor remark an insect flying before us but with an inclination to pursue it.

This passion is, perhaps, regularly heightened in proportion as the powers of the mind are elevated and enlarged. *Lucan* therefore introduces *Cæsar* speaking with dignity suitable to the grandeur of his designs and the extent of his capacity, when he declares to the high-priest of *Egypt*, that he has no desire equally powerful with that of finding the origin of the *Nile*, and that he would quit all the projects of the civil war for a sight of those fountains which had been so long concealed. And *Homer*, when he would furnish the *Sirens* with a temptation, to which his hero, renowned for wisdom, might yield without disgrace,

makes them declare, that none ever departed from them but with increase of knowledge.

There is, indeed, scarce any kind of ideal acquirement which may not be applied to some use, or which may not at least gratify pride with occasional superiority; but whoever attends the motions of his own mind will find, that upon the first appearance of an object, or the first start of a question, his inclination to a nearer view, or more accurate discussion, precedes all thoughts of profit, or of competition; and that his desires take wing by instantaneous impulse though their flight may be invigorated, or their effort renewed, by subsequent considerations. The gratification of curiosity rather frees us from uneasiness than confers pleasure; we are more pained by ignorance than delighted by instruction. Curiosity is the thirst of the soul; it inflames and torments us, and makes us taste every thing with joy, however otherwise insipid, by which it may be quenched.

It is evident that the earliest searchers after knowledge must have proposed knowledge only as their reward; and that Science, though perhaps the nursling of Interest, was the daughter of Curiosity: for who can believe that they who first watched the course of the stars, foresaw the use of their discoveries to the facilitation of commerce, or the mensuration of time. They were delighted with the splendour of the nocturnal skies, they found that the lights changed the places; what they admired they were anxious to understand, and in time traced their revolutions.

There are, indeed, beings in the form of men, who appear satisfied with their intellectual possession and seem to live without desire of enlarging the conceptions; before whom the world passes without notice, and who are equally unmoved by nature or by art.

This negligence is sometimes only the temporary

effect of a predominant passion ; a lover finds no inclination to travel any path, but that which leads to the habitation of his mistress ; a trader can spare little attention to common occurrences, when his fortune is endangered by a storm. It is frequently the consequence of a total immersion in sensuality : corporeal pleasures may be indulged till the memory of every other kind of happiness is obliterated : the mind, long habituated to a lethargick and quiescent state, is unwilling to wake to the toil of thinking ; and though she may sometimes be disturbed by the obtrusion of new ideas, shrinks back again to ignorance and rest.

But, indeed, if we except them to whom the continual task of procuring the supports of life, denies all opportunities of deviation from their own narrow track, the number of such as live without the ardour of inquiry is very small, though many content themselves with cheap amusements, and waste their lives in researches of no importance.

There is no snare more dangerous to busy and excursive minds, than the cobwebs of petty inquisitiveness, which entangle them in trivial employments and minute studies, and detain them in a middle state, between the tediousness of total inactivity, and the fatigue of laborious efforts, enchant them at once with ease and novelty, and vitiate them with the luxury of learning. The necessity of doing something, and the fear of undertaking much, sinks the historian to a genealogist, the philosopher to a journalist of the weather, and the mathematician to a constructor of dials.

It is happy when those who cannot content themselves to be idle, nor resolve to be industrious, are at least employed without injury to others ; but it seldom happens that we can contain ourselves long in a neutral

state, or forbear to sink into vice, when we are no longer soaring towards virtue.

Nugaculus was distinguished in his early years by an uncommon liveliness of imagination, quick sagacity, and extent of knowledge. When he came into life, he applied himself with particular industry to examine the various motives of human actions, the complicated influence of mingled affections, the different modifications of interest and ambition, and the various causes of miscarriage and success, both in publick and private affairs.

Though his friends did not discover to what purpose all these observations were collected, or how *Nugaculus* would much improve his virtue or his fortune by a incessant attention to changes of countenance, bursts of inconsideration, sallies of passion, and all the other casualties by which he used to trace a character, yet they could not deny the study of human nature to be worthy of a wise man; they therefore flattered his vanity, applauded his discoveries, and listened with submissive modesty to his lectures on the uncertainty of inclination, the weakness of resolves, and the instability of temper, to his account of the various motives which agitate the mind, and his ridicule of the modern dream of the ruling passion.

Such was the first incitement of *Nugaculus* to close inspection into the conduct of mankind. He had no interest in view, and therefore no design of supplantation; he had no malevolence, and therefore detected faults without any intention to expose them; but having once found the art of engaging his attention upon others, he had no inclination to call it back to himself, but has passed his time in keeping a watchful eye upon every rising character, and in settling upon a small estate without any thought of increasing it.

He is, by continual application, become a general master of secret history, and can give an account of the intrigues, private marriages, competitions, and stratagems, of half a century. He knows the mortgages upon every man's estate, the terms upon which every spendthrift raises his money, the real and reputed fortune of every lady, the jointure stipulated by every contract, and the expectations of every family from maiden aunts and childless acquaintances. He can relate the economy of every house, knows how much one man's cellar is robbed by his butler, and the land of another underlet by his steward; he can tell where the manor-house is falling, though large sums are yearly paid for repairs; and where the tenants are felling woods without the consent of the owner.

To obtain all this intelligence he is inadvertently guilty of a thousand acts of treachery. He sees no man's servant without draining him of his trust; he enters no family without flattering the children into discoveries; he is a perpetual spy upon the doors of his neighbours; and knows by long experience, at whatever distance, the looks of a creditor, a borrower, a lover, and a pimp.

Nugaculus is not ill-natured, and therefore his industry has not hitherto been very mischievous to others, or dangerous to himself; but since he cannot enjoy this knowledge but by discovering it, and, if he had no other motive to loquacity, is obliged to traffick like the chymists, and purchase one secret with another; he is every day more hated as he is more known; for he is considered by great numbers as one that has their fame and their happiness in his power, and no man can much love him of whom he lives in fear.

Thus has an intention, innocent at first, if not laudable, the intention of regulating his own behaviour

by the experience of others, by an accidental declension of minuteness, betrayed *Nugaculus*, not only to a foolish, but vicious waste of a life which might have been honourably passed in publick services or domestick virtues. He has lost his original intention, and given up his mind to employments that engross, but do not improve it.

N° 101. SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1751.

— *Nil est quod credere de se
Non possit* —

JUVENAL.

None e'er rejects hyperboles of praise.

THE apparent insufficiency of every individual to his own happiness or safety, compels us to seek from one another assistance and support. The necessity of joint efforts for the execution of any great or extensive design, the variety of powers disseminated in the species, and the proportion between the defects and excellencies of different persons, demand an interchange of help and communication of intelligence, and by frequent reciprocations of beneficence, unite mankind in society and friendship.

If it can be imagined that there ever was a time when the inhabitants of any country were in a state of equality, without distinction of rank or peculiarity of possessions, it is reasonable to believe that every man was then loved in proportion as he could contribute by his strength, or his skill, to the supply of na-

tural wants; there was then little room for peevish dislike or capricious favour: the affection admitted into the heart was rather esteem than tenderness; and kindriess was only purchased by benefits. But when, by force or policy, by wisdom or by fortune, property and superiority were introduced and established, so that many were condemned to labour for the support of a few, then they whose possessions swelled above their wants, naturally laid out their superfluities upon pleasure; and those who could not gain friendship by necessary offices, endeavoured to promote their interest by luxurious gratifications, and to create need which they might be courted to supply.

The desires of mankind are much more numerous than their attainments, and the capacity of imagination much larger than actual enjoyment. Multitudes are therefore unsatisfied with their allotment; and he that hopes to improve his condition by the favour of another, and either finds no room for the exertion of great qualities, or perceives himself excelled by his rivals, will by other expedients endeavour to become agreeable where he cannot be important, and learn, by degrees, to number the *art of pleasing* among the most useful studies and most valuable acquisitions.

This art, like others, is cultivated in proportion to its usefulness, and will always flourish most where it is most rewarded; for this reason we find it practised with great assiduity under absolute governments, where honours and riches are in the hands of one man, whom all endeavour to propitiate, and who soon becomes so much accustomed to compliance and officiousness, as not easily to find, in the most delicate address, that novelty which is necessary to procure attention.

It is discovered by a very few experiments that no man is much pleased with a companion, who does not

increase, in some respect, his fondness of himself; and, therefore, he that wishes rather to be led forward to prosperity by the gentle hand of favour, than to force his way by labour and merit, must consider with more care how to display his patron's excellencies than his own; that whenever he approaches, he may fill the imagination with pleasing dreams, and chase away disgust and weariness by a perpetual succession of delightful images.

This may, indeed, sometimes be effected by turning the attention upon advantages which are really possessed, or upon prospects which reason spreads before hope; for whoever can deserve or require to be courted, has generally either from nature or from fortune, gifts, which he may review with satisfaction, and of which when he is artfully recalled to the contemplation, he will seldom be displeased.

But those who have once degraded their understanding to an application only to the passions, and who have learned to derive hope from any other sources than industry and virtue, seldom retain dignity and magnanimity sufficient to defend them against the constant recurrence of temptation to falsehood. He that is too desirous to be loved, will soon learn to flatter, and when he has exhausted all the variations of honest praise, and can delight no longer with the civility of truth, he will invent new topicks of panegyrick, and break out into raptures at virtues and beauties conferred by himself.

The drudgeries of dependence would, indeed, be aggravated by hopelessness of success, if no indulgence was allowed to adulation. He that will obstinately confine his patron to hear only the commendations which he deserves, will soon be forced to give way to others that regale him with more compass of musick. The greatest human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity. We always think our-

better than we are, and are generally desirous
others should think us still better than we think
ourselves. To praise us for actions or dispositions,
deserve praise, is not to confer a benefit, but to
tribute. We have always pretensions to fame,
in our own hearts, we know to be disputable,
which we are desirous to strengthen by a new
evidence; we have always hopes which we suspect to
be precarious, and of which we eagerly snatch at every
opportunity.

It may, indeed, be proper to make the first ap-
pearance under the conduct of truth, and to secure
future encomiums, by such praise as may be

approved by the conscience; but the mind once habi-
tuated to the lusciousness of eulogy, becomes, in a
little time, nice and fastidious, and, like a vitiated
palate, is incessantly calling for higher gratifications.

It is scarcely credible to what degree discernment
is dazzled by the mist of pride, and wisdom in-
debilitated by the intoxication of flattery; or how low
virtue may descend by successive gradations of
vice, and how swiftly it may fall down the precipice
of ruin. No man can, indeed, observe, without
astonishment, on what names, both of ancient and
modern times, the utmost exuberance of praise has
been lavished, and by what hands it has been bestow-
ed. It has never yet been found, that the tyrant, the
despot, the oppressor, the most hateful of the
age, the most profligate of the profligate, have
denied any celebrations which they were willing
to purchase, or that wickedness and folly have not
correspondent flatterers through all their subor-
dinate, except when they have been associated with
wealth or poverty, and have wanted either inclination
or necessity to hire a panegyrist.

There is no character so deformed as to fright-
en it the prostitutes of praise, there is no de-

gree of encomiastick veneration which pride refused. The emperors of *Rome* suffered the to be worshipped in their lives with altars and sacrifices; and in an age more enlightened, the temper peculiar to the praise and worship of the Supreme Being, have been applied to wretches whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men and whom nothing but riches or power hindered them that read or wrote their deification, from hunting in the toils of justice, as disturbers of the peace of nature.

There are, indeed, many among the poetical flatterers, who must be resigned to infamy without vindication, and whom we must confess to have sold the cause of virtue for pay: they have committed against full conviction, the crime of obliterating the distinctions between good and evil, and instead of opposing the encroachments of vice, have incited her progress and celebrated her conquests. But there is a lower class of sycophants, whose understanding is not made them capable of equal guilt. Every man of high rank is surrounded with numbers, who have no other rule of thought or action, than his manner and his conduct; whom the honour of being numbered among his acquaintance, reconciles to all his vices and all his absurdities; and who easily persuade themselves to esteem him, by whose regard they consider themselves as distinguished and exalted.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness. Stupidity is soon blinded by the splendour of wealth, and cowardice is easily fettered in the shackles of dependence. To solicit patronage is, at least, in the event, to sell virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.

N° 105. TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1751.

*Animorum
Impulsu, et cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti.*

JUV.

Vain man runs headlong, to caprice resign'd;
Impell'd by passion, and with folly blind.

I WAS lately considering, among other objects of speculation, the new attempt of an *universal register*, an office, in which every man may lodge an account of his superfluities and wants, of whatever he desires to purchase or to sell. My imagination soon presented to me the latitude to which this design may be extended by integrity and industry, and the advantages which may be justly hoped from a general mart of intelligence, when once its reputation shall be so established, that neither reproach nor fraud shall be feared from it; when an application to it shall not be censured as the last resource of desperation, nor its informations suspected as the fortuitous suggestions of men obliged not to appear ignorant. A place where every exuberance may be discharged, and every deficiency supplied, where every lawful passion may find its gratifications, and every honest curiosity receive satisfaction, where the stock of a nation, pecuniary and intellectual, may be brought together, and where all conditions of humanity may hope to find relief, pleasure, and accommodation, must equally deserve the attention of the merchant and philosopher, of him who mingles in the tumult of business, and him who only lives to amuse himself with the various employments and pursuits of others. Nor will it

be an uninstrueting school to the greatest masters of method and dispatch, if such multiplicity can be preserved from embarrassment, and such tumult from inaccuracy.

While I was concerting this splendid project, and filling my thoughts with its regulations, its conveniencies, its variety, and its consequences, I sunk gradually into slumber; but the same images, though less distinct, still continued to float upon my fancy. I perceived myself at the gate of an immense edifice, where innumerable multitudes were passing without confusion; every face on which I fixed my eyes, seemed settled in the contemplation of some important purpose, and every foot was hastened by eagerness and expectation. I followed the crowd without knowing whither I should be drawn, and remained a while in the unpleasing state of an idler, where other beings were busy, giving place every moment to those who had more importance in their life. Ashamed to stand ignorant, and afraid to ask questions, at last I saw a lady sweeping by me, and, by the quickness of her eyes, the agility of her steps, and a mixture of levity and impatience, I knew to be my long-loved protectress, CURIOSITY. "Great goddess," said I, "may thy votary be permitted to implore thy favour; if thou hast been my directress from the first dawn of reason, if I have followed thee through the maze of life with invariable fidelity, if I have turned to every new call, and quitted at thy nod one pursuit for another, if I have never stopped at the invitations of fortune, nor forgot thy authority in the bowers of pleasure, inform me now whether chance has conducted me."

"Thou art now," replied the smiling power, "in the presence of JUSTICE, and of TRUTH, whom the father of gods and men has sent down to register the demands and pretensions of mankind, that the

“ world may at last be reduced to order, and that
“ none may complain hereafter of being doomed to
“ tasks for which they are unqualified, of possessing
“ faculties for which they cannot find employment,
“ or virtues that languish unobserved for want of
“ opportunities to exert them, of being encumbered
“ with superfluities which they would willingly re-
“ sign, or of wasting away in desires which ought to
“ be satisfied. JUSTICE is now to examine every
“ man’s wishes, and TRUTH is to record them ; let
“ us approach, and observe the progress of this great
“ transaction.”

She then moved forward, and TRUTH, who knew her among the most faithful of her followers, beckoned her to advance, till we were placed near the seat of JUSTICE. The first who required the assistance of the office, came forward with a slow pace, and tumour of dignity, and shaking a weighty purse in his hand, demanded to be registered by TRUTH, as the MÆCENAS of the present age, the chief encourager of literary merit, to whom men of learning and wit might apply in any exigence or distress with certainty of succour. JUSTICE very mildly inquired, whether he had calculated the expence of such a declaration ? Whether he had been informed what number of petitioners would swarm about him ? Whether he could distinguish idleness and negligence from calamity, ostentation from knowledge, or vivacity from wit ? To these questions he seemed not well provided with a reply, but repeated his desire to be recorded as a patron. JUSTICE then offered to register his proposal on these conditions, that he should never suffer himself to be flattered ; that he should never delay an audience when he had nothing to do ; and that he should never encourage followers without intending to re-

ward them. These terms were too hard to be accepted; for what, said he, is the end of but the pleasure of reading dedications, holding tititudes in suspense, and enjoying their fears, and their anxiety, flattering them, and, at last, dismissing them for impatient. JUSTICE heard his confession, and ordered him to be posted upon the gate among cheats, and rogues, publick nuisances, which all were by that name warned to avoid.

Another required to be made the coverer of a new art of education, by which arts and sciences might be taught to all capacities and inclinations, without fear of punishment, or confinement, loss of any part of the gay mien of idleness, or any obstruction of the necessary pleasures of dress, dancing, or cards.

JUSTICE and TRUTH did not trouble this man, who was adept with many inquiries; but finding his address awkward, and his speech barbarous, ordered him to be registered as a tall fellow who wanted employment, and might serve in any post where the knowledge of reading and writing was not required.

A man of a very grave and philosophick aspect required notice to be given of his intention to set out a certain day, on a submarine voyage, at a price, and his willingness to take in passengers for no more than double the price at which they might sail a water. His desire was granted, and he retired to a convenient stand, in expectation of filling his vessel, and growing rich in a short time by the security, and expedition of the passage.

Another desired to advertise the curious, who he had, for the advancement of true knowledge, contrived an optical instrument, by which persons who laid out their industry on memorials could

changes of the wind, might observe the direction of the weathercocks on the hitherside of the lunar world.

Another wished to be known as the author of an invention, by which cities or kingdoms might be made warm in winter by a single fire, a kettle, and pipe. Another had a vehicle by which a man might bid defiance to floods, and continue floating in an inundation, without any inconvenience, till the water should subside. JUSTICE considered these projects as of no importance but to their authors, and therefore scarcely condescended to examine them; but TRUTH refused to admit them into the register.

Twenty different pretenders came in one hour to give notice of an universal medicine, by which all diseases might be cured or prevented, and life protracted beyond the age of NESTOR. But JUSTICE informed them, that one universal medicine was sufficient, and she would delay the notification till she saw who could longest preserve his own life.

A thousand other claims and offers were exhibited and examined. I remarked, among this mighty multitude, that of intellectual advantages many had great exuberance, and few confessed any want; of every art there were a hundred professors for a single pupil; but of other attainments, such as riches, honours, and preferments, I found none that had too much, but thousands and ten thousands that thought themselves entitled to a larger dividend.

It often happened that old misers, and women, married at the close of life, advertised their want of children; nor was it uncommon for those who had a numerous offspring, to give notice of a son or daughter to be spared; but though appearances promised well on both sides, the bargain seldom succeeded; for they soon lost their inclination to adopted

children, and proclaimed their intentions to promote some scheme of publick charity: a thousand proposals were immediately made, among which they hesitated, till death precluded the decision.

As I stood looking on this scene of confusion, TRUTH condescended to ask me, what was my business at her office? I was struck with the unexpected question, and awaked by my efforts to answer it.

Nº 106. SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1751.

Opinionum commenta delet dies, nature judicia confirmat.

CIC.

Time obliterates the fictions of opinion, and confirms the decisions of nature.

It is necessary to the success of flattery, that it be accommodated to particular circumstances or characters, and enter the heart on that side where the passions stand ready to receive it. A lady seldom listens with attention to any praise but that of her beauty; a merchant always expects to hear of his influence at the bank, his importance on the exchange, the height of his credit, and the extent of his traffick: and the author will scarcely be pleased without lamentations of the neglect of learning, the conspiracies against genius, and the slow progress of merit, or some praises of the magnanimity of those who encounter poverty and contempt in the cause of knowledge, and trust for the reward of their labours to the judgment and gratitude of posterity.

An assurance of unfading laurels, and immortal reputation, is the settled reciprocation of civility between amicable writers. To raise *monuments more durable than brass, and more conspicuous than pyramids*, has been long the common boast of literature; but among the innumerable architects that erect columns on themselves, far the greater part, either for want of durable materials, or of art to dispose them, see their edifices perish as they are towering to completion, and those few that for a while attract the eye of mankind, are generally weak in the foundation, and soon sink by the saps of time.

No place affords a more striking conviction of the vanity of human hopes, than a publick library; for who can see the wall crowded on every side by mighty volumes, the works of laborious meditation, and accurate inquiry, now scarcely known but by the catalogue, and preserved only to increase the pomp of learning, without considering how many hours have been wasted in vain endeavours, how often imagination has anticipated the praises of futurity, how many statues have risen to the eye of vanity, how many deal converts have elevated zeal, how often wit has exulted in the eternal infamy of his antagonists, and dogmatism has delighted in the gradual advances of his authority, the immutability of his decrees, and the perpetuity of his power.

— *Non unquam dedit
Documenta fors majora, quàm fragili loco
Starent superbi.*

Insulting chance ne'er call'd with louder voice,
On swelling mortals to be proud no more.

Of the innumerable authors whose performances are thus treasured up in magnificent obscurity, most are forgotten, because they never deserved to be re-

membered, and owed the honours which they once obtained, not to judgment or to genius, to labour or to art, but to the prejudice of faction, the stratagems of intrigue, or the servility of adulation.

Nothing is more common than to find men whose works are now totally neglected, mentioned with praises by their contemporaries, as the oracles of their age, and the legislators of science. Curiosity is naturally excited, their volumes after long inquiry are found, but seldom reward the labour of the search. Every period of time has produced these bubbles of artificial fame, which are kept up a while by the breath of fashion, and then break at once, and are annihilated. The learned often bewail the loss of ancient writers whose characters have survived their works; but perhaps, if we could now retrieve them, we should find them only the *Granvilles*, *Montaguers*, *Stepncys*, and *Sheffields* of their time, and wonder by what infatuation or caprice they could be raised to notice.

It cannot, however, be denied, that many have sunk into oblivion, whom it were unjust to number with this despicable class. Various kinds of literary fame seem destined to various measures of duration. Some spread into exuberance with a very speedy growth, but soon wither and decay; some rise more slowly, but last long. *Parnassus* has its flowers of transient fragrance, as well as its oaks of towering height, and its laurels of eternal verdure.

Among those whose reputation is exhausted in a short time by its own luxuriance, are the writers who take advantage of present incidents or characters which strongly interest the passions, and engage universal attention. It is not difficult to obtain readers, when we discuss a question which every one is desirous to understand, which is debated in every assembly, and has divided the nation into parties; or

when we display the faults or virtues of him whose publick conduct has made almost every man his enemy or his friend. To the quick circulation of such productions all the motives of interest and vanity concur; the disputant enlarges his knowledge, the zealot animates his passion, and every man is desirous to inform himself concerning affairs so vehemently agitated and variously represented.

It is scarcely to be imagined, through how many subordinations of interest the ardour of party is diffused; and what multitudes fancy themselves affected by every satire or panegyrick on a man of eminence. Whoever has, at any time, taken occasion to mention him with praise or blame, whoever happens to love or hate any of his adherents, as he wishes to confirm his opinion, and to strengthen his party, will diligently peruse every paper from which he can hope for sentiments like his own. An object, however small in itself, if placed near to the eye, will engross all the rays of light; and a transaction, however trivial, swells into importance when it presses immediately on our attention. He that shall peruse the political pamphlets of any past reign, will wonder why they were so eagerly read, or so loudly praised. Many of the performances which had power to inflame factions, and fill a kingdom with confusion, have now very little effect upon a frigid critick; and the time is coming, when the compositions of later hirelings shall lie equally despised. In proportion as those who write on temporary subjects, are exalted above their merit at first, they are afterwards depressed below it; nor can the brightest elegance of diction, or most artful subtilty of reasoning, hope for much esteem from those whose regard is no longer quickened by curiosity or pride.

It is indeed the fate of controvertists, even when they contend for philosophical or theological truth, to

be soon laid aside and slighted. Either the question is decided, and there is no more place for doubt and opposition; or mankind despair of understanding it, and grow weary of disturbance, content themselves with quiet ignorance, and refuse to be harassed with labours which they have no hopes of recompensing with knowledge.

The authors of new discoveries may surely expect to be reckoned among those, whose writings are secure of veneration: yet it often happens that the general reception of a doctrine obscures the books in which it was delivered. When any tenet is generally received and adopted as an incontrovertible principle, we seldom look back to the arguments upon which it was first established, or can bear that tediousness of deduction, and multiplicity of evidence, by which its author was forced to reconcile it to prejudice, and fortify it in the weakness of novelty against obstinacy and envy.

It is well known how much of our philosophy is derived from *Boyle's* discovery of the qualities of the air; yet of those who now adopt or enlarge his theory, very few have read the detail of his experiments. His name is, indeed, revered; but his works are neglected; we are contented to know, that he conquered his opponents, without inquiring what cavils were produced against him, or by what proofs they were confuted.

Some writers apply themselves to studies boundless and inexhaustible, as experiments and natural philosophy. These are always lost in successive compilations as new advances are made, and former observations become more familiar. Others spend their lives in remarks on language, or explanations of antiquities, and only afford materials for lexicographers and commentators, who are themselves overwhelmed by subsequent collectors, that equally destroy the

memory of their predecessors by amplification, transposition, or contraction. Every new system of nature gives birth to a swarm of expositors, whose business is to explain and illustrate it, and who can hope to exist no longer than the founder of their sect preserves his reputation.

There are, indeed, few kinds of composition from which an author, however learned or ingenious, can hope a long continuance of fame. He who has carefully studied human nature, and can well describe it, may with most reason flatter his ambition. *Bacon*, among all his pretensions to the regard of posterity, seems to have pleased himself chiefly with his *Essays*, which come home to men's business and bosoms, and of which, therefore, he declares his expectation, that they will live as long as books last. It may, however, satisfy an honest and benevolent mind to have been useful, though less conspicuous; nor will he that extends his hopes to higher rewards, be so much anxious to obtain praise, as to discharge the duty which Providence assigns him.

END OF THE TWENTIETH VOLUME.

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age has increased from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion (UNEP 1999).

There is a growing awareness that the world's population is increasing at an alarming rate and that the world's natural resources are being depleted. The world's population is projected to reach 9 billion by the year 2050 (UNEP 1999). The world's natural resources are being depleted at an alarming rate. The world's forests are being destroyed at a rate of 100 million hectares per year (FAO 1998).

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